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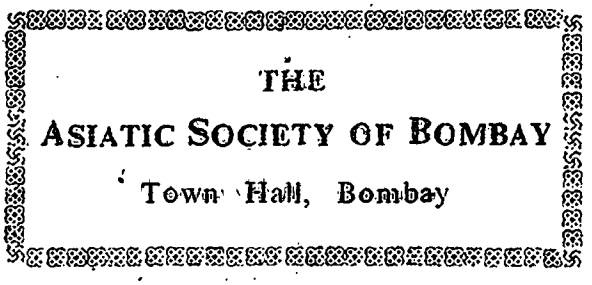

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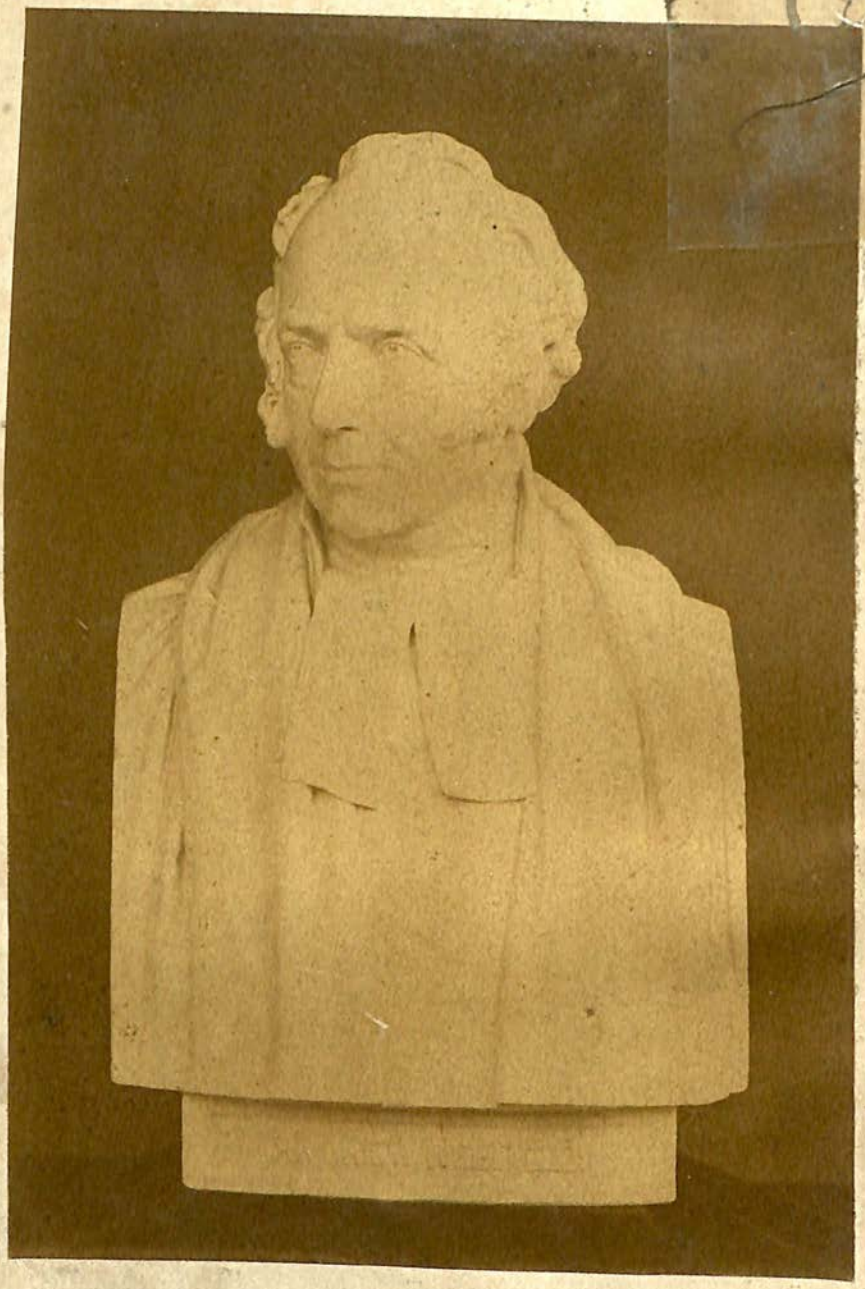

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Life and Philanthropic Labours

OF

ANDREW REED,

D.D.,

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS JOURNALS.

26733 a1 yy.a.68

EDITED BY HIS SONS,

ANDREW REED, B.A., AND CHARLES REED, F.S.A.

B.1083

"A life—with deeds to crown it."

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THE chief aim of Biography, it has been said, is not so much to preserve the memory, as to prolong the usefulness, of a valuable life.

With this double object in view, the following Memoir has been prepared; in the hope, that, while it gratifies the interest of personal friends, it will, at the same time, present to that much wider circle of readers who only knew Dr. Reed through his philanthropic works, an acceptable portraiture of a public benefactor.

It has sometimes been doubted, whether sons can fairly execute the biography of a father. Dr. Johnson ays, in his "Life of Addison," that "history may be rmed from permanent monuments and records, but es can only be written from personal knowledge,

which is growing every day less, and, in a short time, is lost for ever." Though, perhaps, a man's children can lay no claim to impartiality, yet, in undertaking to narrate his history, they have, at least, the advantage of being able to record with accuracy facts with which they are necessarily familiar.

Apart from such considerations, the public are always generous in their appreciation of that filial love which reserves to itself so sacred a duty, rather than allow it to pass into other hands, however competent.

The present Editors have thought it best, wherever possible, to allow their father to *speak for himself*. From materials so abundant, many volumes might have been prepared; but they have been content to use that portion only which best illustrates the spirit and the facts of his public life.

The Journal from which so much autobiographic matter has been taken, was evidently never meant to meet the public eye. Since, however, it seems to have been intended to form the foundation for a work alluded to in its pages as a "History of My Times," no apology is offered for the free use here made of it.

The Life naturally divides itself into two parts, the Ministerial and the Philanthropic. Following this plan, the narrative has been allowed to take a single and unbroken course. To secure this, and at the

time to prevent interruption of the harmony of the general work, Dr. Reed's miscellaneous labours have been grouped together under four distinct chapters, —namely, Public Work, Christian Missions, Literary Work, and Christian Patriotism. These take a chronological order proper to themselves.

It may be regretted by some readers, that they find so little of the correspondence of one whose communications by letter were more than ordinarily various and interesting. The reasons for this omission are, simply, want of space, and a rigid determination not to permit the Memoir to exceed a single volume of moderate size.

In conclusion, the Editors desire to express their thanks to many friends who have tendered help towards this undertaking; and, specially, their acknowledgments are due to Mr. John Middleton Hare, for many valuable suggestions made by him during the progress of the work.

London, November 27th, 1863.

ERRATA.

Page 251.—Line 8, *for* "designed" *read* "decided."
,, 411.—Head-line, *for* "Earlswood" *read* "Earlsmead."

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DR. REED'S PUBLIC LIFE AND WORKS.

BORN . . . . . November 27th, 1787.
ORDAINED . . . November 27th, 1811.
RESIGNED . . . November 27th, 1861.

	FIRST DECADE. 1811—1821. From his 23rd to his 33rd year.	SECOND DECADE. 1821—1831. From his 33rd to his 43rd year.	THIRD DECADE. 1831—1841. From his 43rd to his 53rd year.	FOURTH DECADE. 1841—1851. From his 53rd to his 63rd year.	FIFTH DECADE. 1851—1861. From his 63rd to his 73rd year.
1812	MINISTRY	MINISTRY	MINISTRY	MINISTRY	MINISTRY
1813	LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM	LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM.	LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM	LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM *Resigned in* 1844	
1827	... ...	INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM	INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM	INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM *Resigned in* 1843	
1828	... ...	HACKNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL	HACKNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL		
1830	... ...	... ...	WYCLIFFE CHAPEL		
1836	... ...	... ...	COLONIAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY		
1844	... ...	... ...	... ...	ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN	ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN
1846	... ...	... ...	... ...	ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS	ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS
1854	... ...	... ...	... ...	... ...	ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES

BEAUMONT HOUSE,
The Birthplace of Andrew Reed.

THE LIFE OF ANDREW REED, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

1787. 1804.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I would have my days to be,
Bound each to each by natural piety."—*Wordsworth.*

THE Reeds of Maiden Newton have for many generations maintained an honest name among the yeomanry of Dorsetshire. They have had, indeed, distinguished men in their line; but the pride of ancestry seems to have been most satisfied by the fact, that, in the perilous times of the Stuarts, one John Reed, an officer of the Parliamentary army, held the good town and county of Poole against all comers for the Commonwealth of England.*

* Covenant of the Mayor, Justices, Burgesses, Townsmen, Natives, and Inhabitants of Poole, to adhere to, assist, and maintain the present Governor, Lieut.-col. John Reed.—"A Perfect Diurnall," No. 259. April 16-23, 1649.

A century after this date found the quiet occupants of the family homestead void of all ambition to trace their pedigree higher than this point. They were content to bear the name of men who for generations past had united to their love of liberty the grace of charity. Certain it is that John and Mary Reed were renowned for their godly lives, and that they made a path to shine after them in the virtues of their children, all of whom were distinguished for sobriety and industry in humble life.

With the name they bore, these worthy people inherited also the religious opinions of forefathers some of whom had known what it was to suffer for righteousness' sake; but, though sprung from the Independent stock, they evinced none of the bitterness of sectarian bigotry. So exemplary was their life, that the rector of Maiden Newton used to declare, "he was surer of a welcome, and found more godly discourse, in the dwelling of these pious Nonconformists, than in any other household of his parish." By his testimony, "though poor, they were self-reliant, people of vigorous understanding, and living at peace with their neighbours." Where their fathers had worshipped, they loved to worship, not objecting to the services of the Church so long as they could hear the sound of the Word within her walls. That was a sad day for Maiden Newton when a proud and worldly priest stood up in the place of the faithful pastor; but, when it came, the Reeds were at no loss what to do. Rather than not hear the Gospel, they took their family over the hill to the village of Sydling, to a Sunday morning cottage meeting. At night a few neighbours came to hear John Reed expound the Scriptures in his own dwelling.

Thus it happened, that, as the sons grew up, the fourth, Andrew by name, was minded one Sunday to visit Bridport. Finding in that town some kindred spirits, he joined their Christian fellowship; walking sixteen miles out and in every week, and accomplishing the journey with an earnestness and a regularity which won respect, even where it failed to secure approval. His example was not lost. Before long he was accompanied by his father and his five brothers; and, in course of time, a band of villagers might be seen trooping over the dewy hills, and entering Bridport before the church bells had rung out for early prayers. Returning at night by the more frequented road, they beguiled the way with earnest discourse, ever and anon waking up the echoes with the spirit-stirring sound of cheerful psalmody.

"The Newton Gospellers" gained a name in Bridport, at first for cant, but ultimately for sincerity, when it was seen how perseveringly they performed their Sabbath-days' journeys. In course of time, a house was obtained and licensed for religious worship. Mr. Smart, then minister of the Bridport Independents, visited Maiden Newton and preached there. This led, some years afterwards, to the formation of an Independent congregation in the village, and, eventually, to the erection of the chapel and school now standing on the site of the original meeting-house, a monument of the pious zeal of this poor but reputable family.

But "dark Dorset" abounded with hamlets far less privileged than Maiden Newton. There was not much spiritual teaching in the churches; of other provision there was none, and godliness was at a very low ebb among the rustics. Following the example of White-

field and Wesley, then in the height of their popularity and persecutions, Andrew Reed and his brothers went out into the highways and hedges, reading the Scriptures on the village greens, or, as they had opportunity, gathering cottage meetings, as their parents had done before them. In course of time, these efforts prepared the way for the visits of ministers from neighbouring towns, who preached periodically at these unprovided stations. On such occasions the young men of Maiden Newton constituted themselves a body-guard for the appointed preacher, and by their presence and authority secured him, not infrequently, from insult and molestation. The late Mr. John Clayton, then an assistant to Sir Harry Trelawny, called in derision the Cornish Baronet Saint, who travelled these parts as an evangelist, in after-life related, that, when he preached from a tombstone in the churchyard of Toller Porcorum, the "six six-foot Reeds"* stood round and awed an unruly assemblage into respectful silence.

Of these brothers, Andrew was the only one who had been put to a mechanical trade. He learnt the art of watchmaking, under the only artificer the village possessed, a worthy who combined in his own person the parish clerk and the parish clock-cleaner. The opportunities of improvement in horology, therefore, were very limited, although the apprentice had the sole guardianship of half-a-dozen clock towers, including Toller Fratrum and the other Toller. In the year 1769, however, being then twenty-one years of age, Andrew quitted his father's roof, and entered the service of the principal watchmaker at Weymouth.

* The name by which these young men were known in the villages. They were of a stalwart race, and all more than six feet in height.

Here he gained great experience, the business being left much to his care. Seeing many Londoners, as well as people from foreign parts, he conceived a desire to go up to the great metropolis. Two difficulties were in the way. His employer entreated him not to leave his service, so important had he become to the business; and Mr. Wilkins, his minister, urged him to remain for the sake of the Sunday-school. But his mind was made up, and he forthwith set out for London. Little heeding the predicted perils of the way, he went on foot, that he might visit Poole; and, at the close of the third day, marched stoutly over the Surrey hills, and came down towards midnight on the great and strange city, which he entered without a friend to greet him or a lodging to call his own. What led him to Cloth Fair, by Bartholomew Close, is not known; but there, it seems, he took up his first abode, and there he put up his rude sign-board—"Andrew Reed, Watchmaker." Knowing nothing of civic customs and the City's freedom, he was not aware what a presumptuous sin he had thereby committed. Fortunately, he became acquainted with a Mr. Joseph Cecil, who, warning him of the peril he was incurring, introduced him to the Chamberlain, whose requirements were soon satisfied. Mr. Cecil was a deacon of the church on the Pavement in Moorfields. Through him the new citizen became acquainted with Dr. Conder, the minister, who soon enlisted him in works of Christian usefulness. Visiting a dying man one Sunday, at the Doctor's request, in one of the low courts about Drury Lane, he overheard, in an adjoining room, a female voice, apparently offering prayer. Entering the apartment when the prayer was ended, he saw

there, at the bedside of a sick woman, his future wife, and the mother of Andrew Reed, the subject of this Memoir. Mary Ann Mullen was an orphan. Early bereft of her mother, she now mourned also the loss of her father, at whose death she was robbed of her rightful inheritance and cast out of her home, with no worldly property but a fair name and a good character. In this emergency, she had given herself to the improvement of her mind in the work of education, and opened a private-adventure or dame school, in Little Britain. What time she had to spare, she devoted to works of charity. Herself a sufferer, she took pity on the suffering poor, and became practically a sister of mercy among the afflicted of Dr. Winter's church, meeting in New Court, Carey Street, of which she was a member.

The youthful couple, thus strangely brought together in the path of life, married, and became in the course of years occupants of part of a house in Butcher Row, St. Clement Danes, without Temple Bar. This Row was built in the reign of Edward the Sixth. The whole stack of houses was of wood; and many of them, in sooth, had seen better days. The adventurous watchmaker describes his portion of the great Beaumont House* as having many rooms with low ceilings, supported by heavy transverse beams, and furnished with ricketty casements. In this tenement they settled down, the husband plying his vocation in the large and airy garret, and the wife receiving her pupils in the ample old drawing-room, with its ornamental ceiling and polished floor. In her regularly kept diary, she records, that the little establishment had been dedicated to God by an act of solemn worship.

* The residence of the Duke of Sully, in 1603.

"We had at our house to-night Mr. Winter and other friends for thanksgiving for God's goodness since we came together." In this dwelling, after the loss of three children in infancy, ANDREW, the fourth son, was born on the 27th of November, 1787; and, in 1793, a daughter, Martha, so called after Miss Winter, afterwards Mrs. Hamilton, of Brighton, an early and attached friend of Mrs. Reed. Subsequently another child was born, whose name was Peter, with others besides, who died in infancy. The two elder children were brought up together, and through life they were inseparable. Of these early halcyon days, the brother says:—

"We were, for health's sake, placed at Highgate, under the care of a nurse, who, with intervening fits of fondness, was really sharp-tempered. Her treatment was never the fruit of reflection on the different characters and tempers of children: it sprang from the caprice of the moment. We were constantly put in opposition to each other. I was uniformly made subservient to my sister, and was in danger of concluding, that, in order to make her happy, it was necessary to render me miserable. Her interests and mine appeared, not only separate, but contrary. I felt uneasy in the society of one I loved above all human beings; and, to avoid rebukes and humiliations, I was inclined, though reluctantly, to avoid her. Happily, my sister appeared more prepared to meet this little crisis in our infantile friendship than myself. Nothing the nurse could do to gratify her at my expense, could secure her approbation. She would take her little stool and seat herself quietly by me in my distress. She would boldly plead my cause against her friend and my judge; and, in these generous exercises, she preserved my affection and strengthened her own; and, though it was very undesirable that so early our loves should be thus exposed to trial, certainly it ended in mutual advantage."

Withdrawn from such perilous influences, the little ones rejoiced in each other's society at home; but, on

their pining for fresher air than the Temple Gardens even then afforded, the anxious mother entrusted them to the care of a servant that they might be "all day long out of the close city." This arrangement threw them much on their own resources, besides exposing them to no little peril. The nurse, on one occasion, allowed the children to elude her care in the Spa Fields, where Andrew, missed by his sister, was discovered only just in time to be rescued by a gentleman from a watery grave. At another time, the fair-haired children were decoyed by a tawny girl, upon the promise of showing them where the wild flowers grew; and, but for "a lady in a post-chaise" passing at the time, night would in all probability have overtaken them in the strange company of a gang of Norwood gipsies. This plan failing, a cottage was taken at Mitcham, where Andrew attended a good village school; and the days passed so cheerily in his sister's company, that he says of them, "Childhood can have few to boast of happier than they."

"We were no longer in circumstances to tempt the bad passions into exercise. The hours not engaged by the duties of our separate schools, were spent together; we were nearly each other's sole companions. With me she spun the top, trundled the hoop, and taught the kite to fly on the wings of the wind. With me she chased the butterfly, surmounted the style and hedge, and wandered from corn-field to corn-field, collecting gay flowers; at last returning home, each other's king and queen, crowned with the garlands our busy fingers had weaved.

"Fancy, too, had her reign; and active pursuits would be resigned for those which were more pensive. When the summer shower has been falling, we have sat gazing up into heaven till we thought we saw it sprinkled from the hands of angels, and have run out to the garden that it might fall on us. Often have we sat beneath the elm-trees, while the

glorious sun was setting, imagining his rays, broken as they were by the branches and the foliage, to be a thousand separate stars, and amused ourselves in a vain attempt to number them. We have wandered far from home; and, penetrating the copse-wood, and burying ourselves in the leaves, have represented the Babes in the Wood, till we reproached the birds for not bringing us blackberries. We have made to ourselves wings, and flown to every part of the earth with which we had any acquaintance; we have travelled to the edge of the world, (which we could never think of but as a plain,) and have shuddered to look down into nothing.

"What joys have been ours in the midst of these childish engagements! Free from care and from fear, we desired nothing, we regretted nothing."

But, after all, home was unutterably dear to them. Andrew Reed himself draws the picture of its innocent and holy influences and its pure delights.

"I recollect nothing at this period that gave me such an elevated idea of my father's goodness as his acts of prayer; and my mind returns to few things in childhood with more pleasure than to many of our Sabbath evenings. At these seasons we were required to repeat what we could remember of the public services. We then went through our catechetical exercises; and, at the end of these, we generally took our places, my sister on the lap, and myself between the knees, of our beloved parent. His countenance, naturally grave, would wear a serene smile; and he would enter into familiar conversation with us, not talking about religion, but talking religiously, answering our questions or proposing his own. We then chose a hymn, and he sang it with us. We thought no one could sing so sweetly. Afterwards he would press us nearer to his side, and say with a feeling we could not then understand, 'God Almighty bless ye, my children!' It was an hour of gladness."

At this time, in obedience to the family maxim of the maternal grandfather, "that a good education is a fortune a child can never spend, and a parent can always bestow," the worthy couple sought for some-

thing still superior in the way of schooling for their boy. That it was not easy to provide this, is evident from the following entry: "This we do at some sacrifice, for war taxes are fearful, and bread is 16½d. the quartern loaf. Yet it was said in Parliament that the wheat wasted every year in Hair powder would make more than a million of loaves, and Mr. Pitt could not deny it. Still the best education we can get, the lad shall have; for he is a boy of good promise."

Mr. Anthony Crole preached in Founders' Hall, Lothbury, but lived in one of Mr. Colebrook's houses in Colebrook Row, Islington. He was married to a sister of Mr. Clayton, before-mentioned, and kept a classical school of high character. Thither young Andrew was sent. His sister, being unable to bear the separation, a school was found in the same neighbourhood for her. "At seven to the minute by Clement's clock," forth trudged these young students, each provisioned for the day, keeping close company so far as Islington Green, and returning together after the day's work was done. Thus pleasantly for two years the work of education proceeded, and might have continued. One day, however, Mr. Reed received a notice which brought grief and dismay into his little household. The improvements near Temple Bar, which had been long talked of, were at length to take place. The old block of houses on the north side of the Strand was to come down, and in the general ruin Beaumont House would be involved. There being no help for it, the notice to quit was acted upon. Believing "the City" to be in earnest, the young housekeepers broke up their little establishment. Once more Mr. Reed took down his sign-board and projecting clock; and Andrew,

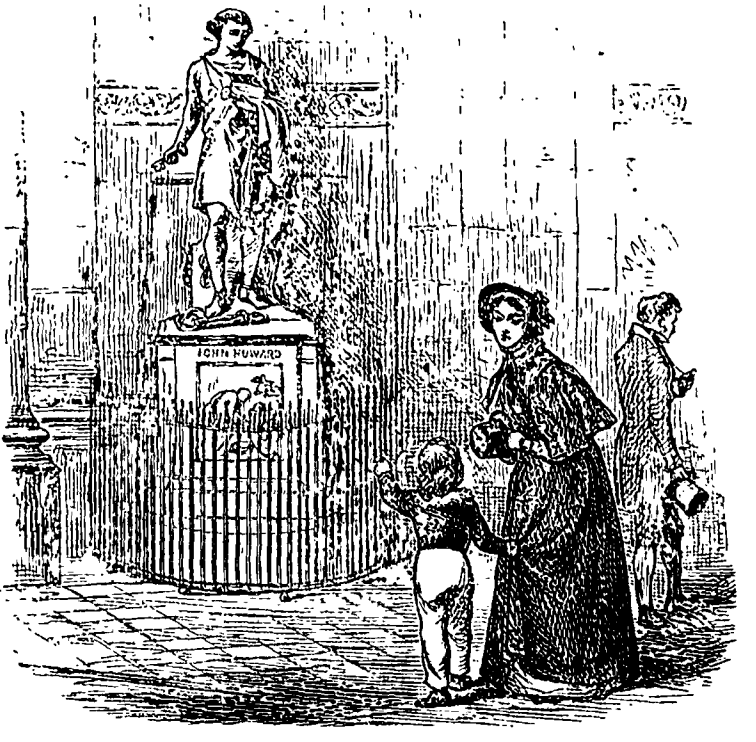
separated from his sister, was sent to school at Hayes. There he was but roughly tutored, spending more time in pitched battles with the Bromley scholars than in intercourse with his instructors. The whole arrangement proved so profitless, and so displeasing, that he petitioned to be removed. His parents were much perplexed. They had not quitted their dwelling, though in daily readiness to go; and, "what with the City's grievous delays, and the fearful price of provisions," they decided at length to put young Andrew to his father's trade. His skill is proved by watches still preserved by his children, bearing his name, and affording proofs of good workmanship. He took a pleasure, in after-life, in relating his professional visits to a pair of ancient dames on Highgate Hill, who, once a year, invited him "to come and put their old upright clock into complete repair." It was their humour, he says, to make him take a whole week about it, during which time he lived with them; and, when he departed with a new guinea in his pocket, they repeated the old declaration, "No one shall meddle or make with our time-piece but young Andrew Reed, the London clockmaker."

During his residence at home, his parents afforded him every available opportunity of knowing what was going on in the world around. He remembered hearing from his father while they were walking to Tyburn, the history of the sad end of Dr. Dodd. With him he visited the scene of the Gordon riots. His mother described to his wondering apprehension the first ascent of Lunardi, from the Artillery Ground, in his great air machine. They took him between them to see the public rejoicings at the West End on

the acquittal of Warren Hastings, when, crushed and trodden upon, he effected his retreat from the crowd, borne aloft upon his father's shoulder. His mother's journal contains notices of his first acquaintance with religious scenes and associations. On September 21, 1795, he heard Mr. Eyre, the clergyman who first edited the "Evangelical Magazine," and one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, read a paper to his father and Mr. Matthew Wilks, in their little back parlour, "proposing to send out Christian men to teach the Gospel to the heathen." The next day, at New Court, he listened to Mr. Richard Winter, pleading in the same cause; when the venerable pastor, as he came down from the pulpit, patted him on the head, saying, "This is the little boy who is always seen but never heard,"—"a commendation," says his mother, "exceedingly well bestowed." In 1799, being on his death-bed, this worthy man, the honoured successor of Burgess and Bradbury, admitted to his chamber some of his attached friends, and among them Mary Reed and her boy, who, being then twelve years of age, never forgot the dying words and strong faith of the expiring saint.

Andrew was a frequent visitor at Bunhill Fields, alone or with his sister, copying faded inscriptions, and noting specially, under the direction of his father, the graves of Ejected Ministers and other leading Nonconformists. His father took him to "Paul's Coffee House," on May 10th, 1799, to be present at the beginning of the Religious Tract Society; an occasion which perhaps prompted him to send, in 1805, one of his earliest compositions for publication as a tract. In the year 1796, he went with his mother to see the

newly-erected statue of John Howard, in St. Paul's. Little did she imagine, as they stood within that sacred fane, that she held the hand of one who would live to



ANDREW REED AND HIS MOTHER IN ST. PAUL'S.

tread so closely in the steps of that illustrious philanthropist. This good woman, it is evident, earnestly desired to enlist her boy's heart in the Missionary enterprize; for she omitted no opportunity of taking him to meetings held for its promotion. They witnessed together the setting-apart and sailing of two young missionaries; and, the next morning, at break of day, being the Sabbath, we find her praying that some good thing might appear in the heart of her boy. That prayer was not in vain. At Carey Street, that day,

instead of the minister expected, a stranger was in the pulpit, whose warm address roused the conscience of the youth. The preacher was a Mr. Lyndall, of York, who, it was hoped by many of the hearers, might be a successful candidate for the vacant pulpit; "but," says Mrs. Reed, "the people soon began to rage at his faithfulness, for he preached the plain gospel, instead of delivering, as so many do, a lifeless essay on Divine things, apparently studying more not to break grammar, and to touch the passions of their hearers, than to profit their souls; and the people," she adds, "love to have it so."

Mr. Lyndall was chosen by a warmer-hearted congregation, then wanting a minister, at the New Road, St. George's-in-the-East. So great was the attraction of his preaching to the Reeds, that Andrew and his mother became regular attendants, walking seven miles every Sunday, and dividing the whole day between the chapel and the Sunday-school. Still, though Andrew took an interest in what he heard, he made no distinct profession of religion, but left his father's roof, at the age of fifteen, to be regularly apprenticed to his trade, still undecided in mind, though by no means unimpressed. "By the wicked behaviour of my master's son," he states, "I was led astray, and, this year (1802), I went twice or thrice to the accursed play-houses; but, restrained by my conscience and many admonitions from home, I was constrained to pray against my temptations. One Sunday I heard a sermon by Mr. Lyndall on these words, 'And the door was shut,' Matthew xxv. 10, which made a great impression on my mind, and forced me to pray. But Monday came, and with it worldly

scenes; and I partly stifled my convictions. Providentially, going home that night to my father's house, I saw a pamphlet, Dr. Watts's 'Advice to a Young Man,' which my mother was going to send to me. I read it: conviction of my sins took fast hold upon me, and I spent the night in prayer. I resolved to read Mr. Alleine's 'Alarm to Unconverted Sinners,' which led me to make this covenant." *

Having thus given his heart to God, he resolved to free himself from his ungodly associates. Finding that, in order to do this, he must forfeit his situation and incur the loss of his premium, he still made the sacrifice; and, with the cancelled indentures in his pocket, he returned to his parents, who, whatever the pecuniary loss, were secretly grateful for his decision. A neighbour, hearing of this rash step, as he deemed it, and desiring that young Andrew might not lose the advantage of apprenticeship, and consequent freedom of the City, handsomely offered to bind him to himself in the Carpenters' Company free of expense. So soon, however, as the youth was made to comprehend the purely nominal character of this transaction, "he went straightway to the gentleman," says his mother, "and respectfully declined the offer."

Once more at home, and in great perplexity as to his future course, Andrew took advantage of one of the public fasts, then, owing to the war, very frequent, "to spend a day in Highgate Wood," a favourite retreat, there to seek counsel of God in prayer and meditation. After some hours spent in self-examination and self-accusation, he says, "Having long sought an

* A Covenant written out at the beginning of his diary, and thus signed:— "This my act and deed. A. REED, aged 16, November next. June 8, 1803."

opportunity and not finding one this month, I resolve to return fourfold the value of two knives, the owners of which I knew must be old schoolfellows, but did not take pains to discover them before." With this and other good resolutions, he re-entered the great city that night by the North Road with a lighter heart, and next morning betook himself to his father's garret-workshop, determined to become as good an artificer as if he had continued in regular apprenticeship to the trade. But upon his bench, and at his elbow day and night, his observant mother always found books, "which," she remarks, "if he be for business, show too much taste for study." The fact was, the boy was not for business; and, though he turned out good-enough watches, he found greater delight in Watts's 'Improvement of the Mind,' and Rich's 'Short Hand, improved by Dr. Doddridge,' of which he made himself perfect master. Indeed, were the whole truth told, it would appear that he had an example before him daily, which, while it led him to diligence in business, also taught him, that, after all, there were higher claims on human attention than those secular pursuits which absorbed the thought of tradesmen all around. This sentiment his mother, though she kept her aspirations for him in her heart, encouraged him to cherish.

Mary Ann Reed was a heroine in humble life. She had evinced her self-reliance when deprived of her patrimony, and persecuted by her stepmother, by opening a school, which, though in a neighbourhood the least likely, her efforts made at once popular and profitable. Breaking through the narrow rules of the time, she looked more in education to the heart than to the head; and the moral influence exerted over her pupils

was found to be of more value than the vaunted accomplishments taught in neighbouring schools of higher pretensions. As the fruit of this success, losses were retrieved, money was saved, a little freehold was purchased; and, finally by the help of "a pleasant legacy," the way was cleared to the relinquishment of the useful but laborious business of teaching. Referring to this period in her diary, she says, "I begin to entreat my husband to do something for Christ. A missionary spirit seems to run through the Christian church; and, among the rest, my heart is in the enterprize." Again, seeing reasons why he should not contemplate foreign work, she thus records the result of her pleading: "I have been long trying to get my dear partner to engage in itinerant preaching to the poor heathen round about us; and this my desire is now fulfilled. Many have had reason to bless God for his private converse; and this was one reason why I wished him to launch forth into more public service."*

Having so far secured her point, she turned her thoughts to the practical question involved. "Seeing how much preparedness is needed," she says, "I would have his mind quite free for his new engagements." In order to accomplish this, she proposed to go into some line of business herself, that she might support the family, "so soon," she adds, "as the City make an end of our affairs,"—"wishing by all possible means in my power," she proceeds, "to give my husband all scope for study; and, if I can help it, he shall

* Mr. Andrew Reed, sen., joined in the early efforts of the London Itinerant Society, founded in 1796; and was concerned, in 1797, in the establishment of that "Congregational Society for spreading the Gospel in the dark parts of England," which became, in 1803, the Village Itinerating Society, under the management of the Rev. George Collison.

not take even coach-hire, when needful to journey, from the poor godly folk he goes to minister unto." On New Year's Day, 1798, she gave him Burder's Village Sermons; and entries in her pocket-book show the prices of the works of Howe, Manton, Baxter, Poole, and Boston, which were added by her from time to time to his theological library. In Bell Yard there lived Mr. Maxwell, and on the opposite side of Fleet Street Mr. Butterworth,* both accomplished men, and the heads of two houses still well known among the law booksellers. Both these gentlemen took a lively interest in the work Mr. Reed was prosecuting; the former giving him instruction in Hebrew three evenings in the week, and the latter lending him books, otherwise unattainable, for study at home. What wonder, then, that the son, returning to his father's house at this juncture, and possessing a natural turn for study, should have caught the spirit of his father, and joined him in the struggle for self-improvement? The father and son became fellow students. They read together the works of the old divines, and learned together at Mr. Maxwell's, to understand the Old and New Testaments in the original tongues. Moreover, young Andrew found a friend at Whitbread's Brewery, who gave him instruction after office hours in the higher branches of arithmetical science. On Sundays he became the regular companion of his father in his visits to Barking Side, Woodford, Ponder's End, Lewisham, Dulwich, and other places. The delighted mother draws the picture of their Lord's-days' employment. They left home early; the itinerant preacher with his well-worn Con-

* Mr. Joseph Butterworth, M.P. for Dover in several Parliaments.

cordance in hand, and the helpful youth carrying the Bible; the father discoursing as they walked along the dusty roads, and the son turning up the references required with ease and rapidity. Returning at night, after three services, it was their custom to while away the time by singing, as of old, or by repeating hymns. On reaching home, they recounted, in ears seriously inclined, "the texts and doctrines of the day."

The retired watchmaker continued these labours through twenty years. Though never ordained, yet, as a gratuitous lay agent, he was very useful to the neglected poor. One of his sermons was published in a periodical of the day,* as a specimen of practical and vigorous discourse.

In 1799, after long delay, the City authorities took possession of Beaumont House. The lease was purchased at a fair price; and, Alderman Staines having taken the cause of the Reeds in hand, reasonable compensation was allowed them by the Corporation.

The family are next found in Chiswell Street [No. 68]: "by which change," observes the pious mother, "my two great objects can be gained,—attending at New Road, and providing for my family by the opening of my Staffordshire warehouse;" by which name the new china shop was called. As was their custom, in all their domestic changes, the enterprize was started in humble dependence on God's blessing. "Mr. Lyndall and other friends came, on the 6th of March, 1800, to devote some hours in prayer to our covenant God, for His blessing on us in our new undertaking." Here this brave woman vended her earthenware for many years, and Divine Providence prospered her greatly.

* See "Protestant Dissenters' Magazine," vol. for 1796, p. 47.

About the time of this change of abode, young Andrew became a Sunday-school teacher, at Scotland Green, Ponder's End, one of the stations where his father preached. On one occasion, he related, "Mr. Jardine asked me to pray; but I was so overwhelmed that I kept away for some weeks." This total lack of confidence, however, did not long continue; for, on the 24th of November following, he is found recording, "I, for the first time, gave an address to the children from Isaiah xxxiii. 14, 'Fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites.'" In these Sunday-school engagements, he was sensible of having gained a great knowledge of order, method, and discipline, and, by Mr. Jardine's testimony, "much ease and correctness in speaking, his articulation being so clear and perfect." His love for his school was very great. He walked out, summer and winter; reaching Edmonton at eight o'clock in the morning, taking refreshment at the cottage of a poor woman there, and opening the school himself at Scotland Green before the church clock struck nine. Usually he arrived accompanied by a group of children, who had claimed the privilege of joining him as he passed the cottage doors. The number of scholars increasing, he induced John Lyndall, his minister's son, and Francis Barnett, his early friend, to become teachers. These young men organized a united prayer-meeting between the teachers at Enfield and themselves. They joined in a memorial to the minister of the place "to allow the school children to attend the house of God." They formed a class for the study of the Scripture lessons; they visited the dwellings of the scholars' parents once a month; and established at Bury Street, then a neglected district, a

Sunday evening cottage service for the reading of the Scriptures and the Pilgrim's Progress.

Though Andrew Reed was now a teacher, he felt more acutely the need of becoming a diligent scholar. "I began," he says, "to study the Assembly's Catechism, in hope to strengthen my memory, and become acquainted with the blessed Word." That he might procure "Halyburton on Salvation" and Fenelon's "Dialogues concerning Eloquence," he gave his own favourite watch, the first he had made, to a young friend in exchange for these books. Rising early and retiring late, he made good use of the morning and evening hours. His evenings, after settling his mother's daily accounts, were spent in systematic courses of reading and study, and in writing, digesting, correcting, and condensing. His mornings were thus marked out,—

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday . .	Hebrew.
Tuesday and Thursday	Greek and Short-hand.
Saturday (at the Brewery)	Mathematics.

His afternoons were devoted to miscellaneous reading and composition; and he closed the week with an exercise of general recapitulation. Ever bent upon self-improvement, he proposed difficult questions to John Lyndall, and received questions in return. Conscious of advancing powers, he sought out a friend well skilled in theology, with whom he walked, and talked, and argued, at so great a cost of time, that his mother wondered whether he was not "losing himself in philosophical nothings." Her anxiety was soon allayed. His desk one day fell over upon the floor; and, in putting his papers to rights, to her equal surprise and

relief, she read the very legible titles of papers on "Living Faith," "Hypocrisy," "Carnal Security," "Cowardice in Christian Service," and so on. She went forthwith to Bunhill Row, and, purchasing the "Life of George Whitefield," crammed the volumes into his crowded drawer, and then went to her own room to pray that her boy might be "like that man." He, little suspecting the cause of the gift, thanked his mother, saying in his diary, "Whitefield's Life falling in my way, I read it twice." The result of comparison with that exemplar of devotedness was deeper self-abasement, and more intense longing after holiness. His mother began to cherish an anxious wish to see him enter upon a course of preparation for the Christian ministry. The due subjugation, however, of a native character so strong and so fitted to exert over himself and others an overmastering influence for good or evil, was not easily effected. The journal contains more than one instance of falling under reactionary temptation; for months, indeed, presenting little more than a series of painful struggles. Emerging at last from this dark period, he says, "My mouth was sealed, and my fears ran high. I could not pray in prayer. I could not think without distraction; and often I was so tormented that I wished I could not think at all. I attended Divine worship with high expectations, but was often sadly disappointed." If he was in danger of carrying his habit of self-inspection to a morbid excess, it was happy for him that he contracted fuller engagements in active Christian work. Among other things he undertook the instruction of a poor illiterate orphan girl, who was adopted into the family, besides carrying on an adult reading class in his father's house.

In helping to liberate others from the bondage of ignorance, his own heart was set free; his doubts were cleared away; and he was enabled, without reserve, to cast himself upon the grace of God in Jesus Christ. In this spirit he applied for admission as a communicant in the place of worship which his mother attended, and was accepted on probation in the usual manner. It was at the opening of a new year that he was united in fellowship with the church at the New Road, the entry in the church book being,

"January 31, 1806, Andrew Reed, aged 18 years."

An entry, corresponding in date, appears in the journal of the grateful mother, evidently looking forward to the speedy fulfilment of her cherished desire. "As to my dear husband and my dear son, I hope I can say, I would rather see them sweeping the street than preaching without due acknowledgment of the blessed Spirit;" adding, "O Thou adorable Spirit, suffer my dear boy to depend on no learning or ability, but on Thyself alone."

The act of self-dedication to the work of the ministry, though unconfessed, was distinct and final. But the exact nature of his next step was undetermined; for his path was shrouded in mists, and he waited for the light. One thing, however, was resolved: that he would entirely give up the idea of business, and apply his whole mind to study. In prompt execution of this design, the implements of his art, long retained, but long unused, were at length parted with. His own account of the dismantling of the newly-fitted workshop, the readiness with which his father, mother, and sister aided his design, the natural regrets with which the stock-in-trade was gathered together and then disposed of in

Clerkenwell, is deeply interesting. As usual, all this was done at a great loss. So great, indeed, was the sacrifice, that a less determined spirit would have hesitated; but, in his case, there seems to have been no wavering in what he was convinced was the path of duty, and he resolutely went forward to brave the consequences.

The money received in St. John Street was to be expended in standard works, classical and theological, with which it was agreed his library was to be stored; and, since the fund was much smaller than was anticipated, it was augmented by a little portion secured by the careful mother out of the "pleasant legacy," and laid out in Old Street in the following manner:—

1806.—Encyclopædia Perthensis, 23 vols.	£17	0	0
Hervey's Works, 6 vols.	2	7	0
Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, 6 vols.	2	17	0
Witsius on the Covenant, 2 vols.	0	14	0
Parkhurst's Hebrew and Greek Lexicons	2	10	0
Calvin's Institutes	0	8	0
Diodati's Annotations	0	4	0
Johnson's Dictionary	0	10	0
Lives of the Poets	0	12	0
Fenelon's Dialogues	0	3	6
Spectator, 8 vols.	1	0	0

with other books of the value of £20.

The very room which, pending the issue of his mental struggle, had been locked up, was now, by his mother's own hand, transformed into "a proper little place for study;" and there he burnt more midnight oil than she was aware of. But, while night was his chosen time for studious toil, and his days not denied to books were given to pleasures,—they were pleasures of the highest

and purest kind. He became a diligent student in the open school of nature, devoting this brief period of indecision to a search after the beautiful in the visible works of God around him. Panting for the free fresh air, he escaped daily when he could, and with the sweet companion of his earliest joys when he might, to find in the quiet fields and woods which fringe the great city, objects of ever new delight. When she was with him, Hampstead and Highgate, Bushey and the vale of Sheen, were his favourite haunts; but, when alone, he mounted with agile frame the hill [Harrow] that lifted him from "the busy hum of men," or stretched out to the forest of Hainault, or, turning in the opposite direction, plunged into the wooded shades of Beckenham. This habit continued with him through life, and often yielded him the richest consolation. In the progress of this narrative it will be seen, that, when bowed down under bereavement, he dived into the depths of the forest, and returned thence soothed and comforted. When pressing cares and public duties overwhelmed him, he hastened to some point of jutting coast, whence he could look out upon the waste of water, and keep fast hold of "that ancient word of courage" of which he often sorely stood in need. When his health was broken, and his powers were overstrained, he sought for restoration and relaxation among the vineyards of sunny France, or amid the grand solemnities of the Alpine heights. The intensity of his sense of God in His works may be best understood by a passage from his own journal, written many years later:—"As in my childhood, when I lay in the fields on the summer's eve, and gazed and gazed on heaven till it seemed to open on my entranced

sight,—as in my youth, when Thou didst first call me away from vanity, and when, in spring's earliest dawn and latest eve, in the garret and in the park, by the streamlet and in the wood, I followed, and rejoiced to follow, the heavenly voice;—so let me hear it now!" Pleasures such as these were almost his only recreations. To this early-cherished and carefully-fostered love of the beautiful in nature, he owed the poetry of life, with many of those quickening impulses which made his religious exercises as fresh in tone as they were vital in spirit.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE AND ORDINATION.

1804. 1811.

"I passed beside the reverend walls,
In which of old I wore the gown.
* * * * * *
Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind, and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land.
* * * * A willing ear
We lent him. Who but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free
From point to point, with power and grace,
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face."—*Tennyson.*

ONE of the first indications of superior character, is the thirst for knowledge and for self-improvement. At the time of which we are writing, the means of satisfying this thirst were scanty and expensive. Lord Brougham and his fellow-labourers in the diffusion of useful knowledge were yet striplings at school. There were few good common schools, no mechanics' institutions, and public libraries were scarcely within the reach of the tyro. The Sunday-school was the chief means of intellectual and of religious progress. We have already seen, that Andrew Reed had been much indebted to this institution for his early education.

His first step towards the higher class of study, was taken by associating with himself several teachers for mutual improvement. "I joined," he says, "with three of the Ponder's End teachers, and one Enfield teacher, in forming a society for lecturing on subjects founded on or deducible from Revelation." This society was constituted February 3, 1806, and was named,

THE MEETING OF THE CONTENDING BRETHREN.

"the Society of Contending Brethren." The associates of young Andrew Reed, were, Jardine (before referred to), who was a shoemaker by trade; Francis Barnett, then a merchant's clerk; Palmer, a journeyman picture frame maker; Liniker, a currier; and others. They met once a week or oftener in a back room in Chiswell

Street. They had a small library, comprising such books as Gill's Body of Divinity, Adam's Lectures, and Watts's Works, light reading being by no means their aim. They strove to pursue a steady course of study in the English and other languages, in natural philosophy, in history, in classical literature, and especially in theology. They very wisely paid prime attention to English grammar and composition. Some of them, however, made creditable progress in Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew. At their stated meetings, some good book was read aloud, and discussed paragraph by paragraph. Essays on moral or religious topics were also read and criticised. There yet remain two neatly-written volumes of Andrew Reed's essays read in this society, honourable alike to his mind and to his heart. The titles are, "On Reconciliation," "The Authenticity of the Bible," "Instinct and Reason," "Degrees of Glory," "The Origin of Moral Evil," "The Cherubim," "On Pulpit Eloquence," "On the Law," "The Iniquities of Fathers imputed to Children," "The Sovereignty of God," "Providence," "Natural Depravity," "Almighty Power necessary to change the Heart," "Particular Redemption," and "Scriptural Qualifications for the Christian Ministry." This list of subjects exhibits a wide range of reading and reflection for so young a man.

An address delivered by him as chairman, at an anniversary meeting of the society, is amusing from its mixture of juvenile pretension with manly sense. The young orator, in his desire to dignify the association, indulges in a vein half-earnest, half-playful. He proposes a brief history of societies, beginning with the family and the nation. Turning aside to describe

those associations which have specially laboured to deepen and spread learning, he takes them in order. First, the University of Oxford; second, that of Cambridge; third, the Philosophical Academy of France; fourth, the Philosophical Society of Oxford; fifth, the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin; sixth, the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg; seventh, the Royal Swedish Society; and eighth (by way of climax), "the Contending Brethren' Society of London." This last, its enthusiastic encomiast declares, "stands on elevated ground compared with those which preceded it, from the purity of its principles, the grandeur of its designs, and the richness of its future prospects." The oration ends with a glowing sketch of this society's object, and an appeal to its members "to deny their appetites, to sacrifice their ease, and to forsake their pillows!" There can be no doubt, that, however ill-assorted may have been the ambitious aims and the real worth of these educational opportunities, the time of these young men was well employed; their minds were filled with ennobling ideas; and a preparation was made, in one of them at all events, for a life of study and thought, bearing ample fruit in original plans of future usefulness. This young student was happily led to join another circle, in which he obtained more effective help than the "Contending Brethren" could afford to his growing desires. "This month," he writes May 1806, "I joined Mr. Wilks' society of young men, who meet with him twice a week for the purpose of attending to grammar, and for giving their ideas on passages of Scripture."

The Rev. Matthew Wilks, then minister of the Tabernacle, (which Whitefield built in Moorfields,) was

a man whose ardent devotion, strong sense, and rough wit, made him one of the most popular, as he was one of the most useful, preachers in London. He was noted for taking a friendly interest in young men, especially those in whom his sagacious mind perceived signs of adaptation to the Christian ministry. Indeed, he was closely connected with the London Itinerant Society, and with the theological college at Hackney, which grew out of it. He possessed a remarkable power of penetration into personal character, and displayed much skill in dealing with men. It is not wonderful, therefore, that he should have been prepossessed with a youth like Andrew Reed; and that, with solicitude almost fatherly, he should have fostered is rising powers.

Having time at his command, the young student volunteered to prepare a catalogue of Mr. Wilks' library, and "lived upon a ladder for many weeks," revelling amidst the old folios covered with the dust and cobwebs of half a century; and, as one may readily believe, devouring the inside of many a book, after he had duly chronicled its title from the back. He attended Mr. Wilks' class from May till January, making a degree of progress which justified his kind instructor's sanguine expectations. "This evening," he writes, in 1807, "when I was leaving the class, Mr. Wilks desired me to call on him on the next Thursday. This much agitated my mind; for I had some reason to suppose that he wanted me to engage in the Christian ministry. I was earnest in prayer for direction from above. On the 20th January, in the evening, I accordingly went. Mr. Wilks knew to what church I belonged, and asked me what I thought of entering the

ministry, and whether I supposed my parents would be agreeable or not to the proposal. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of one of the directors of the London Missionary Society, coming to read to Mr. Wilks some letters. I was dismissed, with a request to call again on Saturday morning. This increased my anxiety, robbed me of my rest, and urged me to more constant prayer. I was much pleased with the thought of God's government over the hearts of men; and I particularly prayed, that He would take Mr. Wilks' heart under His control, and make him His own voice to me; and that, if He did not design me for the work, he would use some means to hinder my entrance on it; but that, if He did, He would qualify me for it. On Saturday morning I told Mr. Wilks, that I was willing to take his judgment on the matter, and that I had long had some inclinations towards the ministry, but could not believe that I had abilities equal to it. He said he thought I had abilities which, helped by prayer, study, and spirituality of mind, might be useful in the cause of Christ. He then read me several of the rules of the Hackney College, into which he wished me to enter. He behaved very kindly, and said he would call on my parents. On the next Friday, in company with Mr. Collison, the theological tutor, he fulfilled this promise; and it was agreed that I should go to the College as soon as possible."

Mr. Reed's own pastor, the Rev. Samuel Lyndall, also affectionately encouraged him in this important step. The first meeting of the young candidate with the ministerial committee is too descriptive of old usages to be omitted. "On Friday, February 13th, I attended, and was introduced to the committee.

Mr. Nicholson, who was in the chair, requested me to offer prayer; after which, a Bible was given me in order to select a passage and speak upon it. Having understood from Mr. Wilks that this would be expected, I was in some measure prepared. Standing out in the midst of these aged ministers, I took Genesis vi. 9, 'And Noah walked with God;' from which I spoke about fifteen minutes. In both these exercises I desire to acknowledge the helping hand of my Redeemer. The chairman asked me several questions, and I withdrew. On my return, I was informed that I should be admitted as soon as possible. On Monday, March 13th, I entered. Oh! that the Lord may disappoint my many fears, and enable me both to fill my new situation to His glory, and to put more confidence in his supreme goodness." After a few days he writes, what will probably surprise no man who has been similarly circumstanced, "My mind became increasingly low; I felt so much inability that I almost despaired of being acceptable even to the weakest of God's flock. And here I would record it, that, if I should find liberty and strength communicated, it will be a most marvellous display of Divine goodness. O Lord, make me eminently useful!"

Amid these struggles, arising from the novelty of his situation, from expectations too highly raised, and from unexpected discoveries that even a college could not exclude human frailty and folly, occurs a touching notice of the happy correcting influences of home, and of the devout habits of pious persons in that generation. "On Good Friday, March 26th, my parents had a meeting for the purpose of prayer and praise; praise for the Lord's goodness manifested to them

through the last seven years, and prayer for the Lord's peculiar blessing upon me, as preparing for the work of the ministry. The Rev. Dr. Winter and other friends were present. I hope to reap unspeakable advantage from these prayers." This is another of those frequent notices of home gatherings for special devotion, which from the first have distinguished this family at critical periods in domestic history. These were among the means by which family religion, that great bulwark of a nation, was then cherished in the hearts of young and old.

Hackney College was happy in the character of its resident tutor, the Rev. George Collison. Of warm and lively temperament, he was well fitted to win the confidence of the young; and, if neither a profound scholar nor an original thinker, he never failed in a zealous diligence and an unaffected interest, which made more impressive his sound and solid instructions. Mr. Collison effectually won the heart of Andrew Reed, and was held by him in the sincerest regard to the close of his life.

Mr. Reed's journal, at this time, is that of one who, looking forward to a service of the utmost importance, is oppressed with a sense of insufficiency. It was well that the student was called before long to the practical discharge of ministerial duty,—a process by which alone, under God's blessing, the misgivings which haunted him could be allayed. On July 19th, 1807, he preached at Wooburn, in Buckinghamshire, and experienced, as he relates, the two extremes. "In the morning, so miserable that I could scarcely utter one word after another, and, in the evening, unexpectedly enabled thoroughly to enjoy the exercise."

Humbly as he thought of his own powers, there were those who were not slow to perceive the promise of real ability. "Being yesterday, July 28th, at Woodford," he writes, "I was detained nearly an hour by a conversation with Dr. Blair, who had been one of my hearers; the substance of which was, to persuade me to give him liberty to get me into Cambridge University, and to be under the care of Mr. Simeon. I gave him no answer then, but promised to write to him." Such an offer must have been not a little tempting to a poor and clever student, according, as it did, with his special aspirations; but he had already imbibed views which obliged him to prefer the freedom of Nonconformity. A week afterwards he says, "I have written to Dr. Blair as to my entering Cambridge; my answer is in the negative, from principles of conscience." How many are the young men of high promise and scholarly attainment who have turned aside from similar opportunities, through a like inability to conform to the tests which then restricted academic privilege and university distinction!

Although the offer of a University education had been thus declined, Mr. Reed could not suppress a wish for advantages superior to any which Hackney could then afford. To meet this desire, Mr. Wilks declared that, wherever his young friend might be sent, he should "go under his sanction, and be considered as his property." Mr. Collison also proposed to secure him, after leaving Hackney, an exhibition for two years at the Glasgow University. He remained, therefore, at college; but he evidently yearned for a higher course of mental training than he was ever permitted to enjoy, except as the result of his own efforts.

By the concurrent testimony of tutors and classmates, Mr. Reed's time in college was closely devoted to study, and his whole conduct was singular for regularity, obedience to rule, and propriety of demeanour. An old servant of the house still survives, who distinctly remembers him, as, in her simple judgment, one of the most promising of the young men. According to her, he seldom joined in the recreations of the students, but spent his time in the quiet of his own private room, which was specially granted to him by the committee as a study, and is described as "quite a genteel apartment." He was an early riser, regular in attendance at all classes, and never known to be out beyond prescribed hours. But the things which most struck this good woman were, the fervour of his prayers, and his conduct to his inferiors in station, "which made us all feel," these are her own words, "that we had a friend in him." "For myself, sir," is her testimony, "he spoke to me about religion soon after he came to the house; and, finding that I could not read the Bible, he taught me himself, and gave me a copy of Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' as a reward for my diligence. He was kind to all, and a great favourite you may be sure."

While the session was spent in diligent study, the young men were generally engaged during the vacations in preaching to congregations in the country. This occupation afforded an opportunity to refresh both mind and body, and to test their adaptation for pastoral work. Mr. Reed's own account of his first college vacation, in 1808, will be read with interest, as showing the origin of an important congregation in the north of England.

"The vacation of our seminary commencing in June, I was appointed to visit Selby, in Yorkshire. This is a market town, and contains from three to four thousand inhabitants; but it has been hitherto destitute of the glorious gospel of Christ. When I first arrived, I was invited to preach in the assembly room, which belonged to the hotel, and was very commodious. In the morning of the first Sabbath, we had one hundred and twenty persons, and, in the evening, two hundred and twenty; but this place we were no longer permitted to enjoy, objection being taken. For some time we inquired in vain for another building. In our extremity, however, the Lord provided. A person was willing to let us have the use of his barn. On the Saturday we sent round the bellman to publish preaching for the Sabbath. The place was full before the time, and many were obliged to go away. This attendance kept up during my stay, to my great surprise. I hope there is reason to believe that some heard to the saving of the soul. The cry of the people was for a building to be erected for their service. The Rev. John Arundel, of Whitby, the Rev. William Bowden, of Hull, and Mr. John Clapham, of Leeds, came over to advise us. From a few of the people we raised one hundred and twenty pounds. It was determined to build; and we purchased a very desirable piece of freehold ground for the purpose. I went to Selby laden with fears as well as prayers; and the Lord has exceeded all my expectations."

That this was no enthusiastic exaggeration of early success, is shown by letters yet extant from Mr. Bowden, and Mr. Reed's fellow-students, Mr. Seaton and Mr. Hicks, who successively followed him at Selby. In addition to this, he received a pressing invitation from the congregation, that he would become their pastor, or at least visit them again. Though he was not able to fulfil these requests, he always spoke of the place as "dear Selby."

Still a student, he received, on his return to London, an invitation from the church of which he was

a member. "This day," October 30th, he writes, "received a letter from the managers of New Road chapel, soliciting me to become quarterly lecturer; to which I did not give a denial."

Mr. Reed's birthday was always observed by him with great seriousness. On coming of age, November 27th, 1808, he writes, "My Saviour! all I am, all I have, and all I hope to be, I derive entirely from thee. As I am moving yearly into more serious departments of action, oh! qualify me to fill every office, to discharge every duty, and to preach the gospel with abundant success. This day I have set apart two hours for prayer, examination, and praise." The notices of such periods solemnly "*set apart*" for special devotion, are so numerous as to have become a habit of his life; and there can be no doubt that they exerted a most beneficial influence on his practical course.

In March, 1809, he records, "This day appeared a small piece of mine in the Evangelical Magazine, A Fragment of Ecclesiastical History." This fragment contains a well-compiled sketch of the life and labours of Pamphilius, of Cæsarea, which gives early evidence of accurate research and power in composition.

About this time, his health appeared so precarious, as to lead him to think that his "warfare and work would be short." It is under the influence of such depressing feelings that he remarks, "If I should ever be made useful, I shall know whom I have to praise; and it is my ardent prayer that my usefulness and my life may end together." His spiritual prospect also was often clouded, and even stormy; and he was sometimes tempted to doubt his qualifications for the ministry. Providential checks to this propensity were

not, however, wanting. Some ministerial friends, for example, after hearing him preach, encouraged him by expressing their opinion of his future success. "Could I have believed this," he exclaims, "my joy would have been great; but I could not, though I tried."

In the summer of this year, he was appointed to visit the Bristol Hot Wells. There he remained for two months, receiving great kindness, and cheered by tokens of usefulness. The congregation would fain have kept him longer; but, hearing of the alarming illness of his beloved sister, he returned at once to London. Shortly after this, he had an invitation to settle at Wandsworth; but this was declined, that he might go to Glasgow to continue his studies. Mr. Wilks, however, urged him to abandon this idea, having a secret intention to make him morning preacher at the College Chapel, and assistant tutor to Mr. Collison.

His general reading shows how much his mind was agitated, by lofty ideas of the responsibility of the ministerial office. A perusal of the Life of Archbishop Parker, inspired him with an awe bordering on absolute dread. The Life of Bernard Gilpin is likewise particularly mentioned, with expressions of a strong desire to copy the benevolence, activity, and piety of that apostolic man.

On the arrival of his twenty-second birthday, November 27, 1809, he spent the morning as usual in devotion, and in the evening preached in the Tabernacle, Moorfields, for the first time. "By this," he humorously writes, "a prophecy of my old master is fulfilled,—'We shall by and by see you stuck up in the Tabernacle preaching away.'" The impression made by this trial effort led to further engagements,

both there and at Tottenham Court Road. In fact, he was on the point of becoming Mr. Wilks' regular assistant. "Last Monday," runs the journal, "being with Mr. Wilks, in the midst of chit-chat he struck me on the shoulder, and exclaimed, 'What think you of becoming a Tabernacle preacher?' At this I was thunderstruck, and made some vague reply. He told me he was serious, and had spoken of it to the chief manager, who acquiesced in the proposal. How strange the operations of that Providence I have always delighted to trust, and the secret universal influence of which has always formed my greatest solace in the worst of difficulties!"

Mr. Reed's next vacation was spent at Plymouth Dock, where his usefulness was further continued, and where he formed several lasting friendships, especially one with Mr. John Guyse Sparke, (now of London,) whose letters prove the happy influence of his ministry at that time.

Leaving Plymouth, he visited Bristol; and, in the autumn, after spending two Sundays at Lancaster, and preaching in Liverpool, he crossed to Ireland, and reached Dublin after a passage of six-and-thirty hours. Amidst "a severe and perilous storm,—confusion on deck, women screaming, men praying, sailors shouting and swearing, all sail taken in, bowsprit broken, captain scarce able to stand by the helm," the young minister realized the value of a religious hope:

"Calmly he looked to either life,"

willing, as it should please God, "either to perish in the storm or to reach the haven."

After enjoying marked success in his services in the Irish capital, he visited several of the chief towns in

Scotland, and returning through Newcastle, he went through Hexham "by the diligence" to Carlisle, thence to Lancaster again, and so to London.

On returning to town, he received a special invitation from the managing trustees of the Tabernacle to become one of their ministers. After some correspondence, he returned an affirmative answer. But, shortly after, finding that the Rev. John Hyatt, one of the resident ministers, opposed the engagement of an assistant, "as not wanted," Mr. Reed at once recalled his acceptance, to the disappointment and grief of many persons, and of none more than Mr. Wilks, whose letters on the occasion evince a real and deep distress.

Mr. Reed's next ministerial visit was to Cheltenham. "The people," he says, "manifest much kindness. Many of the attendants are persons of fashion and title, and are not very fond of faithful preaching. I trust God preserved me from the temptation to palliate the truth as it is in Jesus." Writing to Mr. Wilks, he says, "I am quite in fairyland here. My hearers are people of title, my curate resembles one of the creatures in Bond-street, my door-keepers are powdered esquires, and my pulpit Bible is inlaid with morocco, and embellished with gold ornaments; indeed, the parson appears the meanest part of the affair. The people have much of the spirit of pseudo-criticism, and, I fear, little real Christianity. Few ministers are so happy as to please them." Yet, after supplying this fashionable congregation for only six weeks, he received, before leaving, a unanimous invitation from the trustees and people, to become their minister.

Here again he formed some valuable friendships, particularly one with Mrs. Barnes, a lady who first truly

received the gospel from his lips, and who, for many years, maintained with him a correspondence full of expressions of lively obligation. She was the wife of a county magistrate, and became a most useful member of the Church of England, though with a heart and hand always open to all Christians.

Seldom, perhaps, has the settlement of a young Nonconformist minister been attended with more difficulty. He had preached at scarcely any place without an invitation to settle having followed him. Among his papers have been found formal applications from deacons or trustees at Selby, Bristol, Lancaster, Cheltenham, Dublin, Plymouth Dock, the Tabernacle, and Jewin Street; supported by private letters, from influential persons in each place, couched in terms of the kindest urgency. With these offers before him, Mr. Wilks and the College Committee still restrained his final decision. It was scarcely possible, during such a suspense, to avoid giving umbrage in some quarters. None more keenly felt the trial than the subject of these serious and honourable solicitations. His letters to Mr. Wilks entreat advice, and request authority to give, at least, some answer to those who were kept waiting.

But the young Londoner was not to quit the great and growing metropolis. The way was strangely opening before him, by means of a vacancy in the very church of which he had, from the first, been a member.

On the resignation of Mr. Lyndall, many of the people at once turned their thoughts to their favourite young lecturer. A meeting of the church was held; and, four names being before them, the majority of votes in Mr. Reed's favour was so large, as to prove him

to be the undoubted choice of the community. He was, at the time, absent from London. His overjoyed mother, writing to him, says, "The result of the church-meeting far surpassed my expectations; indeed, I had something of the Queen of Sheba's sensations when I heard it, and 'had no spirit in me.' Your father was lost in admiration: he pulls out the list of the number of votes every now and then, looks at it, and says nothing; but you may see his pleasure on his countenance."

After accepting this invitation, Mr. Reed was called to offer some justification of his choice to the churches whose overtures he had been compelled to decline. To the Jewin Street congregation he says, "When it is remembered, that at New Road Chapel I attended for many early years, that there I first gave myself to the Lord, and afterwards to His church, and that there I have enjoyed most of spiritual communion, I think you will cease to wonder; yea, I almost imagine, you will commend my choice. At the same time, I can assure you, so great is my unfeigned esteem for the friends at Jewin Street,* that, whilst I do prefer New Road to it, it is the only place I do so prefer." In coming to a decision, Mr. Reed could not, at any rate, be suspected of covetousness or ambition in giving the preference to New-road Chapel, the salary having been much reduced, and the number of church members being only sixty.

A period of probation being passed, the ordination at the New-road meeting was fixed for November 27th,

* Among other valued friendships made at this time was one with Dr. Edward Jenner, who attended Mr. Reed's ministry, and urged his settlement, and whose letters remain to attest his strong interest in the young student.

1811, the young pastor's twenty-fourth birthday. This service was conducted according to the general usage of the Congregational body. An introductory lecture, on the constitution of New Testament churches, was delivered by Dr. Robert Winter. Mr. Cole, the senior deacon of the church, related the circumstances connected with the choice of the new pastor, who, in his turn, gave replies to questions put by the ordaining minister, concerning his doctrinal views. In answer to an enquiry as to his views on Church government, he puts the whole question of difference between the Churchman and Dissenter in very brief compass:—

"Although brought up chiefly amongst dissenters from the established church, I believe I am one by conviction, and not simply by education. I dissent then, Sir, from this venerable establishment, not because I disbelieve the sentiments avouched in its doctrinal articles, nor because I think a system of religion the worse by receiving the patronage of the Court, but, because the supremacy of the civil magistrate appears to me derogatory to the legislative authority of the Lord Jesus Christ; because the intimate union subsisting between church and state, seems inimical to that kingdom which 'is not of this world;' because subscription to human formularies seems a reflection on the sufficiency of the Bible; because its numerous rites and official distinctions appear opposed to 'the simplicity' of the gospel, and because its appointment of its ministers, independent of the choice of the people, is a violation of the rights of conscience."

The ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. Matthew Wilks, the ministers present at the same time laying their hands on the head of the pastor designate. A solemn charge on assuming the pastoral office was given by the Rev. George Collison. An exhortation to the people, by the Rev. John Clayton, sen., followed;

and the Rev. George Clayton took part in the service.

At the close of these solemn services, the following private record is made:—"This is the most eventful day I have yet realized, and never to be forgotten! The solemnity of the occasion, together with an impression of my own insufficiency, almost overwhelmed me. I did, however, enjoy peculiar assistance in the part of the service allotted to myself. The place was overflowingly full. Nearly one hundred ministers and students were present. O my soul! never forget the serious and public vows made by thee on this day. Thou art no longer thine own, but God's. Great Father of the people! send rich supplies from Thy right hand. Nothing but almighty power, infinite wisdom, and boundless mercy, are sufficient for my exigencies. I am desirous, not merely of *beginning* well, but of *running* well. *Setting out* is something, *holding out* is more. Jesus is sufficient for all things."

That the services of the day of ordination were deeply impressive to the congregation, is proved by the fact of their keeping a solemn anniversary on the same day of the month for fifty years, till the jubilee services witnessed the retirement, in his old age, of the pastor who had cared for the flock so long and so well. That the Lord fulfilled all his promises in the "running well" and "holding out" of His young servant, the further narrative may show. For the present, we see that he has set before himself high and noble standards and aims, and that the comparison with his own self-estimate begets corresponding fears. If he lives, he will certainly not be idle. Already he revolves many plans for the benefit

of the young, the irreligious, and the poor. Perhaps, even now, dawning benevolent impulses towards the most forlorn and desolate, have shot some unconscious rays across the limited horizon of his youthful vision. Amidst all the perplexities of his settlement in life, there was a polestar which ever yielded him light and comfort,—"the delightful idea of God's entire supremacy over the hearts of men." Whether encompassed by desires or by fears, he has been able to reduce all his emotions to one simple cry, "Lord, make me extensively and eminently useful." Though there is before him every prospect of success, and there are in him many qualities needful to secure it, yet he himself is persuaded, that, "if he should be made of any great service to the cause of God and man, it will be nothing less than a miracle of Divine grace."

CHAPTER III.

EARLY MINISTRY.

1811. 1828.

"Five-and-twenty is the very harvest-time of life, to gather precious corn and fruit of our labours, against the cold storms and cloudy days of aged winter."—*Bulleyn.*

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."—*Cowper.*

When Mr. Reed entered on his ministry in 1811, the New Road Chapel was attended by a respectable suburban congregation. It was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Commercial Road, a broad highway recently opened for traffic between the City and the London Docks, and, at that time, lined with terraces and villas of merchants and tradesmen. The nearest places of worship, of the same denomination, were the ancient Meeting-houses at Stepney and Old Gravel Lane. The building was in an open and prominent situation, fronting the road. Attached to it was a spacious burial-ground. The gravestones lay crowded together; and the high level of the earth round the

chapel proved the great number of interments through past generations. The chapel itself was long and narrow, with a gallery constructed in the severely plain style of the period. It was well lighted and cheerful, and gave accommodation to eight hundred persons. At the Sabbath services it was always full, and often crowded. The sermons of the young pastor, instead of resembling the quaint, unpremeditated effusions which were then too customary, were distinguished by seriousness of tone and dignity of manner, chaste language, a remarkable unity of design, and clearness of doctrinal statements, together with the play of a vigorous imagination, qualities which were all made subservient to the practical application of the subject. Students from the colleges, and visitors from the country, were much attracted by this higher style of pulpit discourse. Mr. Reed's own people showed an increasing appreciation of his instructions; and a blessing from on high manifestly rested on his labours. At the first church-meeting after his induction, fourteen persons were admitted into communion. Other additions, from month to month, are recorded in his own hand in the church book, in such numbers as must then have been considered more than usually encouraging.

Soon after Mr. Reed's ordination, a serious accident happened to him. On the 25th May, 1812, accompanied by a friend, he started on an excursion into Hampshire. They had not proceeded further than Wood Street, Cheapside, when the horse took fright, and ran off at a speed which they could not succeed in checking. Two large waggons were at

the time coming down the middle of the narrow roadway. The drivers endeavoured to draw to the kerb, but could not do so in time. The two friends felt as if death was before them. The chaise struck the hind wheel of the first waggon; the sudden shock threw them both, with violence, into the road. Mr. Reed's friend escaped with but little injury; but he himself fell under the horses yoked to the second waggon, two of them passing over him, yet, strange to say, merely grazing his cheek, as he lay partially stunned by the force of the fall. In an instant, he perceived a twelve-inch wheel just rolling on towards his prostrate body. Inspired by fear, he sprang to his feet; but, again relapsing into stupor, he was caught as he fell forward by a bystander, and removed to a neighbouring house, where medical aid was obtained. The 25th of May was marked ever after as a day of grateful remembrance.

In the first years of his pastoral experience, Mr. Reed made a note of "two things, which," he says, "must principally engage my attention:—First, the circulation of the Bible in the district; and, next, the state of the Sunday-schools. I have been at great pains," he continues, "to impress upon the poor, that the Sabbath is their day, that the sanctuary is their house, and that the Bible is their book. I intend to try and get the clergy to unite in an attempt to establish, for these large parishes, an East London district society as an auxiliary to the great Bible Society." Encouraged by promises of co-operation, on July 15th, 1813, he issued an address on this subject. It embodied a powerful appeal for combined effort, and led to the cordial union of most of the clergy with the

dissenting ministers, in this worthy enterprise. There were, however, some of the resident clergy opposed to this movement, and they made a counter-appeal to the Bishop of London. The Diocesan was not disposed to interfere. The Rev. H. H. Norris, then rector of South Hackney, took upon himself to lead the opposition to the Bible Society in the east of London. This avowal of hostility, however, was overruled to promote the cordial adhesion and effective help of some liberal churchmen, several of whom, like the Rev. Canon Champneys, were associated for years with Mr. Reed in distributing the Word of God, in various languages, among the shipping districts, and on board the great fleet of merchantmen continually crowding the silent highway of the port of London. Mr. Reed acted as honorary secretary to this auxiliary society; and his interest in it continued unabated through life.

Personally indebted to the institution of Sunday-schools, it would have been strange if Mr. Reed had not shown, in his pastoral position, his strong sense of the value of those educational appliances. Accordingly, one of his earliest efforts was to rescue the Sunday-school under his own charge, from being a mere supplemental appendage to the day-school. He sought to relieve the teachers from the lower task of drilling the children into the elements of secular knowledge, in order that they might devote themselves more directly to the religious training of their classes.

In 1814, in co-operation with Mr. Andrew Burt, and his own brother, Mr. Peter Reed, a scheme was placed before the teachers in several Sunday-schools of different denominations, including some attached to

the Established Church, with a view to their forming themselves into a district union, for the purpose of aggressive moral action upon the dense masses of ignorant and heathenish children in the neighbourhood. This movement was crowned with success. On April 19th, the society was formed, at the New Road Chapel, under the presidency of Mr. Reed; and it became the East London Auxiliary to the Sunday School Union. Though necessarily unable to give much attention on Sundays to his schools and classes, he showed both diligence and tact in the selection of suitable teachers, from among the young persons who joined his church. In the earlier part of his ministry, he devoted himself to their preparation for the work, and took care to be present at their meetings for mutual improvement and consultation. Few churches have gathered a greater amount of social strength from the ranks of the Sunday-school. So much was he impressed with the value of this kind of training to the teachers themselves, that all the children of his own family were in turn actively employed in this service.

The deep interest which Mr. Reed always felt in the missionary enterprise, was early evinced by a funeral sermon which he preached on occasion of the death of Dr. Vanderkemp, of the South African station. The May Meetings were, even at this early date, taking a prominent place among the distinctive features of metropolitan life. "I have been able," he writes, on the 18th May, 1814, "to attend the missionary meetings of the past week. I shall not forget, while memory is mine, the meeting at Surrey Chapel, on Thursday evening. Old and young, wise and illi-

terate, tender and callous, all were melted. I held up my hand on the Thursday and took the cup on Friday, (at what was called the Missionary Communion,) in pledge of my everlasting adherence to the missionary cause."

That his standard of ministerial fidelity was still very exalted, will appear from the next record of his journal. "Oh! it is possible," he exclaims, "to lose the spirit of religion even in the services of religion. There is nothing I dread so much; and, therefore, I hope the Lord will give commandment to save me. How I pant for Whitefield's ardour, talents, and success! But, alas! I often seem his perfect contrast. I look for light, and behold darkness; and for life, but lo! insensibility and torpor prevail."

The third anniversary of his ordination falling on a Sunday, he preached a sermon on the occasion from the words, "Brethren, pray for us." The sermon was published at the request of the hearers, and possesses additional interest from a memorandum in the preacher's journal, connecting it with the most conspicuous features of his subsequent history. "The profits of this publication, if any," he states, "are to be given to the Orphan Asylum,—*a charity in which I have a deep stake.*" This is one of the earliest notices, in his private papers, of those philanthropic efforts which made such great demands upon his energies, and which will ever keep his name bright in the memory of mankind. On reviewing those three years, it appears that the number of communicants had been tripled; and there were evident marks of improvement in the condition and energy of the congregation. His

ardent mind was, however, far from satisfied: "Still," he writes, "nothing is done. Oh! had I a thousand lives, I would devote them all to my Lord. But I have only one, and that a frail one. Blessed Saviour, receive what I have. Give strength to my body, and exaltation to my mind. Let my bosom be purged from every debasing feeling. Let it become the temple of the Holy Ghost; and let me preach and act, and think and live, beneath his inspiration."

In the month of April, 1816, Mr. Reed was united in marriage to Elizabeth, elder daughter of Jasper Thomas Holmes, Esquire, of Castle Hill, Reading. By this lady, who still survives, he had a family consisting of one daughter and four sons, besides two children who died in infancy. Her faithful co-operation in the ministerial and public labours of her husband is well and widely known. She lives in the hearts of her children, as well as in the grateful appreciation of a large circle of friends, to whom her ready sympathy and benevolent efforts have long made her an object of endearing affection and sincere esteem.

In the spring of 1817, Mr. Reed records the birth of his eldest son. "I write this date," he observes, "with new sensations—those of a father! Blessed God, how good thou art! good to add a member to our family,—good to write all its members perfect in thy book,—good, supremely good, to preserve my dearest wife. Oh! teach me to taste thy mercies and be grateful. With the name of father give me the providence, wisdom, and affection of a father, that I may train up my child for happiness and heaven." Again, on May 9th, he says, "This is an interesting day, the day of dedicating our dear child, Andrew, to

the God who gave him to us. Mr. Wilks baptized the little one. In his address on the occasion, he showed a deep feeling of interest, and even ventured to say, while disclaiming anything like prophecy, that he could not wholly suppress a feeling of confidence that this child would be a servant of the Lord. His age, his feeling, and his solicitude for both child and parents, were very touching, and produced on us all an indelible impression."

Soon after these events, Mr. Reed, with his little household, sought recreation at Beaconsfield, under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Harsant. Here was commenced a selection of hymns, which afterwards became the foundation of a hymn-book upon a principle then comparatively new,—that of uniting in one volume, such psalms and hymns, by Dr. Watts and other composers, as were deemed most suitable for public worship. Many of Mr. Reed's original hymns were composed for this book while strolling in the pleasant woods of this neighbourhood. This selection is now extensively used by Congregational churches at home and abroad, and has been the means of suggesting several other excellent compilations made on the same principle.

From Beaconsfield Mr. Reed made a journey to the West of England, of which he thus writes:—

"I went with my friend, Mr. B., to Chepstow, and visited Tintern Abbey, Piercefield, and Windcliff. The Abbey is a beautiful ruin of the pure Gothic. Within, you receive a grand impression; but, without, it is sadly encumbered with dirty dwellings and broken walls. The Piercefield estate is emphatically 'beautiful for situation.' Its beauties are not within itself, but are derived from the surrounding country. It reminded me of character, which often derives its most imposing forms from

situation; but with this difference, that characters, like statues, may be quickly tumbled from their elevation, whereas the scene of beauty in which Piercefield lies, will remain till the everlasting hills are destroyed. But Windcliff I shall never forget; it laughs at description. You may talk about Piercefield; but you gaze in imposed silence on the scenery from Windcliff. Piercefield is pretty; but Windcliff is magnificent. Piercefield may make you thoughtful, and lead you to a thousand reflections, pensive or cheerful; but Windcliff compresses all your thoughts into one, snatches you from the littleness of this world, and hurries you to the throne of Him who alone is great, and who only appears worthy of our settled attention, when our comprehension and feelings are enlarged by infinite objects."

On completing the third decade of his natural life, he writes, "I am now thirty years old. I consider the next ten years as the prime of life. Oh! that an especial influence from Heaven may rest upon them. My paramount deficiency, is the want of a more devotional and heavenly temper. This would give a brightness to my character, a weight to my ministrations, an unction to my sermons, and a sweetness, serene and abiding, to my disposition. But to this I cannot attain." He attributes his chief difficulties, in this respect, to the distraction and interruption of his personal habits, by the variety of duties and objects which forced themselves on his attention. These, in spite of all his methodical arrangements, so multiplied and crowded on each other throughout life, that the wonder is, how he could discharge them as he did. But, at whatever cost to himself, his life was to be full, public, and fruitful.

At the close of the year, Mr. Reed took occasion to review his ministerial and pastoral course, and remarks, "God has added to the church, in the last

seven years, 354 members, most of whom are, I trust, my joy in the Lord."

In the year 1818, Mr. Reed paid a visit to his friend Mrs. Barnes, of Cheltenham, then residing in Herefordshire. "She is a most excellent Christian," writes her guest; "I bless God on her behalf. A chapel, which she had in great measure been instrumental in raising, was ready to be opened. I preached on the occasion. The county is in a deplorable state. In one district, there are seventeen parishes without the Gospel. I made out an account of this religious destitution, and laid it before the London Itinerant Society; and I trust we shall do something for it."

The financial position of the congregation at New Road having so greatly improved since the beginning of Mr. Reed's ministry, the salary which it yielded to him was now doubled. How disinterestedly he regarded this increase, the following extract will prove:—

"I would rather," he declares, "have relinquished it for ever, than have incurred the reproach of being avaricious. Nothing weakens a minister's character more than that vice. The advance, now I have it, affords me pleasure from two considerations. I shall feel perfectly at ease about household expenses, and shall be able to give a guinea to distress, where before I have been obliged to withhold it. I have resolved, with my dear wife, 1st, not to lay by a shilling of my salary; 2nd, to live as economically as is suitable to our station and character; 3rd, to devote the surplus to objects of benevolence. May I feel my responsibility in all things!"

To these resolutions he constantly adhered, never allowing a further increase of salary, never receiving a penny for the discharge of official duty in the various

institutions which he served long and faithfully, and rarely, if ever, accepting payment of his expenses incurred when travelling on ministerial visitations, but more often leaving donations behind. This disinterestedness on his own part, greatly increased his influence over others when he had to urge them to be liberal. What in this way he sacrificed, and what he actually gave in benevolence, cannot be estimated. To him, however, it was no sacrifice at all; while, to his family, and the objects of his wider care, it will doubtless be fraught with blessings manifold. Already, indeed, the church under his care seemed to be reaping the happy fruits of his liberal spirit. "We have been able," he says, "to effect one thing in which we all rejoice. We have redeemed a bond on the chapel, which completes the liquidation of our debt. Above £2,000 have been paid off in the last seven years. The chapel is now entirely free, which it had never been for forty years."

Several most encouraging instances of particular usefulness, crowned his earnest labours at this period. A young man of distinguished talent, who had made an honourable profession of religion, had been gradually drawn away from his stedfastness in Christ, through the influence of worldly connexions. Distress of mind followed this neglect of sacred obligations; and that distress at length amounted to desperation. The unhappy man left his home in Edinburgh, and came to London, in the most awful state of mental anguish, being frequently tempted to take his own life. It so happened, however, that he heard Mr. Reed preach from the text, "Escape for thy life." The discourse fastened upon him. He began a regular attendance at

the chapel, sought counsel from the minister, and by-and-by returned to his friends in Scotland, "clothed, and in his right mind." In the course of a few years, he entered the ministry, became pastor of a church in London, and, after running a useful course, partly in this country and partly in Holland, finished his honourable career in missionary work in India.

The year 1820 is memorable in English annals, by reason of the death of the old King, George the Third, and that of his son the Duke of Kent, occurring within a few days of each other. Mr. Reed preached, and published, on this occasion, a sermon full of the loyalty of a Christian patriot, and containing a most touching allusion to the royal orphan, the Princess Victoria.

Growing popularity brought with it the usual perplexities, arising from the interruption of incessant calls, time-consuming visits, cases of distress, and applications for occasional sermons, involving a large amount of correspondence. To these embarrassments, the proximity of the young minister's residence to the chapel yet more fully exposed him. In order to economize time and to preserve health, he found it necessary to remove to a greater distance from town. Mr. and Mrs. Reed, sen., had retired, for their daughter's health, to Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, a lovely village on the familiar road so often trodden as far as Ponder's End by their son, when a young Sunday-school teacher. A cottage beautifully situated in ample grounds, skirted by the New River, and close to the Countess of Huntingdon's College, was taken; and thither the family removed, retaining lodgings in town, in which, so far as Mr. Reed was concerned,

one-third of each busy week had to be spent. This arrangement was, doubtless, a delightful change from the constant bustle and close atmosphere of the increasingly crowded East End of London. The memory of Cheshunt and "the cottage" was always pleasant. No part of Mr. Reed's life was more refreshing, tranquil, and domestic. The stream of time flowed evenly along, and not without bringing new blessings on its bosom. In 1819, Mr. Reed had recorded the birth of a son, Charles, baptized by Mr. Wilks; and now, "On Dec. 24th, 1821," writes the

CHESHUNT GATE.

happy father, "a dear little girl was born to us, and on a Sabbath day. All our children have been born on the Sabbath: may they be sanctified from their birth!" One painful memory, yet glorious as well as

painful, was connected with this pleasant retreat at Cheshunt Gate; and this was the protracted illness and death of Martha, Mr. Reed's only and much-beloved sister. Her life was written by her brother; and the deep attachment of his heart glows through those memoirs. She was singularly gentle, cheerful, and amiable, besides being eminently holy; and her long and severe afflictions drew towards her the sympathy of many friends. Her death was a scene of extraordinary peace and blessedness. The blow to her brother was heavy indeed. A gap of five long years in the journal, during which time he could not bring himself to scrutinize and record his experiences as he had been wont, proves the intensity of his grief. "What shall I say?" he exclaims under the fresh infliction of this stroke; "Sorrow has stayed my hand from writing; and now it almost fails me. *I have lost a sister.* The blow came like thunder. After apparent convalescence, I had left her for my usual duty, but was summoned to her on November 16th. I found her very ill. She grew worse; and we all trembled for the result. The fever, however, abated; and, through a long, dark month, the alternations of fear and hope mocked and terrified us. On the 16th of December, she expired. I must wait a calmer hour to dwell on this event."

There is a description of this touching scene, in the volume referred to, which best expresses his feelings:

"I crept to the room as if detection would have made it absolutely impossible to take this last look. The room was associated with manifold recollections of the most cheerful, pleasant, and blessed kind: now it presented a picture of the most entire desolateness. Its furniture was a coffin; its inhabitant, a corpse. The only sign of life about it was derived from a poor robin

which sat in the opened frame of the window, repeating his short wintry note, as if asking for food he had often received, but had now sought many days in vain. I approached the coffin. The first glimpse of the object for which the eye was searching, smote my frame as if by the shock of electricity. I recovered myself, and gazed on it for a moment. Those eyes, those ears, those hands, had never been utterly insensible to me, and now they were so. It was not to be endured."

The scene at the funeral is thus described:—

"My attention was directed to my father, at whose side I stood. His noble and reverend frame, bending with age and shaken by present affliction, rocked and trembled so as to make me fear that my efforts to steady his steps would not avail to support him through the trial.

"We entered the churchyard. We were received by the officiating minister and passed into the church. The service began. Never did I listen to it with such attention. I had many times read, and had admired as often, the apostle's argument on the great doctrine of the resurrection; but, if ever it is to be felt in all its force of proof, in all its exaltation of sentiment, in all its triumph of confidence, it must be when gathering round the relics of those we most have loved, and clinging to the hope of immortality as the only one that can abide with us amidst the devastations of time and death.

"We quitted the sanctuary for the spot where we were to deposit our sacred charge, a spot which she had chosen. We met about the mouth of the grave, and beneath the shade of a spreading yew tree. The service proceeded, the coffin descended, the fragments of earth fell on the surface with a rattling hollow sound, which affectingly proclaimed the nothingness of all earthly life, the vanity of all earthly hope. The 'sure and certain hope' was expressed with the confidence of faith; and the act of solemn worship ceased.

"We hung around the spot as if it could not be forsaken. Her father resolved on one last look, and, deeply groaning, turned away for ever. For myself, my courage failed me; I feared to look at all; and, in moving from the place, I found myself involuntarily endeavouring to assuage rebellious feelings

by repeating the words, 'in sure and certain hope,' 'in sure and certain hope.'

"Then it was that I felt, the kindred tie of blood, the dearest attachments of the heart, had been rudely burst asunder; that she, who had been cherished on the same bosom, and reposed in the same cradle; that she, who had shared in my earliest recollections, my best enjoyments, my deepest affections; that she, who had grown up at my side, shedding the light and love and gladness of her presence around me, till it seemed almost the necessary element of my existence; that my sister, my only sister, was no more; that an irreparable breach had been made in the series of my relationships; that I was sisterless, and could not be otherwise."

The depth of this feeling is still more manifest when, after the lapse of a year, he says:—

"Winter has again returned and again departed; but we are still a mourning family. The beloved name has indeed been given to an infant born to us since her removal; but the heart cannot so be cheated. There is a void in our circle, and about our cottage, which she only could fill. But the house in which she dwelt, is the more dear for having had her as its inhabitant; the paths she loved to tread, are the more pleasant because she has trod them; her flowers, the only living memento of her lovely but frail existence, are the more precious for reminding us of her; and, in the very chamber and on the very pillows where she resigned her spirit into the hands of her Saviour, I now frequently lay me down to repose, with a sense of security and peace never connected with the spot before.

"Fare thee well! It is sweet to think of thee! of thy work of faith, labour of love, patience, and hope; of thy deliverance from death, suffering, and sin; of thy admission to the songs, the joys, the rest of the blessed, surrounded by heaven's radiant glory, and dwelling beneath the shadow of the Almighty. It is sweet to think of thee! Fare thee well! I would ever think that thou art happy, never think that thou art gone."

It was not till years afterwards, that, upon his

return with Mrs. Reed from an extended tour on the Continent, he again took up his journal; and then his first words show the abiding sorrow of his heart, when he says, "My sister! is it greater joy to have had thee, or sorrow to have lost thee?"

Ever devoted to the spiritual interests of his church, now greatly enlarged, it soon became his earnest desire to arouse them to a sense of the need of a revived state of religion in their own hearts. In the winter of 1827, he addressed an urgent entreaty to the communicants, as they surrounded the Lord's table, to set apart one hour on a given day in the week, to private prayer for an increased Divine blessing upon his ministry and their worship. He also began, on Sabbath evenings, a course of lectures adapted to the end in view, and likewise met the officers for special prayer and consultation. Nor was his horizon of thought bounded by the limits of his own church. Early in 1828, he proposed to the whole body of Congregational ministers in the east of London, the setting apart of a day for solemn prayer and humiliation. The proposal being cordially received and adopted, he thus expresses his satisfaction:—"This to me was a good sign. Some who, two years ago, would have objected to a fast-day, were now ready to concur. It was a blessed day; and the effect will, I hope, be long felt. I am waiting and longing for better days than have yet come."

Seventeen years of continuous labour had endeared the New Road Chapel to both pastor and people, when it was put into the heart of the former, to think of migrating with his charge to a building of much

larger capacity in a still more desirable position. After many conferences with the friends on whom he could chiefly rely for co-operation, this purpose was confirmed: the sum of £2000 was at once pledged to the enterprise; and suitable ground was secured.

"An ultimate object I had in view in this movement," he writes, "is, that we may realize an improved income, and employ our surplus in aiding the cause of Christ. I determined never to receive more than my present salary, in order to satisfy the people that I was not seeking greater wealth for myself in requiring a larger chapel. While I thought it right thus to justify my motives, I rejoiced at the possible good it may allow us to do elsewhere. I think our Independent churches are *too independent*. If they flourish within themselves, they are too often content. Many of them will, perhaps, rejoice to know that others prosper likewise; but they have not entered on any regular method to nourish weak congregations, or to plant new ones. In many instances, if a minister fully adapted to the work could be comfortably sustained two or three years, a weak church, instead of being a doubtful good, or perhaps even a positive evil, would rise into true independency, respectability, and usefulness. This is one evil existing among us. How happy shall I be, if we may realize a surplus of £200 a year, for such or other worthy purposes!"

Not only was he permitted to realise this desire, but he lived to see and to assist in rolling away the reproach here noticed from his denomination, through the formation of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, together with the Societies for Missions at home, in Ireland, and the Colonies, as well as the Chapel Building Societies; all of which have so greatly improved the character and status of Independency, since the time when the strictures cited were written.

Notwithstanding the great benefit derived from a residence in the country, considerable inconvenience was connected with the distance of Cheshunt from London, which led Mr. Reed and his family to return nearer to the metropolis. He fixed on Hackney as a convenient and healthy site; and there he built himself a residence, which he occupied till death. A second daughter, and two more boys, who were baptized, the one by Mr. Collison, and the others by Mr. Wilks, completed the family circle. The infant daughter lived but two years. The death of Andrew Reed the elder, was nearly co-incident with his son's removal to Hackney. That venerable saint left behind a blessed memory, fragrant with the fine graces of humility and devoutness. Mr. Collison, who knew him well, and appreciated his modest worth, preached a sermon suited to the event. A singular incident occurred in connexion with this discourse. A young woman, seeing the notice of this special service, not unnaturally supposed that it was Andrew Reed, the pastor of New Road, who had been removed by death. The reason of this mistake was, that she had but occasionally heard him preach. Conscious, however, that these casual opportunities had been but ill improved, she was as much smitten with remorse for her own negligence, as with sorrow on account of his imagined decease. "Now," she exclaimed, "that good man is gone, I shall never hear his voice again; I would not listen to it when I could." Full of these lamentations, she came to the chapel; nor did she find out her mistake at the time. Everything in the service deepened the feeling with which she had come; and she resolved to take warning, and seek the favour

of God in earnest. Keeping to this determination, she eventually became a consistent member of the church, and gave this singular narrative on her admission into its fellowship.

At this point it may be suitable to pause, and rapidly review Mr. Reed's position. He had reached the middle of the longest term allotted to the life of man. Nearly half of his years had been spent in the work of the ministry. God had given him a happy home, and a prosperous and united church. Before him was opening a sphere of usefulness entirely new, and largely extended. And who, among the sympathising observers of his successful course, could look onward to the new career which lay in the future, without strong hopes, that plans laid for the glory of God and the good of man, would be crowned with happy issues and abundant blessing? No wonder that his people rallied round their disinterested pastor, with a corresponding zeal and energy, and were ready to emulate the fervour and the diligence of the returning exiles, when they set about the building of the Second Temple. Doubtless in this case, as in that, there were good old people who deplored the ancient fane, and scarce believed it possible that the latter house would excel it in glory; but by far the greater number, with the elastic spirit of youth, looked forward to the projected edifice in lively anticipation of a fuller manifestation of the glory of the Lord. But, whatever may have been the regrets of age or the hopes of youth, all, with one voice and heart, united in the earnest prayer, "Establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY LITERATURE.

1818. 1822.

"Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the coloured waters less;
For, in thy darkness and distress,
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live."—*Longfellow.*

Amid the surfeit of modern fictitious literature, it is difficult to realize the comparative dearth of such writings five-and-forty years ago. As for *religious* fiction, it had scarcely a being; and our pious forefathers would have anxiously deprecated its introduction. A few such publications, however, were found so true to nature, and morally so correct, that an exception was made in their favour, though not without many misgivings.

The deliberate idea of making a novel the medium of sound instruction, salutary impulse, and, much more, of religious impression, was so utterly foreign to the modes of thinking in those days, that he must have been strongly sustained, either by self-reliance or by the consciousness of pure motives,

who ventured to encounter in this field the prejudices of his contemporaries.

The sexagenarians of religious society are able to recall the sensation produced by the appearance of an anonymous work of this class, entitled, "No FICTION." * At first, every one read, and every one praised it. In course of time, a rumour spread, that, notwithstanding the title of the book, it was composed in the spirit of fiction and of personal enmity; injuriously true, indeed, to its hero, and flatteringly so to its author, whose name began to be whispered abroad, and who, in fact, was charged with having shamefully libelled an unfortunate friend of his youth. All this made the book more known. Debate on the merits of the case became fierce and personal. A paper war ensued, and was rather hotly waged; till at length, nothing more remaining to be written, the wordy conflict ceased, and the rancorous personality was happily forgotten. The book itself, however, continued to be read with eagerness and with profit, especially by the young, and, having at present reached its eleventh edition, may claim, it is thought, the classic character of a standard English work. This sort of writing increased in number, popularity, and influence; and the author of "No Fiction," (in some sense a pioneer of this branch of literature,) rising in reputation as a Christian minister and as a public man, lived down the calumny and the reproach.

In defence of Mr. Reed's character, therefore, this old and half-forgotten conflict would not need to be

* "No Fiction. A Narrative founded on recent and interesting Facts." 2 vols., 8vo. 1819.

referred to. Much, however, was at the time misunderstood, and much even now remains unexplained in connexion with this first literary essay; so that a clear account of the author's reasons for producing "No Fiction," and of the benefits resulting from its publication, will afford a striking lesson, first as to the danger and cruelty of prejudice, and then as to the certain ultimate victory of uprightness.

The LEFEVRE of "No Fiction" was a creation which undoubtedly originated from the impressions made on the author's mind by the character and adventures of one of his earliest companions and closest friends. They had been teachers in the same Sunday-school, and fellow-worshippers in the same chapel. The correspondence maintained between the two friends when Mr. Reed entered college, shows the most intimate confidence, and respect ripening into affection.

Living in the house of Mr. Reed's parents, Lefevre was treated as one of the family; and, for a while, he was a regular attendant upon the ministry of his friend. Always liable to alternations of nervous excitement and depression, and becoming unfortunate in business and somewhat embarrassed in circumstances, he at length left both his office and his apartments, wandered for a time as an outcast in this country, and ultimately enlisted in a regiment which was proceeding to Canada. There he was lost sight of by his friends, who, after enduring great anxiety, concluded that he must be dead.

So painful, and yet so romantic a termination to a friendship thus intimate, could not fail to affect, deeply and distressingly, a person of Mr. Reed's temperament. Desiring, as a minister of religion, by

all suitable means, to benefit the young people of his congregation, he addressed them specially on the temptations peculiar to youth, making use of some facts in Lefevre's history, but avoiding all personal allusion. This discourse proved to be so useful, that he was much pressed to make a permanent and more extensive application of the incidents. The difficulty was, while doing this, effectually to screen individual character. The contribution of "a few short papers" to a monthly magazine was all that was at first contemplated; but the idea grew in the execution, until the sketch became a tale. The narrative was, therefore, what it professed to be,—strictly *founded* on fact; though, for the sake of concealment, certain liberties were avowedly taken with the course of facts, by which an air of fiction was given to the book.

The principal person concerned was far away, if, indeed, he yet lived; and, even then, in all probability, he would never return. The author's incognito was to have been carefully preserved. He says in his Preface,—

"The writer is, in some degree, aware of the numerous disadvantages which crowd on an anonymous publication, and threaten to hurry it into oblivion; but to these, in the present instance, he cheerfully submits,—not to shrink from any supposed responsibility, but to preserve entire that veil of concealment which he has judged it right to throw over the face of the whole narrative."

The well-grounded hope of a good effect on the hearts of young people exposed to the snares of the world, together with the favourable judgment of discreet friends, was sufficient to justify the publication, while the unpleasant consequences which so quickly

followed were such as no human sagacity could foresee.

The first notice of this work, in Mr. Reed's private memoranda, occurs on December 11th, 1818.

"This is to me," he writes, "a pleasant day, as I have arrived at the termination of a work which has occupied a considerable portion of my time since last March. It was wholly suggested by the erratic and dangerous course of my late dear friend. His fall and departure so affected me, that I resolved to write a short account of him, dropping his name. I could not rid myself of the idea, even in my sleep. I sat down to it, purposing to write a few chapters for a monthly miscellany. However, it has grown surprisingly in my hands. I have been trying to form an opinion of it, but in vain. I really cannot say how it would influence me if written by another. It is done, and I have not been without pleasure and benefit in the work. What to do with it, I know not. I must let others judge for me. If it is thought unlikely to do good, it will never enter the press; for, after all my pains, it will be worthless in my esteem. Source of wisdom, do Thou direct me! Thou hast put it in my heart to perform this work. It has been executed with *many, many* prayers; and Thou canst give it a Divine blessing!"

In the interval between the beginning and the end of this work, the discovery had been made that Lefevre was still alive. His discharge from the army was obtained; and he came home. More than half the book had been written before Mr. Reed became aware of these facts. What added to, while it relieved the perplexity, was, that Lefevre had returned an altered and an improved man. Two suppositions, however, were quite natural: either that he might never see the book, or that, if he did, he would sympathise in its object, and keep his own secret. Had he returned unaltered, there had been risk of injustice; but now, what had threatened to be tragic, was turned into a

pleasant surprise, and, in place of accusations and charges, were substituted gratulations and eulogy.

"I have shown the book," writes Mr. Reed, in February, 1819, "to Mr. Wilks, Mr. Collison, and some others, all of whom recommend me to publish it. It is to go to press on the first of May. I have devoted an hour this evening to commend it earnestly to the blessing of God Almighty. Now it is done, I look on it with some anxiety. It seems to have assumed an immutable form, and to go forth challenging public opinion. I often fear lest I should have taken a step I may repent; but this is not my settled conviction. I am disposed to believe, that my thoughts have not been so steadily directed to this work without a reason on the part of that Divine Providence which turns the heart of man as water. Whilst I was balancing in my mind the reasons for and against publishing it, some cases came before me closely resembling that of Lefevre. Gracious Saviour! I dedicate to thee this small effort of the powers Thou hast given. Deign to smile upon it! Open for it avenues of usefulness! Let it be a guide to the ignorant, a beacon to the careless, and a stay to the unstable. Let, oh! let Thy blessing attend it, everywhere and continually!"

Surely the motives of the author in issuing these volumes were the reverse of ignoble or unworthy. It remains to be seen how far the evil which unhappily arose could be fairly laid to his charge.

When the work appeared, it was admitted to display marks of superior ability, and to promise abundant usefulness. It were easy to quote from letters of friends who had eagerly devoured its contents, having stolen hours from slumber for the purpose. The press gave it laudatory notices. It was received without prejudice; and, at first, little was said as to the unknown author, and nothing at all was conjectured as to the actual persons alluded to in the narrative. Every reader felt that there was "a Lefevre, a Douglas, and

a Wallis in every circle." The truth of the picture of living society in that age, was recognised. The beauty and pathos of the descriptions, and the earnest spirit of practical piety breathing through the tale, charmed serious and cultivated minds, and even attracted and interested a class of readers with no pre-existing relish for a religious novel. How little the writer was animated by mercenary motives, may be judged from the fact, that the book was sold to the publishers for the sum of one hundred pounds, "with ten pounds on every future edition," an arrangement which Mr. Reed declared to be "beyond his hopes."

"I have just finished," he writes on November 27th, 1819, "the second edition of 'No Fiction.' God has given it great acceptance and favour in the eyes of men; but my wishes have not been fulfilled in regard to secrecy, although I had done everything, as I thought, to secure it. The book has been read by some who are well acquainted with the hero and his story; and they have divulged their discoveries. Lefevre himself, however, approves of it. It has helped to restore him to me. He appears to have been very steady since his return. I was looking out for some situation for him, when, most unexpectedly, an opening occurred which he said was the very thing he should desire, because it would bring us into daily contact. Eventually he became a candidate, and he was duly chosen to the office. May it be both for my assistance and for his own establishment in grace!"

So far all seemed favourable. Not merely had the narrative been well received, but all fear of Lefevre's objecting to it was happily over. So long as he held his situation, and his intercourse with his old friend was maintained, things went on comparatively well. After a time, however, under the combined influence of bad advisers and of renewed excitability, he not

only neglected his duties, and ultimately resigned his appointment, but was also instigated to regard his true friend with bitter animosity. He was led to imagine, that all Mr. Reed's dealings with him from the very first, had been insincere in profession and prejudicial in effect. Not able to prevent the continued circulation of "No Fiction," he libelled the author's personal and relative character, in terms the most galling and the most humiliating.

During the anxious time when the London Orphan Asylum was being established, and when its laborious founder was smarting from the recent loss of his beloved sister, his character was assailed, and his good name was whispered against in the board-room, in the ministerial convocation, in the church vestry, in the friendly drawing-room, and even in the home circle. Though unconscious of any injurious purpose or inimical act, he had hard work to hold up an erect head, and to look slander steadily in the face. Yet he was in no hurry to vindicate himself against inculpations which he felt to be groundless and undeserved. It was not till the "British Review," by noticing his "No Fiction" and his "Martha" together, gave him a fair occasion, that he opened his lips in self-defence; and, when he did, his powerful vindication was generally considered to have settled the whole question entirely in his own favour.

The subject has long since passed into oblivion, and, is referred to here, only as part of a remarkable history, not without useful lessons to men in general, nor, after all, without a creditable side to both parties.

"'No Fiction,'" writes Mr. Reed, on June 5th, 1821, "has reached the fifth edition. Disagreeables have, however, arisen.

Lefevre, a little flattered by the bright parts of the description, has admitted himself to be the hero, and other persons have attempted to give a key to the other characters. One of the consequences is, that I am accused of giving myself a good character. They forget that I never meant that any character should be known; and they will not see that the character of Douglas has been heightened, in order to contrast with that of Lefevre. I am certainly much concerned that a supposition so contrary to truth should be entertained.

"Another difficulty arises from the circumstance, that many persons not at all acquainted with this class of writing, are almost ready to think that any deviation from fact must be of the nature of falsehood;—notwithstanding my statement, that all I designed was to *found* the narrative on facts. Unhappily, also, Lefevre's conduct, instead of verifying, has disappointed the expectations, created by the book. However, I am justified to my own conscience, and, I humbly trust, in my motives before God. The work has had a large and rapid success, and has done considerable good. It is not to be wondered at that misconception and even misrepresentation should arise. It is another instance by which I am taught that, in this life, there is no good without a mixture of evil, and that public notice is sure to bring a measure of public vexation. My temptation is to seek retirement and seclusion; but I would pray against it. It may be, and often is, a comfort, amid the world's trials, to forsake it; but I would rather desire that I may ever have fortitude to remain at the post which God appoints. It is no attainment to be serene when in the bosom of all that is tranquil; but it is an attainment to be composed and happy when surrounded with the conflict of changing, contradictory, and vexatious occurrences. Lord, teach me to carry the religion of the closet, and of the sanctuary, into the world! There, in the very moment of temptation, may it discover its control, by rendering me indifferent to reproach and flattery; to honour and wealth; to the pleasures of the world, and to all that it contains."

Amidst all this trial and even whilst Lefevre was being driven by fits of derangement, and incited by

unfriendly influence, to the most injurious conduct, he wrote letters, which still exist, to prove that, in his better mind, he both knew and acknowledged the real worth of Mr. Reed's friendship and character.

"As I am now speaking," he writes to a lady in May, 1822, "of 'No Fiction,' let me recall all I have said about the author of it. It was never intended to injure me; and what a consolation it is; for I think, even now, I feel part of my ill deeds blotted out by this work having been made so useful to many of the rising generation. A friend of mine incautiously made known who I was; but I am almost glad of it, for I immediately felt that I had a character to maintain; and, though I never came up to the standard of the character drawn, yet it should be my ambition to come as near to it as I can. God Almighty help me, and bestow upon me his grace to maintain it!"

The mortifications to which Mr. Reed was subjected, especially those arising from disappointed friendship, from the estrangement of many brother ministers, and from a threatened loss of influence for good, at a time when he had in hand so many benevolent objects, were, under God's blessing, happily counteracted by increasing sources of consolation. The book was more widely circulated; and, in that proportion, interesting instances of its happy effect came to its author's knowledge. In America, the sale was very large; and, without any suggestion from the author, the work was translated into Dutch, by the excellent Dr. Van Deinse, of Rotterdam, and also by another hand into French. Thus, though against his will, he had become known as the writer and endured the penalty, he also reaped the reward, in assurances of usefulness which, had the work remained anonymous, would never have reached him.

When he was at Northampton, in 1839, a young man called to see him, and made the following statement. Though brought up as a Christian, he had fallen under the influence of infidel opinions. Disappointed in his prospects, he resolved to go to sea, but abandoned the intention at his parents' entreaty. He neglected his employ, yielded to temptation, and even meditated suicide. While in this mood, he remembered hearing "No Fiction" asked for at the library, and highly commended. He obtained and read the book. The account of Lefevre's repentance and return home touched him deeply. He fell prostrate before God, weeping for sin, and praying for salvation. He had since that time become a member of a Christian church, had married respectably, and now came to render his thanks to the author.

A young lady of rank in Germany, recently bereft of her father, met with and perused "No Fiction," which, in the solitude and sorrow of her circumstances, made a deep impression on her mind. The characters became, as it were, living friends; and she longed to know more of them. She therefore addressed a very artless and touching letter "To the Author of the Work entitled 'No Fiction,' London." The communication reached him like a streak of light, piercing the clouds of calumny with which he was then encompassed. He replied to it through Mrs. Reed, and thus began a correspondence which he ever highly valued.

In 1846, Dr. Reed heard of three cases of the usefulness of his book to individuals in France; and, in 1848, he notes several other persons, including a Christian minister, and also the benevolent Dr. Colin Arnott Browning, who traced to it their religious decision.

John Urquhart, in speaking of religious novels, after deprecating the pernicious influence of some works of this class, refers to this new specimen of a religious tale, then lately published:—

"If an unknown author may be allowed to refer to his own experience, he can well remember perusing with intense delight the fascinating pages of 'No Fiction,' and giving the sympathy of his tears to some of its affecting passages, when his whole soul was in direct opposition to the gospel of Jesus Christ."

The terrible malady which hurried Lefevre into an enmity otherwise so strange, soon developed itself in a form requiring absolute seclusion under medical care. His mind was long in regaining a healthy tone; but, so soon as he recovered, he came to beseech and to receive forgiveness; and it was a real and generous triumph to the whole family when they saw him, "clothed and in his right mind," sitting at their hearth, over against the man whom he had unwittingly injured, and chatting pleasantly about earlier days. He, at any rate, will not be surprised to learn, that not an unkind word towards himself appears in all Mr. Reed's private records of this trying period.

The manner in which the happy reconciliation between Mr. Reed and Lefevre was brought about, will more fully appear from an extract from the journal, dated September 20th, 1831.

"I was surprised," he writes, "to find among my correspondence a note from Lefevre. I had not heard of him for the last two years. He expresses confidence in me, and proposes a mutual return of past correspondence. I replied to this; and his answer is still more pleasing. It is evidently written with a desire to atone for what is past, and to be at peace. So strangely does God work. I had left the whole affair to 'Him who

judges righteously.' To Him be the praise! Many a man has been crushed by a less matter. To me, the evil is now past; and this intercourse chiefly affords me pleasure, as it indicates a right state of feeling in Lefevre. It will be real joy to see him make the character of Lefevre his own; and, if, after all, the book may yet contribute to that end, it will have been well written indeed."

To have been in possession of this frank confession from his friend, and yet to have refused to make any use of it for his own defence, is surely an instance of unusual magnanimity. Lefevre has repeatedly offered, since that period, to make any public acknowledgment in his power, declaring that he would submit to any sacrifice, if by it he could recall what he had done. He subsequently evinced the most friendly disposition; and, at the time of the jubilee service, in 1861, when, on the close of a half-century's ministration, Dr. Reed retired from pastoral work, no expression of regard was warmer, and none more interesting, either to him or to his family, than that of the man who, as they must always believe, would have remained staunch to the friend of his youth, but for physical causes over which he had no adequate control. The following sentences occur in the letter which was addressed to one of Dr. Reed's sons, who had written to inform Lefevre of the approaching celebration.

"You may be sure," he writes, "I must feel interested in services which carry me back fifty years, to the time when I sat by your worthy father's side at his ordination, and handed him his papers as he wanted them. My mind has taken a rapid view of occurrences since that time; but it will not do to dwell upon them, only so far as it regards lamentation on my part, for any uneasiness I may have occasioned your father, and to express my firm conviction, that, during the whole of my life,

he has felt an invariable interest in my welfare. I would also express my grateful feelings for all his kind sympathy when I have seen or heard from him, in cheering me, and encouraging my hopes of forgiveness from the Most High. When I have felt otherwise, it has been from a morbid sensitiveness which I ought to have crushed and not to have cherished."

The history of this, Mr. Reed's first literary work, is connected with remarkable circumstances, and affords many valuable lessons. The astonishing success and beneficial influence of the book are matter of considerable interest. What is, however, of far more consequence in connexion with the present Memoir, is the evidence presented by facts, now for the first time clearly set forth, of that sterling and godly uprightness of intention on the part of the author, which bore the severe ordeal of public misapprehension; which drew back the alienated friend, whose conscience bore witness to the truth, without exposing his private acknowledgments of fault; which eventually overcame all prejudice by "patient continuance in well-doing;" and which, in secret records, written at the time, discovers nothing inconsistent with a guileless, forgiving, and Christian spirit.

Passing, therefore, from all personal considerations, his friends may revert, in their judgment of his writings, to the just and simple canons of criticism which he himself enunciates in his letter to the Editor of the "British Review."

"For the books themselves," he writes, alluding to both "No Fiction" and "Martha," "I only ask justice. Let them be fairly judged on their own separate merits, and by legitimate principles; and I shall be satisfied. The one is a piece of religious biography; and the other is a religious tale founded on facts. The latter is, as I have shown, what it originally was

said to be, 'a narrative founded on fact, with which liberties have been taken.' It was not designed that it should be applied to any living names, nor must it be judged by such a criterion. It must be judged by its conformity to moral truth, and to our common nature. Let it be asked whether the characters of the book are natural; whether the incidents are simple, easy, and interesting; whether the narrative is sustained, and harmonized, by a unity of purpose; whether the moral lessons are good, important, and spring readily from the several parts of the story. This is the standard to which my narrative should be brought; and if it cannot abide such a trial, then let it fall."

Some other literary efforts tended to establish Mr. Reed's reputation as an author. The memoir of his sister Martha is a simple and very touching portrait of one who was a rare pattern of feminine gentleness and Christian excellence in life and death. The elegant style, just reflections, and unaffected piety of this memoir made it a favourite volume to suffering invalids, from whom many letters were received, acknowledging the advantage they had derived from it. It was translated into German; and in America it had a circulation even larger than that of "No Fiction." A lady at Brooklyn, New York, a stranger to Mr. Reed, thus writes in 1827:—

"Through Martha, you have made an apppeal to my heart. What an admirable model you have presented for the imitation of her sex! Surely many will rise up and call her blessed, even though she slumbers in the ground. I am the mother of three daughters. I have presented each with a copy of this interesting memoir, entreating them to keep it constantly before them as a pattern. I have had the felicity of seeing them all coming forward to be the disciples of Christ, and renouncing the world as their portion; but they have much to attain before they resemble your lovely sister. During the protracted trials of your sainted relative, you were perhaps tempted to think it mysterious that such an one should be the mark of the shafts of

adversity; but now the wise purposes for which it was permitted are developed."

Dr. James Gardiner, in his "Memoirs of Christian Females," includes with the names of Lady Glenorchy, Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Winslow, and Mrs. Lundie Duncan, the name of Miss Martha Reed, characterizing her memoir as "one of the most beautifully written biographies that have ever issued from the press."

Whilst suffering from depression and secluded at Cheshunt, Mr. Reed met with a Number of the "Quarterly Review," in which was an unfriendly article, ascribed to Milman, the present Dean of St. Paul's, on "The Progress of Dissent." His spirit was roused; and, as a relief to his mind, he rapidly composed a reply. This *brochure*, for liveliness, successful irony, and polemical power, deserves to rank among the foremost political pamphlets of the time. It was published anonymously, that it might stand on its own merits, and not draw the author into further conflict. It was generally admitted to be one of the ablest productions on the side of Dissenters, and was much praised in Mr. Reed's own presence, to his infinite amusement, by some judges who had unhesitatingly condemned his former efforts.

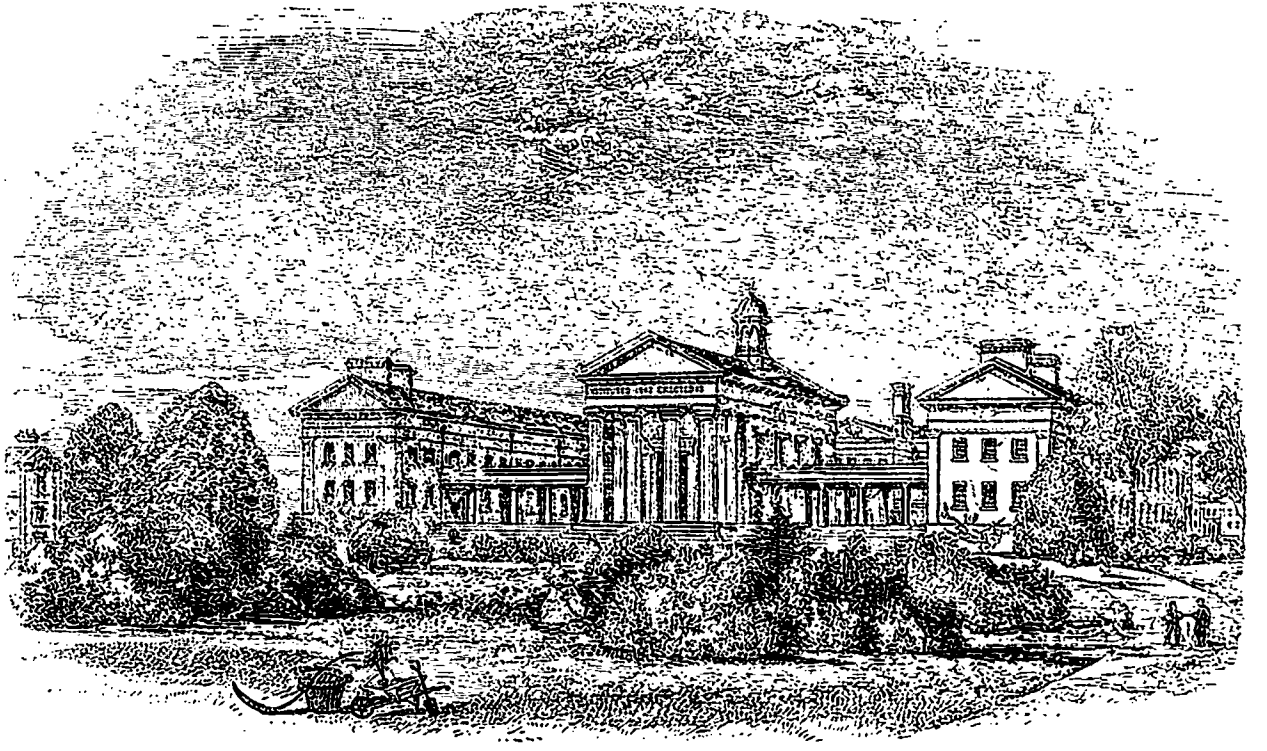
Shortly after this he was invited to deliver the Monthly Lecture before the Congregational Ministers of London. On this occasion he took for his subject, "The Success of the Gospel, the Evidence of its Divinity." He very felicitously founded his argument upon a reference to the celebrated reasons assigned by the sceptical Gibbon for the success of Christianity on purely natural principles. After showing the in-

sufficiency of these reasons, together with the real, the Divine causes of its triumph, he affords an example of the highest order of pulpit eloquence, especially when denouncing the malevolent agency of infidelity in exciting the blasphemies and horrors of the French Revolution.

While these literary successes, together with the rapid progress of the Orphan Asylum, were powerful means of re-establishing Mr. Reed's public reputation, at the same time, the repentance and reconciliation of Lefevre, which till now has been little known beyond the family, ministered a healing balm to his own wounded feelings. Wounded assuredly they must have been, when he could scarcely reckon upon fraternal countenance and support, except from his old counsellors Mr. Wilks and Mr. Collison, and from the generous friendship of Dr. Leifchild and Dr. Morison, with some few other London ministers.

"I may almost say," he writes March 21, 1829, "'no man stood by me in my affliction.' The popular cry which had been flattering me and my performance for three years, was now set against me, without any word or action of mine to provoke the change. Some who had been silent said, 'Aha, aha! so we would have it;' and many others kept aloof till they saw how the matter would issue. No one can imagine what it is to be in such circumstances. I was compelled to watch against temptations new to me,—against the indulgence of misanthropy, and of disgust with the world and even the Church. But I was saved from these evils by regarding the hand of God in the affair. A malicious effort was made to ruin me with my church; but in this the enemy was restrained and confounded. I made it a rule to keep my ministrations entirely free from the subject; and my people, with few exceptions, stood by me, for which I shall always love them. Nothing could exceed the bitterness of thinking, that I might be left to minister without that

weight of character which has so much to do with the success of the ministry. God, however, has helped me; and I begin to hope, that what he has brought over me has tended to the improvement of my character, and to the furtherance of the Gospel. These who reproached me, are silent; and my friends who were then silent, now venture their tongues in my behalf. I am mingling with the very men from whom it seemed probable I should be separated for ever, though without any provocation on my part. It is to me as a dream. Oh! the vanity of life, the weakness of man, my own weakness, and the Divine goodness!"



THE LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM,
Clapton, Middlesex.

CHAPTER V.

THE LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM.

1812. 1837.

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above.
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

THE young minister, busied in various departments of public usefulness, was not long in evincing a disposition to stir up his people to some efforts of active benevolence among the dense population around them. Not content with general appeals from the pulpit, or even with special private exhortation, he stood forth and challenged the whole congregation to deeds of Christian charity, in which he was prepared himself to lead the way. One of the earliest objects of merciful consideration with him was, the relief of the widow and the fatherless in their affliction. Several circumstances conduced to the selection of this sphere of philanthropic labour. The thought was not new to his mind. During one of his yearly visits to his lady patronesses at Highgate, his diligence in

cleaning their clock was rewarded with an introduction to *The Orphan House.* It was probably the institution known as the Highgate Charity School, founded in 1640, and endowed for the support of forty orphans. This visit made so deep an impression on his mind, that, on returning home, he urged his mother to place the orphan girl then in their own household in that establishment, where, as a fatherless child, she would receive a good education. The account of Whitefield's Orphan Home in Georgia fixed in Mr. Reed's mind the idea thus suggested, and incited him to think of doing something beyond what had been attempted in this country. He had already made a humble beginning. When his mother announced that she could not spare her little nursemaid, he replied, "Well, mother, she shall have as good an education as I can give her here." In fact, she remained as one of the household in her adopted home: the children were taught to treat her with the utmost kindness and consideration; and, for all the education she received, she was indebted to young Andrew and his sister Martha. Thus early were their sympathies drawn out towards the Orphan; and, in the year 1811, when residing together in the East of London, they took pity upon some poor motherless children in Wapping, whom, after first affording them partial and temporary help, they supported entirely, removing them to a suitable place of habitation and protection. Writing in the year 1831, Mr. Reed gives the following account of the incident:—

"Some mystery is made about my interest in orphans. It has been said that a poor child had been left at our door, and that we gave it shelter. That is not true. My mother was an

orphan, and she found a home; and, in her turn, she gave a home to more than one: and, being called to visit a dying man whose great sorrow in death was leaving his motherless children, we gave him a promise to befriend them. This led me to contemplate the need of an institution for orphan children; the Working School (now the Orphan Working School), which had been in existence for many years, and some other charities, not being at that time what their best friends desired."

The expense of this orphan family, though lodged in a humble dwelling in Old Gravel Lane, under the care of a widow, was greater than these benevolent young persons could afford. This consideration, coupled with a desire to extend similar help to others, opened the way in 1812 to a more general effort. While Mr. Reed was revolving the subject in his mind, information reached him that a person who held a small post in the Customs, was in the habit of seeking out destitute children and orphans in the neighbourhood of Wapping, and providing them with employment in his spinning-room. Thither the brother and sister went; but they discovered, to their grief, that advantage was taken of the children's indigence to bind them for a long term of service, upon condition of supplying them with board and lodging. Infants but five years old were kept at the wheel eleven and thirteen hours a day, and, on attaining the age of twelve, were bound for seven years to work at a shoe-factory which this flourishing philanthropist had established on Tower Hill, receiving a very small weekly allowance in return for their services. This person strove hard to enlist Mr. Reed's sympathies in support of his scheme. He offered to take the orphan family off his hands, and suggested that "his was a kind of charity that might be made to answer well if more capital

could be brought into the concern." Mr. Reed remarked, that "in working such a plan he could hardly need assistance: it was no doubt a good speculation; but it was not *charity*." What he had seen and heard, brought his mind to a point. Going home, he at once resolved to set on foot an asylum for destitute orphan children.

"I did not contemplate pauper children only," he writes, "since any child without a father, was, if destitute, an unexceptionable object of charity; and I considered, that, though suitable manual work might be done, it was undesirable that the whole time should be engrossed by it."

In reviewing the rise and progress of such an institution, it is interesting to note the *first beginnings* with some particularity.

On the 24th of June, 1813, this new project was laid by Mr. Reed before some friends assembled at his own house, in St. George's Place, Cannon Street Road. The opinion of his friends was divided upon the scheme, there being a great inclination on the part of several to render the proposed institution self-supporting, by means of manual labour, rather than to rest entirely upon the voluntary contributions of the public. Mr. Reed's resolution once taken, however, it was not in his nature to be easily shaken or discouraged. With assured faith in the willingness of the wealthy to uphold such a charity, he lost no time in launching his scheme before the world, and calmly awaited the result.

"Our next meeting," states Mr. Reed, "was on the 8th of July, at Mr. Andrew Burt's* house, in John-street, in the Minories. I summoned from eight to twelve persons: three only were

* Mr. Andrew Burt was a solicitor, and attended the ministry of Mr. Reed.

present,—Mr. Burt, Mr. Lyon, and myself. Here the business of the first public meeting was arranged, the address adopted, and the design of the institution agreed upon; viz., 'to relieve destitute and orphan children; to afford them clothing and maintenance; to fix habits of industry and frugality; to inculcate the principles of religion and virtue; and to place them out in situations where their morals shall not be endangered, and where a prospect of honest livelihood shall be secured; the name to be 'The East London Orphan Asylum and Working School:' which latter part I am not agreed upon, though I do not object to some manual labour."

The original address here referred to briefly states the orphan's case in general, and then proceeds to consider the circumstances of the proposed locality.

"The East of London," it is observed, "has long stood conspicuous for its active benevolence. It is, therefore, surprising, that, in the scale of its charities, it has not ere this given a place to an institution of the description under consideration; especially as, in this district of the metropolis, from the general nature of the employment of the poor, such numbers of the children are left fatherless and destitute, and are exposed to every kind of vice and criminality. The plan of the proposed East London Orphan Asylum is such, that it does not appear liable to be assailed even by objections which have been directed against some other excellent institutions. While it cautiously avoids exciting any prejudices against the poor and dependent classes of society, it deprecates the creation of a distaste to the humblest employment of honest industry. While it redeems the objects of its compassion from the immoralities of the poor, it teaches them to respect their virtues."

As was announced at the close of this appeal, "a general meeting was held on Tuesday, July the 27th, 1813, at the King's Arms, Wellclose Square, at six o'clock in the evening." The response on that occasion would have been trying to the faith of a projector less tenacious of his purpose than Mr. Reed.

"When the clock struck," he writes, "I was told that only about sixty or seventy persons were assembled, and I knew not what to do. I went in, took the chair, apologized, and explained the object of the meeting. As the larger part of the audience were of my own congregation, there was not much difficulty in keeping them in good-humour. I read the rules, and obtained speakers. We gathered £66, elected a treasurer, and chose a committee. The beginning is, indeed, small."

While in this state of anxious suspense, he seems to have taken out his pencil, and made this entry in his diary, as if to rebuke the despondency of his own mind: "What! despond with the Cross before you!" and underneath the words he sketched a cross, encircled with the motto "Nil Desperandum." This device was afterwards engraved upon his seal, and was used by him through life in place of the crest belonging to his family.

Small as was this beginning, the committee were soon put to work by the energetic secretary, who, having accepted office on condition of its being a gratuitous service, naturally concluded from their taking him that they were prepared to give their cordial support to his plan. In this, however, he was mistaken. While many who ought to have been present were absent from the King's Arms, the speculative shoemaker did not fail to attend, a silent observer of the whole proceedings, and afterwards a diligent schemer for his own interests. Desiring nothing better than to link his own fortunes with so promising an enterprise, he stoutly urged his claim to be manager of the new institution. Strange to say, the most influential members of the committee encouraged his pretensions; and the young secretary, wholly unprepared for the turn things were taking, felt that he had no alternative but

boldly to avow his conviction, that, "if an effort were made to unite the two plans, the whole thing would be a failure." Thus, even in its embryo state, the project was threatened with destruction; and it was only saved to life by the loss of some who promised to be among its most liberal supporters. A principal portion of its first fund was expended in satisfying the importunate demands of the Tower Hill speculator, who continued to affirm that he had grounds of complaint against somebody or other for the disappointment of his selfish expectations. At length, out of a kindly consideration for the man, the spinning machinery was taken off his hands, and ever after he ceased to be a troubler.

Hardly had the first obstacle been got rid of, when Mr. Reed was confronted with a new difficulty. When asked to accept the office of honorary secretary, he had felt the importance of associating with himself a clergyman of the Church of England, in order that any appearance of sectarianism, which in the cause of philanthropy was more especially repugnant to his spirit, might be avoided. Upon his invitation, the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, M.A., one of the first subscribers, accepted the joint office, priority of position being gracefully accorded to him. Consistently with this wish that the institution should be put upon a catholic basis, Mr. Reed says:—

"I felt that the question of conformity or nonconformity might, in the case of these poor orphans, be well postponed until after their fourteenth year; and that, up to that time,—indeed, while with us,—I was only anxious to give them a sound religious education. I saw, that, if the question had been otherwise disposed of, it would at this moment have divided our strength, when, in fact, we were weakness itself. I considered, that, as we were about to establish a family under one roof, it

would be necessary to have some one plan of religious education, and some one mode of religious worship; and that it would be wise and liberal to adopt the Episcopal forms, since, in nine cases out of ten, the parents had belonged to the Church of England, while, for other cases where conscientious objections arose, special provision could be made by dispensing with the usual formularies. I perceived, that, without such concession, supposing the charity to exist, its means of benevolence would be seriously crippled. It might, indeed, be able to aid some thirty or forty children; but many hundreds would remain without help. When the question was, whether the poor orphans were to be left to suffer in ignorance, want, and sin, or whether they should be adopted and blessed in agreement with the principles of the Church of England, I felt I could not hesitate."

Unanimously as this decision was at last arrived at, and cordially as the basis of agreement was settled,

"The Institution," Mr. Reed writes, "did not speedily flourish. With these untoward discussions arising, and our measures to relieve the Orphan necessarily postponed, the attendance of our committee declined to some three or four; and those of us who continued together, were greatly disheartened. For myself, being increasingly convinced of the urgent need of such an asylum, I determined, on the one hand, not to abandon the project, and, on the other, not to proceed with it till we were freed from all surrounding difficulties."

The spring of the next year seems to have brought deliverance. Till then, the meetings had been held at a house in King David's Lane; but, on April 4th, 1814, a house in Clarke's Terrace, Cannon Street Road, was taken in the names of Andrew Reed and Andrew Burt, for the uses of the charity, at a yearly rent of £40, with a premium of £60, and £74 7s. 6d. paid for fixtures. A matron was chosen and a ladies' committee appointed; and it was agreed to proceed in July to

the election of three orphan girls as inmates of the new home. To stock the larder and pay the weekly bills, Mr. Reed lent £20 without interest. To prepare the house furniture, a further sum was contributed by the young minister, who, his sister says, "being unmarried, is willing to strip his house of everything but the barest necessaries." Two girls, most probably the children before mentioned, were at once admitted; and, in the month of July following, by election, four more, the highest number of votes polled being 17. Mr. Reed says, "The ballot closed at half-past eight o'clock; and Nash (17), Merryweather (16), Rogers (16), Jones (14), were elected. These are our first; and thus we commence our work of mercy."

Then came the ordering of the household, the preparation of rules, the issuing of appeals, and the holding of the first annual meeting. It was on this occasion that, in writing to a friend on the last day of the year, Mr. Reed makes the reference already alluded to, when he says, "The sermon just published at the request of my people, I give to the cause of charity. The profits, if any, are to go to the Orphan Asylum, a charity in which I have a deep stake."

Thus far the institution had presented local claims, and relied on local help. The founder was soon convinced, that, in order to give it a fair opportunity of full development, its appeal must be made to the public at large, as a national institution. On the 14th of February, 1815, after a hard struggle, the first word in the title was dropped; and, from that auspicious date, the charity has been known as the London Orphan Asylum. This step was attended with results so happy as to dissipate the fears and quicken the

confidence of the strongest opponents to the change. In the spring of 1816, Mr. Reed notes with pleasure—

"Last winter we did much work. We obtained a collection at Limehouse Church of £47, and one at my own chapel of £42. I prepared a general constitution in eighty rules, which was adopted by a meeting on the 20th of April, 1815; and we ventured on a public dinner, with Mr. Wilberforce, George Byng, James Mangles, and George Green, as vice-presidents. The friends who lent us the most steady help up to this time, were Richard Scarr, William Clark, John Foulger, and Matthew Easum. To these were added Messrs. Robert Charles, William Holt, John Dowler, and Matthew Warton."

Bold in the cause of the Orphan, the young secretary flew at high game, and speedily gained for his good cause the much-coveted patronage of the Royal Family. The Duke of Kent came into the City to the institutory dinner, and was so much delighted with what he witnessed, that he volunteered to be a steward on the next occasion, promising to secure the services of his royal brother of Sussex, as chairman. The interest which Her Majesty's illustrious father took in the asylum was so lively, that the day after the festival he sent a letter, dated Kensington Palace, April 29th, 1815, in which, after expressing a hope that the result would be commensurate with the expectations of the friends of the Asylum, he urged that, "by the exertions of the old and new stewards, no house in the extensive districts where there are inhabitants who can afford to give their help to it, should be left unvisited between that period and the next year's anniversary, when it might reasonably be hoped that the funds in the treasurer's bank would receive an augmentation almost beyond all calculation." To do this, however, His Royal Highness was fully

aware "that the gentlemen must be extremely vigilant, and they and their families spare no trouble." Upon the assurance being given that this effort would be made, and with a gracious permission that his letter might be used in canvassing, the Royal Duke added, "You have my full sanction to use my name as patron for an institution the objects of which are so replete with philanthropy and benevolence."

When the next anniversary came round, the Duke was not simply ready to come to the dinner, but he actually consented to attend the first sermon of the charity, preached in March, 1816, by the Rev. Dr. Dealtry, at the church of St. Lawrence Jewry.

As strength was thus gained in public favour, Mr. Reed urged, against considerable opposition, that, in accordance with the original intention, the benefits of the charity should be forthwith granted to boys as well as to girls. Accordingly, four boys were elected; and, until suitable accommodation could be provided, they were farmed out, at seven shillings a week each, in Limehouse, and instructed in the Bell School. Of these first-elected children, one, who was left without either father or mother, is at the present moment a retired merchant, and another a prosperous trader in the city of London. In course of time, houses were prepared in the Hackney Road for the boys, and in Bethnal Green for the girls; and, in accordance with the suggestion of their patron, the committee conspired to lay siege to London, dividing it into thirty-six districts, and canvassing for subscriptions. "The work," says Mr. Reed, "was very hard; but the success was great."

Mr. Reed had thus far discharged all the official

duties, with the single exception of finance, which he invariably declined; and everything was done without cost to the charity. It now became needful, however, to have a collector and a paid sub-secretary. The official home, which had hitherto been in Castle Street, Houndsditch, was in 1819 transferred to No. 10, St. Mary Axe; and, by "a triumph over electioneering tactics," the Board secured a faithful salaried officer. An effort was now made to interest the members of the Stock Exchange; and, through the influence of Mr. Greenwood, the large sum of £460 was raised. Fifty pounds of this contribution was given, and is so entered in the list, as "part of the money detained from Lord Cochrane, the Hon. A. C. Johnston, and G. R. Butt, on account of a fraud committed on February 20, 1814."

It belongs to the *moral* biography of Mr. Reed to observe the beneficial influence of this undertaking upon himself.

"Apart," he writes, "from the real and elevated pleasure this work has afforded me, it is endeared by the very pains and anxieties I have borne for it. In addition to this, I feel that it has had an important influence on my own character: it has detected and developed principles, of the power of which I was unconscious. May He who is the judge of the widow and the fatherless prosper our cause and purify our motives!"

While penning these lines, he had in his mind a plan which the success of the preceding year prompted him to agitate. "I have now," he says "resolved upon a building; but the Board has my distinct pledge not to take a step till two-thirds of the sum required is subscribed. This evening, Messrs. Strickland, Stock, and myself put down our names for twenty guineas each.

These are the first. The original list shows that the names, J. F. Maubert, John Burnell, Matthew Warton, and John Dowler, were afterwards added. This point once settled, the accomplishment of his object absorbed his thoughts and taxed his energies to the utmost. "I could not delegate such work," he writes: "so I gave up the whole of every Thursday to it; and the prime part of three other days of the week was consumed on deputations and committees of ways and means. It is an object of growing solicitude ever pressing on my mind." In the midst of these applications, a banker in Lombard Street dropped a hint as to the expensiveness of the management. Within a week, Mr. Reed had visited the Naval and Military, and Deaf and Dumb Asylums, and was able to prove, by a comparison of figures, the groundlessness of the suggestion; obtaining, as he states, "on the strength of my vindication, an increased donation from the objector." In the year 1818, no fewer than fifty-six applications were made to leading bankers and traders; and the great merchants of the city responded freely to the appeal. "Mr. Warton," writes Mr. Reed, "joined me this morning; and we secured three hundred and fifty guineas: this, we resolved, should be the exact number the asylum should accommodate to begin with. A celebrated orator has said, 'Action, action, action:' I scour London, crying, Money, money, money."

The project was now regarded as a success. Many who had stood aloof, flocked around. "True-hearted men, like the Wilsons, [the Vicar of Walthamstow and the Bishop of Calcutta,] stand by us; and new men, such as Edward Isaac, John Gowan, John Capel, and T. F. Buxton, have joined us," writes Mr. Reed. "The

Building Fund has nearly reached its limit; the elections are eagerly sought; the numbers run high, and the personal work becomes severe." Still, he says, "June 18, 1819, the increase of the institution cannot be a matter of complaint. It encourages me, with really too much to do, to press on till the building shall be erected, and the asylum fairly received into the sympathies of the public. My text for the year is, 'With God all things are possible.'"

It is not surprising, that, after these arduous exertions, Mr. Reed should have been ordered from home to take rest. "I have adopted one part of your prescription," he writes to his medical adviser; "but, as to the *rest*, my time has been spent in inspecting buildings and schools. My pocket-book is full of plans and measurements; and I shall be able to put before you, on my return, a tolerable diagnosis of the first charities of the country;" adding, "I have received more suggestions from the defects than from the excellences I have witnessed." On returning home, he put his facts and statistics in a tabular form, and set himself, "before he became busier," to the revision of the minute books of the Asylum, "which," he says, in true prophetic spirit, "will contain the history of one of the great and permanent institutions of the land." Again the pressure became almost greater than flesh and blood could bear; yet toil was sweetened with joy and hope. "My joy is," he writes, "that amidst all my difficulties it prospers. May it bless thousands of poor orphans when I am no more!"

The next entry in Mr. Reed's journal, 24th January, 1820, records the melancholy fact of the death of his generous helper the Duke of Kent, at Sidmouth. "The

Duke," he says, "deserves our esteem the more, in that he did not despise us when we had few friends: one of his last acts, before he returned to England, was to promise us help at the next anniversary."

This year was devoted by Mr. Reed to the necessary enlargement of the house in the Hackney Road, in order to the gathering of the orphan family under one roof; to the revision of the system of instruction; and to the collection of a suitable library for the teachers, that they might be put through a course of reading adapted to promote their efficiency. "To have the school right," he observes, "we must keep our teachers right."

Early in 1821, the journal refers to building ground which had been looked at the year before in the neighbourhood of Hackney. Mr. Reed's student life having been passed in this village, he visited on one occasion the scene of an early missionary effort among the brickmakers on the banks of the river Lea. As he was passing through the fields which lie between Clapton and Homerton, his eye fixed upon a site, which ultimately became and is now the home of the charity. In reporting to the managers upon several properties, he states, "I went prepared to urge the Clapton estate. But argument was needless; for," he adds, "I found them unanimous, and we bought the eight acres, with a good house and many walls, for 3,500 guineas. This is the second step."

His notebook now began to show something of the labour involved in this "second step," and in carrying on the enterprise to its completion. The work of drawing up instructions to architects, the decision among thirteen competitors, and another resolute struggle "to

save the charity from becoming a sacrifice to interested persons," caused him much pain and trouble.

"Not a few men," he remarks, "connect themselves with popular charities from other than charitable motives; and, when their desires to serve their friends and ultimately themselves are crossed, they become sore and almost unmanageable. On this occasion I incurred the ill-will of an influential man. Such things are a humiliating hindrance to the good work; but it is for the orphan and the widow; nay, it is for Him who is the Father of the fatherless."

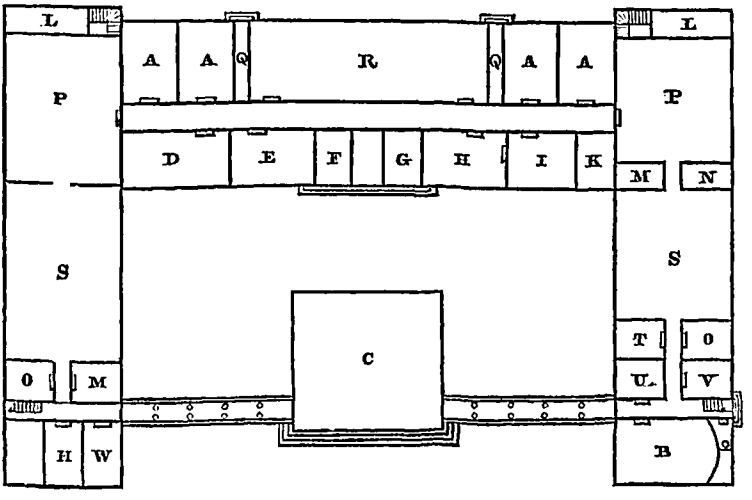
Though the selected plan was the best of those submitted, it was felt to be unsuitable for the special purposes of the charity. Mr. Reed accordingly prepared a report upon it, showing that it was impracticable and far too expensive. He enumerated sixteen institutions visited by him, pointed out the danger of sacrificing internal comfort to external show, and suggested a modified plan of his own, which, he thought, would overcome these difficulties, and realise their principal wishes.

The advantages he sought by the plan thus prepared are thus set out:—

1. The great divisions of the household are kept separate.
2. The supervision is more complete. The master is in one wing, the mistress in the other, and the matron in the centre; each one in the midst of his or her duties.
3. The back front will look as well as the west elevation; the building will have no inequalities.
4. All the day business is on the ground floor, and all the night accommodation on the first floor; so that there are no steps for the children in the daytime.
5. The ventilation is completely secured.
6. The entire building has great capacities for appropriate extension and enlargement.

This plan, now in the possession of the family, as ori-

ginally sketched, was adopted by the Board; and, when duly elaborated by a professional hand, it became the plan of the present building.



BLOCK PLAN OF THE INSTITUTION.

A, Stores. B, Board. C, Chapel. D, Washing,
E, Laundry. F, Weighing. G, Matron. H, Kitchen.
I, Scullery. K, Pantry. L, Lavatory. M, Books.
N, Work. O, Teachers. P, Playroom. Q, Passages.
R, Refectory. S, School. T, Mistress. U, Waiting.
V, Secretary. W, Master.

Writing in 1827, Mr. Reed says, "My plan was reported to cost from £12,000 to £15,000; it has, however, cost £25,000. Where should we have been, had we attempted the original design? I am satisfied the charity would have sunk under the burden."

The question of funds had yet to be grappled with. Mr. Reed relied with confidence upon the practical wisdom and energy of his friend Mr. T. J. Marriott. To prepare the way, Mr. Reed first sought to secure the influence of the Press, and then put his case before the Governors of the Bank of England, the Docks, and the East India Company. Succeeding with these influential bodies beyond his expectation, he, in 1822,

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carried his appeal before the Corporation of the City of London, forming one of a deputation who stood at the bar of the Common Council to plead the cause of the orphan, where that cause is never pleaded in vain. He says, "When I was asked this question, Please to inform the Court what is the annual salary of your principal officers and secretaries? I was glad at heart to be able to reply, Not one penny."

A crowning point remained to be attained. The stability of the charity, the possession of the new home, would be secure if Royal Patronage could only be obtained. Accordingly the King (George the Fourth) was memorialized; and with the greatest alacrity he gave his name. By a letter from Lord Sidmouth it appears, that His Majesty recognized in the memorialist, Andrew Reed, the name of the author of two sermons upon the death of his royal father, and his illustrious daughter and brother their Royal Highnesses the Princess Charlotte and the Duke of Kent, which he had read with pleasure; and this circumstance, it is stated, led His Majesty at once to acquiesce in an application to help so good a cause. This mark of Royal favour was greatly enhanced in value by the generous proposal of the Duke of York to fill the chair which was to have been occupied by the Duke of Kent at the anniversary dinner.

That anniversary meeting was a glorious one for the charity: the founder was able to announce the required £10,000 as in hand, having himself given, in the name of "a Friend," the last £100, in order that the fund might be complete.

It is not wonderful, that, after the accomplishment of this great work, Mr. Reed should say,—

"This winter's labour cost me more time and effort than I dare confess. I felt the greater responsibility, as other plans had been rejected and mine adopted. It led me to give every attention to the work in detail, not more the financial than the prospective architectural arrangements. The simplest things, when done, have often been most difficult to realise. How much it cost me to plan the rooms for so many different purposes duly proportionate in size and height, to free the exterior of the asylum from all projections and broken parts, which had disfigured some of the other designs, and even to insert all the lights at equal distances and heights,—points I was determined not to give up."

Nor did even the foundation work advance with great rapidity. Much precious time was lost; so that, before preparations could be made for laying the first stone, the orphan family had increased to 194. At length, all difficulties being surmounted, and the arrangements (more formidable by far than in the present day) being complete, Mr. Reed says, "Much of the business was such as I was wholly unaccustomed to; but at length we are ready for the ceremony. The Duke of York is to represent the Royal Family; and, through the kindness of Mr. Peel, other important interests have been secured. For five weeks previous to the 5th of May, I was so occupied that I could scarcely see my family during the whole of that time. And then, on the religious question we were threatened with trouble." This *contretemps* will be best explained by a note made on the occasion.

"In the midst of my preparations I had reason to believe, that the Bishop of London had received a wrong impression regarding our intentions from Dr. Watson, the Vicar of Hackney. I determined, therefore, to see the Doctor. I explained to him, that I was a Dissenter; that many of the supporters of the charity were Dissenters too; that, however, we had no party views; and,

moreover, that we were pledged to certain principles. The result was, that the worthy man rose from his chair, shook me by the hand, and said, 'Mr. Reed, I acknowledge that I have injured your charity; I have done it under misconception; I am bound to set it right; and that I will do without delay.' He ordered his carriage, and went in search of the Bishop. When he returned, he called and brought me twenty guineas from the Bishop, with thirty guineas from himself; told me he had arranged it all, and asked me to go to Fulham. I have rarely met with a finer instance of generous conduct than that of Dr. Watson; and I must always esteem him for it."

The ceremony of laying the first stone would have been in every respect gratifying and auspicious, but for the occurrence of an accident. "Notwithstanding the unfortunate accident," writes Mr. Reed, "every body agreed that the arrangements were most successful; and, at the dinner, we gathered amongst us the unprecedented sum of £2,800." This is the only private record of the untoward event, to which the daily press gave unusual prominence. The accident was the talk of the town for a day or two. As in the case of all such occurrences, especially where royal personages are concerned, a great mystery was made by some of the newspapers of what was simply a misfortune. A theatre had been prepared to accommodate about 1,800 ladies. Twice that number of gentlemen stood upon an inclined plane in front. The officers of the institution and the more distinguished guests stood grouped around the stone. The Lord Mayor, William Heygate, had delivered a statement in reference to the Asylum, and the Bishop of London had just concluded his dedication prayer. The children were forming round to sing the appointed hymn, when suddenly the platform gave way. The Duke of York was at the point of danger, and Mr. Reed

was at his side; but both of them escaped, as also did the Prince Leopold, the Bishops, and the civic authorities. Some of the children, however, and some of the guests, Dr. Alexander Waugh among the number, fell into the basement of the chapel; and, unhappily, a labourer who was underneath was killed. A panic was imminent; but that additional calamity was averted by the noble bearing of the illustrious president and the presence of mind of the gentlemen around him. The Duke of York resisted a suggestion of adjournment, declaring that he would not leave till the stone was laid; and so the remaining portion of the programme was gone through. The stone indeed was laid; but, of the £3,000 which had been confidently expected, only £30 was added to the fund. During this trying scene, Mr. Reed's wonted coolness and promptitude of action did not for one instant forsake him. A memorandum still extant attests the thoughts of duty and of mercy which instantly occupied his mind. Writing upon a slip of paper and upon the crown of his hat, while the ceremony was proceeding, he submitted certain queries to the clerk of the works, with instructions to report upon them to a special board to be held immediately upon the departure of the royal party. So characteristic a document may be inserted without apology.

"Report,—Who were underneath at the time? Who was killed? Where did he live? What was being done when the accident happened? How was the tackling for the stone secured? Was it at any time lashed to the scaffolding? Was there any planking under the uprights? How far were the sockets let into the ground?"

It turned out that the poor man killed was himself the unwitting cause of the sad occurrence.

The great consideration of the Duke of York was again shown in reference to the dinner held the same evening at the London Tavern. Feeling the shock so much as to deter him from leaving home, he urged the Prince Leopold to preside; and his Royal Highness came, saying, "The illustrious Duke's absence, if I can will it so, shall be no loss to you, but rather gain." By pledging the company in these spirited terms, the distinguished chairman accomplished his design; and the result was, the largest subscription ever announced in the City on such an occasion. Mr. Reed, always reluctant to speak, was called up by the company. After a touching allusion to the occurrence of the morning, as having added to the orphanage of the land, he is reported to have said,—

"Go, gentlemen, and make yourselves acquainted with the high luxury of doing good. Go, gentlemen, and carry away with you the tears of these widows, the prayers of these orphans, and the blessings of those who were ready to perish. Go, illustrious Prince, and, amidst all your state and titles, let the title (Vice-President) arising to you from this Charity stand pre-eminent."

In his endeavours to accelerate the building operations, Mr. Reed realised the universal experience, that "to have things done, you must see them done." He was compelled to live in town, in order that he might be close to his daily work. "The contracts," he says, "after all, had fallen into bad hands, and everything was backward. The season was likely to be lost; winter was approaching. I was on the ground every day, calling committees, passing strong resolutions, and trying to keep everybody up to the collar. I felt it would be ruinous to have such a building uncovered

through the winter; and so we succeeded in getting the last slates on by Christmas-eve."

The spring of 1824 found the funds very low; and the centre of the building, the chapel, and colonnades, were as yet untouched. As one ready means of raising money, a proposal was made to part with half the land. "This," Mr. Reed admits, "was our original intention, and we could have done it advantageously; but," he continues, "for my part, I always looked at the asylum as a great national institution; and, because I believe now, that it will need all the available space the eight acres can give, for the health and recreation of the children, I set my face against building leases, however tempting." An earnest appeal for help was therefore issued by the secretaries; and, anticipating a ready response from the public, Mr. Reed urged the Board to proceed without delay to the completion of the building. At this crisis a very advantageous offer was made for a special performance at Drury Lane Theatre; and Mr. Byng, who represented Middlesex in Parliament, and was for so many years the father of the House of Commons, advised a ball, as a means of raising the necessary funds, and promised to get the Lady Patronesses of Almack's to befriend the Asylum. "It has not yet come to this," observes Mr. Reed, playfully, "that we must dance for the charity. I calculate that we can well provide the ways and means for current expenses; and then, £4,000 more for the works will see us through. This, surely, we can get without a ball."

Mr. Reed's acquaintance with Mr. Byng, had, through many years of intercourse, ripened into a warm friendship, the memory of which was retained long after his

decease.* He says, "Mr. Byng and Alderman Heygate the Treasurer of the Asylum, waited with me on Lord Liverpool, to obtain a remission of the duties on brick and timber used in the building. His Lordship could not accede to our request; but he gave us his confidence and friendship."

Notwithstanding Mr. Reed's sanguine hopes as to money, the Board, actuated by prudential motives, declined to proceed with the new works, preferring to wait the result of the appeal, in order that their course might be sure. Though this decision was against his counsel, he bowed to the majority; "but," he says, shortly afterwards, "the very discussion had left an impression which led to re-consideration. The committee were summoned to meet upon the ground, and there and then reversed their decision, and subscribed the full amount of the required loan.† Thus unexpectedly, my desire will be fulfilled."

The practical value of Mr. Reed's superintendence of the works, may be best understood by his note-book, filled with entries like the following:—

"Your opinion upon these points by Monday:—What the average heat of the steam on first entering pipes, and what the angle at any given distance; say 30, 50, and 70 feet? If the pressure is 236 for 4 lbs., would there be any diminution of heat, taken at about 20 minutes, in 100 feet? Can you convey your heat equally in contrary directions; say, in a perpendicular line and by a horizontal? Does the heated air rob the atmospheric air of its moisture to any great extent?"

Having obtained the information, he proceeded to

* Dr. Reed says in one of his notes, "Mr. Byng told me, that, when a boy at school (Westminster, I think), he saw upon a watch-box near the Parks, the motto—'Be just and fear not!' 'From that moment,' he said, 'it became my guiding principle for this world.'"

† On the Guarantee list, the name of Andrew Reed is found for £400.

test various plans of warming the building. He fitted up a copper in the girls' house, creating an artificial current by means of bellows. This not answering, he constructed at his own house an apparatus having a blowing machine, with complete success. The constructive turn which he possessed by nature, had been developed to some extent by his early employment, and was trained into considerable skill by means of various experiments made in machinery. His family possess the model of a most ingenious contrivance of his, by means of which, could it have been carried to the perfection aimed at, he would have furnished to the world the long-desired illustration of a perpetual motion. But a constant round of public duties left him little time for such speculations. "I was obliged," he says, "to continue my daily attendance at Clapton; and still, from insufficient drawings at the right time, and from the builder becoming a bankrupt, it was a work encompassed with great difficulties."

These engagements, it has been seen, involved great sacrifice to himself and his family; and at length he was compelled to break up his home at Cheshunt, and bring his household to Hackney. In the midst of all he lost his only sister.

"My spirit and my health failed me," he writes, "under the excessive work and sorrow of last winter, united with my pastoral duty; and a frequent journey of thirty miles a day on horseback, subjected me to great exposure. I believe I could not have gone on, but for the joy of serving the fatherless, and the success with which the Divine Providence was favouring our exertions."

And so, in spite of repeated warnings,

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, onward through life he goes,"

saying to his friend Dr. Mitchell, who remonstrates

with him, "The idea of 'doing less' is only tolerable in the prospect of being allowed to do more."

At last, the building was complete: the scaffoldings were removed, the garden-ground was laid out, and the asylum was made entirely ready for its expectant inmates. The 16th of January, 1825, was the day fixed for the opening ceremony.

"To insure us against all mischance," Mr. Reed writes, "we secured the Duke of York last year, and prevailed on him to fix the day. This set every body to work for it; and, when, on the 15th, everything was actually ready, it really appeared to us all to have been effected by a sort of charm. The day was delightfully fine. A breakfast was laid for 1,200 persons in six rooms; and the largest dormitory was fitted up for a concert under the conduct of Sir George Smart. Instead of the Duke of York, as President, we had the Duke of Cambridge, who arrived at the minute, accompanied by his son, Prince George. Twelve of our orphan girls met them, and led the way through the columns of children, scattering flowers in their path. The Duchesses of Richmond and Leeds were present, and, I am told, a brilliant company; but my heart was too full for my eyes to see much. There were nearly 1,500 persons present. The fête cost us a thousand guineas, and we received about £1,050. Sir Robert Peel and a crowd of people were present at the children's dinner. What should we have done without Mr. Kirby and Alderman Thompson? The Duke was delighted, and promised me five guineas for his son George, that it might lead him to love the charity; and this in addition to £100 for himself."

The new habitation was taken possession of by the whole family on the 27th of July, being the twelfth anniversary of the institution. "On Thursday," says Mr. Reed, "we had a religious service in the chapel; and the committee and the orphans dined together. A day," he adds, "of more real gratification to me than the first day of opening. God bless and succour the defenceless!"

During six weeks before this day, Mr. Reed did not dine with his family oftener than once in the week. Having for so many years lived for the charity, he could not now live away from it. Rising early, he was in the habit of reading and studying till noon; he then took light refreshment; and, at one o'clock, went forth upon benevolent or pastoral duties; and his usual route was from Cambridge Heath to Clapton, by the beautiful grounds of the Messrs. Loddige, now covered with brick and mortar, returning by Brooksby's Walk, which overlooks the meadows of the Lea, and commands the edges of the Forest. Leaving the Asylum, he frequently extended his walk that he might look upon the elms, then still standing in the old palace garden of Bishop Bonner, thus gaining New Road Chapel by Mile End, or the office in St. Mary Axe by Spitalfields, according as his evening engagements required him.

While several benevolent gentlemen, living in the neighbourhood, were actively concerned in the management of the institution, Mr. Reed's relation to it was of the closest and most paternal character. He laid down a scheme for education, and superintended the putting-up of an apparatus for healthful exercise and childish sports. He was as constant at the fixing of the weekly dietary with the matron, as at the religious examinations with the chaplain. Nor were his official duties in the City ever lost sight of. "Of all places," he says, "I am most to be found at St. Mary Axe." As regularly as Saturday came round, he might be seen at Clapton, with his own sons, standing at the head of the dining-room at one o'clock, to hear the grace sung, and passing along the tables to leave words of love and looks of kindness behind him.

Nothing that appertained to the ordering of the establishment was foreign to him. He watched with care the execution of his own plans for the ornamental grounds in front of the Asylum. To these he transferred the choicest shrubs and flowers from his country garden and conservatory, as memorials of that sister who, though little known to the outside world, had been, together with him, a founder of the charity; and, with his own hands, he planted some of those noble trees now so firmly rooted in the soil. He was always there to receive the newly-elected children; there to dismiss those who were going out into a strange world, with suitable admonitions and counsels; and there, too, to receive such as came once a year with certificates of good conduct, to claim their promised reward. Like a tender nurse, he visited the children in the infirmary, and the convalescents at Broadstairs or at Cheshunt Green. He kept the annual summer holiday with the whole establishment, who made Wanstead Forest ring with sounds of merriment and glee. He aided many a forlorn widow to make sure her child's election, but always on the principle of helping such most as had helped themselves most; assisted—how many, who knows?—to secure a first situation in the world, after the school term came to an end; and received with deep joy, precious, grateful letters, still remaining, to witness to the honourable industry and prosperous toil by which many of his orphans won their way, through the battle of life, to respectability and independence.

In all these labours, Mr. Reed was during many years happily associated with the Rev. Robert Heath, M.A., the estimable chaplain, with Mrs. Crips, the worthy matron, and with Mr. Marriott and Mr. Coates, his "faithful helpers."

This, the cherished work of his life, cannot be better summed up than in a letter to his own family, written when he was abroad, in 1827.

"For upwards of twelve years," he observes, "I have superintended its concerns, giving up all private engagements and considerations to its welfare. Year by year it has consumed more than half of my time,—has frequently drawn seriously on my health, and not slightly on my resources. I may say literally, and without exaggeration, it has been my thought by day and my dream by night; and, good as the cause of the fatherless is, I fear I must reproach myself with having given too much attention to it; certainly more than I shall feel at liberty to give to it in future. In fact, the thing grew unexpectedly on our hands; and it seemed impossible to relax in effort without being unfaithful. If I say so much as this, I do so with the hope that it may possibly yield, at some future day, satisfaction and pleasure to my own children. Happily for them, they were blessed in an unusual degree with the society and care of a mother whose joy it was thus to be able to contribute to the public usefulness of her husband."

In his diary, he makes the following entry:—

"The concerns of the orphan, from engaging too much of my time, engross too much of my affections. I am resolved particularly to watch and pray against this. May I remember that I am a minister of the New Testament! What is there equal to this? The pursuits of the philosopher, the patriot, the philanthropist, are nothing compared with the minister of Jesus Christ."

The great foundation-work had now been done. The funds of the Asylum were in a healthy condition; and the institution was admirably managed. Under these circumstances, it was at least allowable that he should relax the intensity of his efforts, though the object became continually dearer to his heart, and inevitably occupied a considerable portion of his time.

It does not appear needful for the purpose of this narrative to detain the reader over the history of intermediate years. Writing on September 12, 1838, he says,—

"Much time has been consumed lately by sitting for my portrait. This is the way in which honour is put upon me. Last Thursday the portrait was formally presented to the Board. It made me painfully the object of notice; but it was an act of kindness and gratifying, and it will be still more so if it shall give me any additional influence to serve the widow and the fatherless. Many are for resting upon what we have done; but I much desire to make one movement more, for the enlargement and improvement of this house of mercy. We now take thirty orphans annually, instead of one hundred, as I hope to see. We have been doing too little, fearing to go on; and the public have thought us too rich, too fond of accumulation."

Once again in this year an interesting reference was elicited by a friend, who inquired of him as to the origin of the institution.

"I am not anxious," he replied, "to connect any particular names with the work, so much as to rejoice, that the work is done, that the house is raised, and that its doors are open to the fatherless and the destitute. That the object is effected, I ascribe to the blessing of Divine Providence. We might have made all the exertion we have, yet all might have failed; and, if any suitable effort has been made on my part, I am indebted to God for the thought, energy, opportunity, and disposition. So that acknowledgments are every way due to the Supreme Source of all good. If the London Orphan Asylum exists, its maker and builder is God, to whom may all the glory be given."

THE INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM.

1827. 1843.

"The orphan's claim is the weightiest:
His Father is God in heaven."

"He hath a tear of pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

UNTIL the London Orphan Asylum was firmly established, Mr. Reed kept in abeyance a project which, prematurely advocated, might have endangered that institution. But, when he saw it safe under the guardianship of his country, he announced his intention to start a second charity without precedent in the annals of philanthropy.

Many institutions had been founded for the benefit of orphans of seven years of age and upwards; but none of them had opened their doors to children of tender years.

His secret determination to found an Infant Orphan Asylum may be traced as far back as the year 1821, when he placed in the pocket of his diary a little note, one of the last received from his beloved sister. In one of her visitations among the poor, she had found a family of orphans entirely destitute. She urged their

piteous case at the office of the London Orphan Asylum; but the inexorable answer was, "They are all under age." Appealing to her brother, absent at the time from London, she says,—"Think of this, brother! 'too young,' 'under age,'—how *can* that be? They are orphans, and want to-morrow's bread,—four little ones, under six years of age; and your door is closed to them all,—not one can be a candidate! Whither are they to go? what are they to do? God will help you if you will help them." Endorsed upon this treasured note are these words:—"The greater the necessity, the greater the charity: we must have a wing at Clapton for *infants;* and it shall be called our nursery." Martha Reed did not live to aid in the effort; but her brother cherished the thought in his heart.

A bitter thing it was to Andrew Reed to resist the appeals addressed to him, as election followed election, that he would accept from the rank of infancy candidates at once the most helpless and the most friendless.

About the year 1824, he had been an interested observer of the efforts of the benevolent founders of the Infant School Society, among whom were James Mackintosh, Henry Brougham, Dr. Birkbeck, and Zachary Macaulay; and the practical experiments of Mr. Wilderspin in the Spitalfields Infant School engaged the sympathy and help of both Mr. and Mrs. Reed. The principal object of their attention to the subject of infant training was, that the new effort for the infant orphan might possess all the advantage of the best educational systems; and, when, in 1826, Mr. Reed made known his desire, it was with the full belief that the basis of the London Orphan Asylum could be extended to meet the case of the whole rang

of orphanhood. He appears to have urged upon the Governors the fact, that, "by taking a child at an earlier age than seven years, the widow is most relieved, since a child in arms or at the breast frequently prevents the mother making exertions for herself and family;" adding, "A little help at this period will put her in a condition to need no more assistance;" "which," he says, "in my apprehension, is the truest charity."

Failing to secure the general assent of his colleagues, the Infant Orphan Asylum was announced in 1827 as a distinct institution. The causes which led to this decision are thus explained by him in his journal:—

"Before I took steps for the founding of the Asylum, I was desirous that the London Orphan Board would allow the basis to be so expanded as to comprehend the infant. The thing was considered; but, after much delay, though the plan was favoured, the 'let-well-alone' policy prevailed, and separate action became necessary. In taking this, my great concern was to get around me my most practical helpers through so many years; and, though some stood apart, fearing the effect upon the elder charity, others went with me into the new undertaking, all of us standing as firm as ever by the London Orphan. My course was difficult; but there was a kind deference towards me in making the effort, a feeling which I was most careful to preserve."

Nor did he enter suddenly upon the work. Waiting until his hands were a little free, he says,—"I am now released, to some extent at least, from other pressing claims; and my new work, too long deferred, is now before me to be done. God being my helper, this country shall have a home for her infant orphans."

"Early in the following year," he proceeds, "I called a meeting at my own house. James Taylor and David French were the only friends who came; but we three settled the whole plan before we parted. I then explained our intentions to Mr.

Isaac and Dr. Rudge, of Limehouse, pressing the last to allow the use of his name as honorary secretary, which he did on condition that he should not be asked for service. I agreed to do the work; but, on many grounds, I desired not to be too prominent. The whole scheme was laid before the London Orphan Board, that they might know what was doing."

Having thus disarmed opposition and secured valuable co-operation, Mr. Reed became the constant guide and guardian of the interests of the supplemental charity.

In the primary appeal to the public in favour of the new Asylum, he thus puts the case:—

"While, between seven and fourteen years of age, a most important period of human life, you provide for fatherless children, there is not one institution for the infant under seven years of age. Because there are excellent charities prepared to receive the fatherless child, shall there be none to receive the fatherless *infant?* On the contrary, ought it not to act as a reason, that, since there are institutions which will provide for the orphan *when* he is seven, there should be at least one where he may find refuge *till* that period. Consistency requires that such an effort should be encouraged; unless we are prepared to say, that a destitute orphan above a given age is a proper object of charity, and that a destitute orphan under that age is not a proper object. Let it be remembered, that the case is that of the infant orphan, for which charity has as yet done nothing; but, that it embraces a period of life in which innocency, helplessness, and misery are strangely commingled, and most touchingly call for our aid; that, in relieving a widowed mother of her fatherless infant,* she is frequently assisted under a burden which is felt to be intolerable, and is enabled to provide for the rest of her family; and that, if we suppose, as so commonly happens, that both parents are removed, then the case of the bereaved child occupies the very *first place* in the very *first class* of all charities."

* The third rule most mercifully declares, that, if proof is given that a father is disabled from providing for his children, then the aid of the charity may be extended to a motherless infant.

All fear of rivalry with the London Orphan Asylum being set at rest, friends flocked around the new standard. From the first, and most naturally, the fair sex took a lively interest in the project. Mr. Byng was hunted up from his repose at Wrotham Park; and he writes, playfully warning Mr. Reed not to ride a free horse too hard, yet consenting to give as much support to this as he gave to the older charity, "both of them being equally worthy." Accordingly he presided at the first meeting, summoned at the London Tavern, July 3, 1827, to institute the East London Infant Orphan Asylum. The spectacle presented must have been deeply affecting; for we learn, that "the avenues to the room were crowded with poor women, bearing in their arms infant children, intended candidates for admission." * In such audience the merciful scheme was propounded by its author, a constitution adopted, and, by a numerous vote, the Asylum pronounced "a thing to be." The papers of the next morning duly gazetted the new charity, with Mr. Byng as its president and Dr. Rudge as its secretary; Mr. Reed purposely keeping in the background as to official connexion with the plan, but leading the way on the subscription list with one of the largest contributions of the day. This gift is noted in his pocket-book as "To an infant charity which shall be second to none in the Kingdom." He mentions, with generous admiration, the unceasing labours of his friends Capel, Kirby, French, Gamman, and Taylor, and records, with gratitude, the first election in the following October, when there were only four chosen out of scores of candidates, the highest on the poll having 486 votes. A temporary house had

* "The New Times," July 4, 1827.

been secured in the Hackney Road: till it was ready to receive the little ones, two of them found shelter in the dwelling-house of their new friend, and, for a time, became part of his family.

One of the great points to be secured for the rising institution was, the favour of Royalty. Before the close of the year, its founder received an invitation to give information respecting it, and found ready sympathy in the Court. The Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, with their Duchesses, were among the earliest subscribers. On the 20th of March, 1828, Mr. Reed had been honoured by a communication still more gratifying. "The Duchess of Kent," he states, "has been pleased to say that we shall have her help, and that of her little orphan daughter Victoria, to a cause which, had he lived, her father would have espoused." Every step being wisely and cautiously taken, the institution sprang rapidly into strength and popularity. Upon the retirement of Dr. Rudge from his post, the Rev. Dr. A. H. Kenney, rector of St. Olave's, Southwark, associated himself with Mr. Reed, and contributed in no small degree to fix the charity upon a firm and established basis. So great, indeed, was the success of the enterprise, that, within one year, twenty-eight children had been received into the house; "a charge," says Mr. Reed, characteristically, "which will make us *work*, and then we must succeed." His experience, in short, assured him, that, while they showed that cases of real distress were arising, the means of relieving them would never be wanting; the way to increase confidence being to do honour to it.

Without any diminution of his interest in the children at Clapton, Mr. Reed felt a more tender solicitude for

the infants at Hackney. He was much in their new home, arranging and planning for their nursing and teaching, their food and clothing. He was no stranger in their play-rooms, contributing personally to their amusement by frequent gifts of pictures and toys. When he took his children at Christmas-time to London, as was his custom, for their 'City day,' he never forgot to purchase as many more things for the orphans as he did for his own, and, with their free consent, better things too; and thus he sought to teach what he richly felt,—the luxury of making others happy.

His knowledge of the requirements of children, and of the way to deal with their physical and moral training, may be judged of by the following extract from his instructions to the staff:—

"The nursery is, in fact, the dwelling of a little child. Everything therefore, even the most minute, in this apartment, should be provided in consideration of its nature and its age. Suitable nourishment should be fresh and abundant, having all the variety desirable for diversity of appetite and constitution. Neither the eye, the ear, the touch, the taste, nor the smell must be willingly offended. In the nursery is trained the future man; man, who was designed to bear the image of God; man, the noblest of the Creator's works. Let this training be worthy of such a being.

"Pure, fresh air should be continually passing through the nursery. In winter, let the current be warm and genial; in summer, it should be cool and refreshing.

"With good ventilation, the largest number of children will remain happy and playful together; but, without this invaluable boon, they will soon become restless and dissatisfied.

"Children should never be allowed to weep without an effort to ascertain the cause. Tears are an evidence of suffering. The suffering may be mental or physical; both imply a want which should be inquired into, and satisfied if practicable. Let all

that is proper and beneficial be liberally afforded; but allow no impropriety, no irregularity, no excess. Nature will then follow her own course; the child will be spared much suffering, and will seldom have cause for tears.

"Remember that the eye needs agreeable objects on which to gaze, the ear needs sweet harmony, and the heart seeks human sympathy, as surely as the stomach requires suitable food.

"Children love birds and flowers. Birds, flowers, and children love air and light. Those who love children, love also birds and flowers; and such are fitted by Providence to become their best nurses. Let them be sought out, and let none others be employed in this important duty."

In 1830, more room being required for the establishment, a second house was taken, and the two were thrown into one. But this was only a temporary device. The very next year found the committee anxiously searching for a new habitation. A mansion, with large grounds, now occupied by the German Hospital, was soon found at Dalston, near Clapton. As the occupation of these premises would necessarily involve a largely increased expenditure, some sincere but timid friends objected to the proposal as rash. Supported, however, by bolder men at the board, Mr. Reed argued the case in the spirit of faith, declaring that they must look to achieve much more good than had been hitherto accomplished. Thus carrying his point with perfect good-humour, he hesitated not to pledge himself and the managers to secure the necessary funds. Though not the secretary, he conducted at this time an extensive official correspondence, which remains to show with what earnestness and with what success he stirred up the great and the good of all ranks and classes; a success of which he simply says, "It is the cause, so new, so touching, so constraining,—

not the advocates of the infant, but the little one itself, —that brings all this sympathy." His own appeals, nevertheless, are marked by a singular cogency and clearness. The copy, for example, of a letter addressed to one of the highest personages of the land, in answer to an inquiry as to the special claims of the institution, contains this passage:—

"The object of this charity is the infant orphan; but the charity itself, being an infant, claims your present help. I have asked your Royal Highness to consider what has been done. Allow me now to ask you to consider what has not been done. I ask help, not merely for what we propose to do, but I want a voluntary fine, self-assessed, for what this country has been *so long* in doing, in the cause of innocence, helplessness, and sorrow."

The fine, in this instance, was readily self-imposed and graciously paid; and thus the way was opened for a visit to Buckingham Palace; of which, in the cause of charity, Mr. Reed was not slow to take advantage.

At another time, when the state of the country was such as to make it difficult to obtain the requisite funds for the support of the orphan family, Mr. Reed converted the very difficulty into a motive. Appealing to the Duke of Wellington, he made known to his Grace his own secret desire to provide for infant orphans a permanent home worthy of the nation.

"Is this," he asks, "a season of distress? It is the very season to call forth the sympathy and the aids of charity. Is it a season for retrenchment? Should not charity go forth with unwonted readiness to assuage suffering, to become the stay of the widow and orphan in the bitter hour of their bereavement? And, if retrenchment at such a time must be exercised, let it be carried anywhere, everywhere, rather than into our asylums for charity."

The Duke, with characteristic readiness, answered:

"It is a good cause, apply for a grant of Crown land; and I will back your application." Deriving further encouragement from the interest taken by the Royal Family in the work, the suggested memorial was forthwith prepared. The Duke, as might be expected, was as good as his word; and, when, in reply, Mr. Reed was desired to indicate the spot where he wished to build, with a boldness which astonished some of the subordinates in office, he pointed out a plot of Crown land on the edge of the Regent's Park, at that time worth a thousand pounds an acre. Pleading with customary earnestness, he says, "All history shows that it is by acts such as this, by works of charity, the highest names of authority and grandeur are embalmed in the most sacred and endearing affections of an enlightened and religious people."

He received the gratifying assurance that the Queen "would sustain the application by every recommendation in her power." "Thus assured," he says, "it will not be from any want of sympathy on the throne that our poor little ones do not get a home within bowshot of the palace." The decisive answer was long delayed; but Mr. Reed, knowing full well the barriers which official routine interposes between the declared will of monarchs and the final action of their ministers, did not permit the question of a building fund to rest upon this slender hope.

"Land or no land," he says, "we must have a home for our children. Last winter was a disastrous one; and we were compelled to postpone it. It must now be done; for I am resolved, by God's help, that we will add another to our great national institutions of benevolence."

At last the long-expected answer arrived. It was in

the negative; but, on the 21st April, 1833, almost at the same instant, the Queen, with most gracious consideration, conveyed her regret at the unfortunate result. Being informed subsequently, that, though the application for a grant of land had failed, it was notwithstanding intended to have a building, Her Majesty signified her pleasure to subscribe £50 towards the object. This gift was worth hundreds. Upon the strength of it, application was made to the Bank of England and others, who, as Mr. Reed remarks, having helped the "London," may be looked to to help the "Infant."

In this way the building fund advanced: corporate bodies gave grants, churches and chapels sent in collections, and the Board of Management was greatly encouraged by the abundant evidence of general confidence and favour. At length a public meeting was called. The Duke of Cambridge came, and, with Mr. Byng, led off a spirited subscription; after which, Mr. Reed writes, "For myself, I feel convinced that we might safely contemplate the purchase of land; and I should have proposed it, but that some might have thought it rash, and improvident."

It was well, perhaps, that land was not then purchased; for, most unexpectedly, Mr. Reed was called at this juncture to discharge a very important public duty, involving a visit to the United States of some months' duration. With many misgivings, he contemplated the suspension, for so long a period, of active services, seldom, apparently, more indispensable than now. On every hand, however, he received offers of help; and, in the spring of 1834, not without reluctance, he delegated his work at home to other

hands, referring in grateful terms to the generous affection of the friends and colleagues who undertook his various duties. He was especially touched by the affection of his old friend Mr. Byng, who took him by the hand at their last interview, exclaiming, "God bless you, my dear sir, and send you safely back to us! for the poor orphans will miss you." This thought seems to have been impressed upon his mind; for, months afterwards, when, down in the Southern States of the American Union, prostrated by sickness, with virulent cholera around, and the expectation of death apparently brought close to him, he took out his pocket-book and wrote these words: "Thousands of miles from home, 'missed by the orphans.' My God, be near to them and to me!" He was missed indeed, yet only till the autumn; and then the little ones welcomed their old friend back by the new name of Dr. Reed.

With renewed vigour he betook himself to his work as easily as if it had never been set aside. He takes up again his Asylum note-book, and makes the following memorandum: "I find, to my unspeakable joy, both institutions prospering."

Throughout the next year, some absorbing literary work, consequent upon his visit to America, occupied so much time, that all thought of building was indefinitely postponed. When, in 1837, being released from these engrossing occupations, he was prepared for action, he did not find others equally ready. An opinion in the meanwhile had gained strength, that, after all, it would be better to enlarge still further the existing house, or to build on that site, if possible. Against this proposal Dr. Reed entered his emphatic protest.

"To do it," he says, "you must destroy property worth £2,500; and, when it is destroyed, you have but ninety feet frontage, instead of 300 feet, which you want. The ground is three acres; and you require eight. The situation is obscure; whereas you want a prominent one; for, if you are going to live by the public, you must keep before th[redacted] know our need. This winter we have had fifty-seven cases of whooping cough, eighteen of measles, six of scarlet fever, ten with cankered mouths, and five have died. It is said, 'Limit your numbers, and you will have space enough.' The demand of orphanage is an unknown quantity; the supply must know no limit. We have now 103 children, with eighty more asking admission. Nothing short of 500 will meet my views. I never concurred in the thought that the Dalston purchase was for our permanent and final home. The charity would be ruined by such a course: it must not be ruined, but extended."

Sustained in this view by the majority of his friends, he anticipated the concurrence of the Board, and proceeded.

"With 300 children, you must have a certain space; and, with fifteen nurses and twelve servants, the family will stand at 340. Now, the opinion of professional men (for he had obtained a certificate to this effect from fourteen distinguished members of the faculty) is, that, for a family of 300, all infants, living in one spot, always, in sickness and in health, and unable to get out as elder children can, and one-half springing from consumptive parents, the freshest air, and ample and open grounds, are of the utmost importance. Gentlemen, my proposal is, that twenty of us engage to place £100 each on the first stone, and that one hundred ladies shall be sought who will each deposit a purse of £5 and upwards. If this be done, our way will be clear; and the first stone shall be laid at the end of 1841."

So bold a challenge set objection at defiance; faith inspired faith, and the courage of the advocate became contagious. Temporary accommodation was at once

secured; the idea either of enlargement or of building at Dalston, was abandoned; and the first stone was laid in the selected ground, according to prediction, in 1841. Not merely were the twenty gentlemen present with their money; but four hundred ladies, instead of one hundred, excelled themselves in the generous deeds of that eventful day. As for the daring spirit in which Dr. Reed insisted upon the extension of the charity, it was prompted by experiences which humanity like his could not resist. Well do his family remember the joy of which the following entry in his journal in 1838 is indicative:—

"We have received, by *prompt* admission, a little infant two months old. Its parents were married just twelve months ago. The father died a month after the marriage, the mother a fortnight after the birth of the child; and the orphan babe was left alone in this cold world. This is the triumph of charity; I thanked God afresh for the Asylum."

With the prospect of a new building before him, Dr. Reed gave up considerable time, in 1839 and 1840, to visiting, in quest of plans, institutions at home and abroad which had been founded or built since the London Orphan Asylum. In conjunction with a sub-committee, he also sought for land. After much investigation, a report was brought up, recommending a site at Snaresbrook. "It is," says Dr. Reed, "on the verge of the forest, with a commanding situation, fine soil, no public institution near, and an opulent neighbourhood." He might have referred to the contingency of a grant of the land, which, like the Regent's Park, is to some extent at least, Crown land; but this point he judiciously reserved, wisely resolved to give mature consideration to the propriety of venturing a second

application. That such was his own intention, however, is evident from the rough plan sketched with his own hand, and bearing, in his autograph, this endorsement: "Plan of Ground, belonging to Her Majesty, part of Wanstead Forest, proposed to be granted to the Infant Orphan Asylum, 1840." Nothing daunted, therefore, by former failure, the committee, at his instance, made a fresh appeal to the Crown. Adelaide, the Queen Dowager, the early friend of the charity, was entreated to sustain the petition; and that excellent lady was found as ready as ever to exert what influence she might still possess as the widow of William the Fourth. Unfortunately, the Act of Parliament which gives the Crown power to grant land, in parcels of not more than five acres, for churches, chapels, and houses for spiritual persons, restrains the exercise of the royal prerogative in any other case, and therefore, in this;—the utmost that could be done was, a gracious intimation that "the Crown rights, conditional or otherwise, on the forest timber, should be ceded in favour of the charity." Encouraging as this was, some persons still took objection to the distance of the estate from town, and threatened to nullify the whole proceeding. But Dr. Reed met the difficulty with his usual promptitude of resource.

"Five miles," he maintained, "is better than two for our purpose. The Asylum will be seen from five roads; London will soon stretch out to Lea Bridge; the iron rail will lie on the forest turf; and the relatives and the committee will be conveyed as readily as they now go to Dalston. If not there, we must, like the Foundling or Christ's Hospital, have a separate establishment out of town, at great cost and inconvenience. At Regent's Park, we should have been too much built in, in the course of years."

The objection as to distance was thus completely overcome; but, lest others should arise, he urged to immediate decision the question of the purchase of land. "The season," he argued, "is advancing: we are pledged to lay the stone in 1841; and that stone will be laid under the best and the highest patronage." By thus promptly enforcing his own clear view, he carried his point; and, what gave him the greatest satisfaction, the whole business was settled by a unanimous vote.

Nor was this reference to "the highest patronage" made at a venture. All along, he had been assured that this cherished institution was not without a friend at Court; and this distinguished proof of Royal favour, when known, nerved every arm for effort. The winter of 1840 was spent in selecting and adapting the plans. In January, 1841, the architects were appointed. In May, the estate was completely secured. On the 10th of June, in the same year, Dr. Reed himself broke the first ground at Wanstead. Shortly after, he was summoned to Windsor; and, on the 27th of June, the Prince, as the Queen's Consort was then styled, was to lay the stone.

At the very last moment, however, came disappointment. Her Majesty's Woods and Forests, taken by surprise at the energetic movements upon their Wanstead property, and memorialized by some residents who disliked such an intrusion upon their quiet domain, felt it necessary to hint, that, unless certain forms concerning their forestal rights should have been complied with by the 27th, the first stone, though laid by a hand as high as that of the Prince Consort, might be doomed to disturbance by the official surveyor.

This news was as startling as it was unwelcome; for these forms had never been heard of, and the preparations were in a very advanced state. Worse than all the rest, an intimation in the shape of warning reached the Prince himself, as late as the 21st; and the whole thing must have been indefinitely postponed, but for the resolute conduct of Mr. Byng and Lord Howe.

"To settle this," says Dr. Reed, "I had to go twice to Windsor, and once after six o'clock to Wrotham Park (Mr. Byng's) and back; a whole day was spent at Lord Duncannon's, and the next morning I saw him before he left his chamber, when I got a reversed opinion, and a letter from his Lordship to the Prince."

Not even then were difficulties at an end: one more arose, and of another class. Dr. Reed explains how it arose, and how it was overcome, when, writing on June 28, he records the transactions of the eventful day.

"Never more heavy work. The arrangements most troublesome to the last. The Queen made an engagement for the 27th, which involved the Prince, and the 24th was named instead of the 27th. To do what we had to do, seemed impossible; but we all felt that it was for the orphans, and God succours such as succour them."

The appointed day was brilliant in weather, and the ceremony most imposing. No accident occurred to mar the proceedings; and Prince Albert, then better known by his private virtues than by his public appearances, gathered around him an array of goodness and beauty in persons of all ranks and conditions, who shared the sympathies of the Queen of England in this first asylum for infant orphans. As the cavalcade swept round the margin of the lake, the little inmates

met the Royal party, singing a hymn composed by Dr. Reed, beginning,—

"Hail to the Prince whose noble hand
Erects the orphan's home,"

and closing with a challenge, which the company accepted on the spot, making it their own chorus,—

"Now hand to hand, and stone on stone,
So let the building rise."

The following reference to the Prince in Dr. Reed's diary will be read with interest:—

"The day itself was very good. Weather fine—thousands of people—perfect order—everybody satisfied, particularly with the part the ladies took, and the children's singing. The tears came into the Prince's eyes as the infants sang. I was glad to see the natural touch in him."

When the stone was laid, the mallet, which had been carved out of oak from the Old Royal Exchange, and suitably inscribed on a silver shield, was presented, as a memento, to the Prince. After reading the inscription attentively, he called Dr. Reed across the platform, and said, "I am glad to be of a little use in the cause of Christian charity; but this, Dr. Reed, by all right, belongs to you, and I beg you to accept of it." The mallet bore the following inscription: "This mallet, made of the oak of the former Royal Exchange, was used by H.R.H. Prince Albert in laying the first stone of the Infant Orphan Asylum, at Wanstead, June 24th, 1841." Dr. Reed placed it on his desk when he returned home. "Thank God," he writes, "the deed is done: now for action." The action soon began. Three days afterwards, a grand banquet took place in Christ's Hospital, which Dr. Reed thus describes:—

"The noble hall was filled, and the spectacle was such as is rarely seen. The ladies were with us at dinner,—a new thing in the City. We announced a subscription list amounting to nearly £7,000. Every one helped nobly; and thus we gathered twice as much as was given on a similar occasion for the London Orphan, and *that* was deemed remarkable in the annals of charity. Blessed be God, we shall now get a home for the homeless and friendless."

The papers of the day describe this as the most magnificent charity festival ever witnessed in the City of London, and the only one for which that splendid hall was ever lent. The quality of the guests was high, and the bounty of their gifts great; but the thing that touched Dr. Reed's heart, and doubtless that of many others, most of all, was this:—"The sight of the poor children, so young, so healthy, and so happy, moved the whole company to tears:" after relating which, he closes in the exquisite language of the Litany, "That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that be desolate and oppressed. We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

Soon after this gratifying scene, Dr. Reed had a severe fall, which, being attended by the fracture of a rib, confined him for some time to his house. The interval was spent in such labours as the circumstances admitted. No sooner had he recovered, than he threw himself into all the multifarious business connected with the erection of so large a building. His note-books of the period are full of details which show, that, in lesser or in greater things, external and internal, he was in the whole work, from the lifting of the first sod to the laying on of the last slate. When questions arose as to the stone to be used, he went, without consulting any one, and at his own charges, to Bath and to

Whitby, and procured from the quarries his own samples. When the plans of the school-rooms, galleries, and dormitories came under discussion, he had already visited Dublin and Edinburgh on tours of inspection, and presented his own plans. His idea of the nurseries and their ventilation is sketched in his note-book, as the rough draft for the working drawings. When funds were wanted, and the progress of the building was in danger of being delayed, he united with the Board in subscribing a loan of £5,000, for a fifth of which he held himself responsible: instances these, out of scores, of which he made no other note than is found in the ordinary course of daily record. As in the case of Clapton, he thoroughly revelled in this class of labour, and watched the new house grow under his sight with intense joy. And all this was done while other duties pressed; yet done with so much of order and arrangement, that no other work was left unfulfilled.

"Much joy," he writes, in 1842, "for the Asylums. I succeeded in getting the Duke [of Wellington] to preside at both our dinners. This saved us from failure, and gave us £2,400 for the London, and £1,400 for the Infant. I had a hard and long battle with the Old Captain; and these are the only two occasions on which he has been enticed into the City. On one he played Fabius; but I would not be denied.* Alas! he is but the remnant of himself. He fell asleep in his chair between the

* The Duke appears to have referred to this importunity at the London Orphan Asylum Dinner; for, among other incidents mentioned at Dr. Reed's Jubilee Meeting, Mr. W. E. Shipton related the following anecdote:—"At the first Anniversary Dinner of the London Orphan Asylum, which I attended, the Duke of Wellington—the Great Duke—was in the chair. I remember well how he said, in his opening remarks,—'I have not been to a public dinner for some years, and I resolved that, as age and infirmities are creeping upon me, I would go to no more; but I am here to-night at the request of that great and good man (pointing to Dr. Reed), whose wishes are to me law, and whose entreaties I felt as a command it was impossible to resist.'"

toasts; and I had to awaken him without his being aware of it, but in time to keep us going."

So far as can be seen, all this was done without any misgiving as to subsequent difficulty. With one exception, no reference is made to any cause for anxiety. Dr. Reed believed, beyond a doubt, that he should at least be permitted to see the completion of his work, even if, on the very day of opening, he might be called upon to hand over the interests of the charity to the guardianship of others.

It is well known, that Dr. Reed had, long before his death, ceased his official connexion with the Asylum at Wanstead, and that he was the founder, in 1844, of a similar institution,—the Asylum for Fatherless Children. It is not generally known, however, that, while conscientious scruples constrained his retirement from the former, and the wants of a large section of the orphan family compelled him to make provision for the children of such as were not of the Church of England by the establishment of the latter institution, his heart was to the end of life as firmly bound as ever to the interests of his first and most cherished undertaking. Without entering minutely into the circumstances which led to this painful separation, it is right to say, that, at the foundation of the institution, it had been understood, and afterwards deliberately agreed, that, while the religious element was to be the basis of all the instruction given to the infant children, and while the directly religious exercises were to embrace such portions of the services of the Church of England as were, in the judgment of the officers, suitable to their childish comprehension, no Catechism whatever was to be introduced. The Catechism, in fact, was deemed unsuitable

to and unnecessary for the infant mind; and, since it might possibly become a point of contention, the agreement was that no such formulary should be used. Upon this clear understanding, Churchmen and Dissenters acted together harmoniously for sixteen years; nor, till the expectation of removal into the new house was proximate, was the point ever raised as a question for discussion. So early as the year 1840, however, Dr. Reed had seen, with concern, an element of discord intruding itself in this direction.

"It is next to impossible," he writes, "to act with Churchmen just now. In the Infant Asylum, the election to an office [that of clerical secretary] has been made a party question, and everything is knotty. If quarrel does not come, confidence is disturbed. I have had more vexation the last three moffths than with any other public matter these seven years."

The troubles thus recorded were not grieved over in public. Even in his own family, little was said about them. Working on, only intent upon finishing the building, he was suddenly arrested by a direct challenge upon the question. In justice be it said, however, that no one who had been a party to the original agreement, was a party to the fresh movement. It came from one of the new clerical secretaries, who conceived it to be his duty to ally the institution more closely to the Church of England; and Dr. Reed's catholicity of spirit, evinced in the case of the London Orphan Asylum, was, not quite generously, pleaded against him upon a question of personal consistency. Dr. Reed, on the other hand, affirmed, that, in the case of the London Orphan Asylum, he had consented to the use of the Catechism, because other institutions existed especially open to the child of the Dissenter,

whereas in the case of the Infant Asylum there was not one. "Where," he asked, "was the child to go? he would be literally shut out. At seven years of age, he or his friends could make a choice; but, in the earlier years, you are prepared to enforce on him, at your very threshold, an unnecessary and restrictive test." He states the compact in 1827, founded upon the opinion and advice of the then Bishop of London,—

"Who," he says, "invited me to come and visit his own infant school in Bishopsgate Street, where we did indeed find a Catechism in use by the elder children of nine and ten; but it was Dr. Watts's First Catechism, the Church Catechism being considered unsuitable: and this the Bishop pointed out as a proof of his own practice."

He further confirms his view of the case by an appeal to the Rev. Dr. Rudge, the first clerical secretary, who says,—

"I am equally satisfied with you of the fact, that the introduction of the Catechism into the Infant Orphan Asylum was not considered as a *sine quâ non*, nor, indeed, deemed necessary at the early period of life at which infants are to be admitted."

Dr. Reed then quotes the opinion of Dr. Kenney to the same effect; and, in short, nothing can be clearer than that this was the original intention of the founders of the charity. For the first time, however, the Board was divided. Dr. Reed was urged to yield to a majority. He bowed to their decision; but he could not concur in their action. A motion was carried, in evasion of the question, perhaps out of delicacy to his feelings; but a resolution to leave the selection of all books of instruction to the clerical secretaries, bore its own explanation on the face of it. The matter being thus with-

drawn from the power of his intervention, it was for Dr. Reed to consider what course it would be his duty to pursue. He was not slow to discern the dangers which beset his favourite effort; and he came to the resolution, that everything should be sacrificed before he would permit either the Asylum to be imperilled, or his own conscience to be wounded. Instantly, therefore, he tendered his resignation. The night of the 12th of February, 1843, appears to have been spent by him in seeking Divine direction, and in arriving at a decision to relinquish the work at that juncture, rather than create hostility and division when the charity would need energetic help. The following morning, accompanied by one of his sons, he went, as usual, to the new building at Wanstead, just as the dinner-bell had called the workmen away from their various points of labour; and, by the time the father and son had arrived at the highest part of the scaffolding, they had all disappeared. For some minutes Dr. Reed stood resting against the head of the ladder by which he had ascended, contemplating in silence the noble pile around him, rising rapidly to completion. He then pointed out to his companion the arrangement of the various apartments, till, suddenly overcome with emotion, he laid his hand on his son's shoulder and was seen to be in tears. A display of feeling so unusual called forth the inquiry whether he was ill. "No," he said; "it is only the pain of parting. The work is nearly done: I had hoped to see it finished; but that is not to be. I am looking upon it for the last time. This is my farewell visit." The next moment, his self-control returned; and, regaining the ground, he turned once to take a farewell look at the house of mercy prepared, for

all ages, for the comfort of the widow and the protection of the fatherless. Then, stooping to pluck one of the earliest spring flowers from the garden-ground he had himself planned, and depositing it in his pocket-book, where it now remains, he turned sorrowfully away.

In reference to his decision, he thus writes:—

"I am left without an option. Their course determines mine. I have created no difficulty; I have broken no pledges; I have laboured in peace; and, now that I retire from my post, I do so at the command of truth and conscience."

Addressing his colleagues at the Board, he says, February 23rd,—

"Bitter as it will be to me, I will still think with pleasure on the happy hours we have spent together in the service of charity. I shall retire with the consciousness of having sought no party purpose, and of having done my duty in the spirit of love and fidelity; and, though for a time I must feel as one who is bereaved of his children, my prayer will be, that the charity may be a national refuge, age after age, to the fatherless and motherless in their affliction."

His note-book contains also this reference:—

"I was blamed that I had made any concessions at the outset, and that I did not resist to the last. If any blame me still, I must bow my head. At least, mine was the fault of the true mother in Solomon's Judgment: I preferred to sacrifice much, rather than to divide the child of our affections."

The sacrifice was very great. No one can tell the pain it caused. There were few observers of his sorrow; and he bore it uncomplainingly. He was urged by the Board to reconsider his decision; but he says, March 2nd, 1843, "As to the imposition of the Catechism on the whole infant family, my mind is

unaltered and unalterable." When the clerical secretaries proposed that the rule should not take effect till the children were removed to Wanstead, probably that he might have the satisfaction of witnessing the completion of his work, he did not waver in his decision for a moment.

"By allowing the question to stand over for a few months, as was proposed, I might, indeed, have seen a favourite work finished: but I was convinced that the battle must be fought; and with the possibility of my leaving England at this time for missionary work, I was unwilling that my friends should have to fight it alone at a future time. I therefore resolved that the decision should be taken without delay. It has been done. But I would not complain. There is abundant cause for thankfulness. I am grateful that it was put into my heart to form the charity; that I have been permitted for sixteen years to foster, and that Providence has so graciously smiled upon it. It has dwelt on my mind night and day; the children's affections, like tendrils, have twined round my heart, only to be broken. I have visited them and their home twice or thrice a week, and now I must never cross the threshold. It is hard—very hard; but not too hard, if I have His help to bear it."

The friends who had been with him from the beginning of the charity, and who had often nobly sustained him in his efforts, were for the most part with him in the struggle and the defeat; and they never doubted, either then or subsequently, that their decision was a right one. But his thoughts often reverted to the little ones at Wanstead. When Christmas came, his accustomed present of toys still reached them; and, when spring returned, "Still," he says, "when I ride, I go from habit in that direction, and pass round it [the Asylum], like a silly bird fluttering about the nest from which some rude hand had

driven it. This is the martyrdom of the nineteenth century."

When the opening of the Asylum, in 1843, was announced, he observed the notification; and on the appointed day he was at Snaresbrook soon after daylight, when, as he says, "having marked it well, I went away beyond into the depths of the beautiful forest, to find myself and my Maker,—to elevate my thoughts, and to ask counsel of my God."

On the following day, and from a quarter whence he least expected it, an assurance of sympathy reached him which brought comfort and hope to his heart. It came from that noble Prince whose liberality of sentiment was equalled only by his generosity in action. His Royal Highness had promised to be present at the opening of the Asylum; but, to the great regret of all parties concerned, he could not preside, and the duty devolved on the King of the Belgians. But the Prince was foremost to remember the founder of the institution, to his observant eye "conspicuous by his absence," as he noted the published report of that day's proceedings. Many other proofs of sympathy reached Dr. Reed; but, among the treasured expressions of sentiment at that period, none were dearer to him than two which yet lie in his pocket-book, tied together and marked, "From a Widow." Owing much to Dr. Reed, she thought this a fitting time to manifest her sense of obligation, which drew from him this note: "Alas for me! kindness and unkindness alike break my heart!" Nor was this the only tribute of affection. Many of the young persons who had left the Asylum added their expressions of sincere regret that the Institution had been thus deprived of the services of

their friend and its founder. In another part of his note-book, he placed a sketch of the building, with the following inscription:—

"MEANT FOR THE PRINCIPAL PANEL OF THE DOORWAY OF THE INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM AT WANSTEAD.

"A STRUCTURE OF

HOPE,

BUILT ON THE FOUNDATION OF

FAITH,

BY THE HAND OF

CHARITY."

CHAPTER VII.

WYCLIFFE CHAPEL PASTORATE.

1821. 1834.

"Oh! blessed Lord! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way!
So many hands that, without heed,
Still touch Thy wounds, and make them bleed!
So many feet, that, day by day,
Still wander from Thy fold astray!
Unless Thou fill me with Thy light,
I cannot lead Thy flock aright;
Nor, without Thy support, can bear
The burden of so great a care!"—*Longfellow.*

WHILE much engrossed with the claims of the orphan, Mr. Reed was no less conspicuous for zeal and success in prosecuting the sacred ministry to which his life was more especially devoted. Attention must now be recalled to this part of his history.

It must be gratifying to all thoughtful observers, irrespective of their denominational attachments, to remark how generally, in our age, Christian congregations have outgrown the antique, and often obscure and narrow sanctuaries in which their fathers worshipped. All, or nearly all, have increased in number; and many which in former times were unpretending and of small account, have made great progress in wealth, in taste, and in public influence. Even at the time to which this narrative is brought down, the instances

were very few in which such Nonconformist assemblies had quitted their old places of worship because they were too strait for them, for the purpose of erecting handsome and spacious buildings, which might vie with the imposing edifices of the National Establishment, paying for them solely from their own resources, and filling them promptly with steady and respectable worshippers. The tasteful sanctuaries now so numerous in town and country, had not even presented themselves in vision to the most sanguine. Neither the Independents, nor any other unpatronized body of Christians, could then boast of handsome structures with any pretensions to church architecture.

When, therefore, Mr. Reed and the lay officers of his church began to confer concerning the erection of a new chapel, to accommodate some two thousand persons, to be surrounded with an ample burial-ground, and to cost upwards of seven thousand pounds, they were entering upon a course comparatively untried, and requiring much faith and courage.

While contemplating this important work, and consulting with Mr. Wilks upon it, Mr. Reed was called to part with his most venerable friend and counsellor. On January 29th, 1829, a letter from his eldest son, the late Mr. John Wilks (who represented Boston in several Parliaments, and was a distinguished leader among Dissenting politicians for many years), apprised him of the decease of that most excellent man. He also stated that his father had requested, in his will, that his beloved pupil in the ministry should be invited to preach the sermon on occasion of his death; characteristically adding, "I do most devoutly abhor funeral pomp and pulpit eulogy. How much more

important is it to call to their remembrance the sins of the neglecters and abusers of Christ and His holy gospel!" In heart and mind, Mr. Reed was fully alive to the solemn subject; for he had learnt to regard the lamented minister with an affection and respect truly filial. The discourse which he preached, was generally felt to be as appropriate as it was impressive. It was published and widely circulated. Subsequently to its delivery, Mr. John Wilks transmitted to the preacher some details of his father's life and works.

"About his character," he observes, "there was a nobleness, a perfect forgetfulness of himself (except so far as the paramount interests of religion might be affected by his conduct), which are rarely seen; and I could tell you of some splendid acts of generosity, which would savour more of romance than reality, if the facts were not perfectly known."

Many persons have regretted that one who so well appreciated the excellences and peculiarities of that unique man as Mr. Reed, should not have found opportunity to prepare a memoir, the materials for which must have been both abundant and rich. When, however, his ordinary and extraordinary engagements are considered, the wonder is, not that his literary productions were not more numerous, but how he found time for those which he did give to the world.

Having thus "buried his dead," his attention was soon recalled to that pastoral work which most men would have found all-engrossing: he turns to the vigorous prosecution of the new enterprise which now lay before himself and his people.

"We have had many consultations," he writes August 20th, "on the new chapel; but we have not yet been able to fix upon suitable ground. Nothing can now be done till next

spring, except in the way of preparation. I think I may say that God has been with His word. Many persons are evidently more serious than formerly, and many of the young have decided on the Lord's side. At our church meeting in June, twenty-one persons were proposed for membership; an unusual number, when unconnected with any novel or special effort."

The state of Mr. Reed's health about this time constrained him to take medical advice. He was told, that he was "living too fast for his strength," and that, though at present there was nothing alarming, he could expect continued life, only by doing less, and avoiding all excitement and fatigue.

"It is painful," he says, "to be told one must do less, when one is doing so little, and wanting to be doing more. While I use the strength I have, God may give me more. Certain it is, He does not require from us what He has not given; yet, I trust, He will save me from the misery of living merely to preserve life."

Accompanied by his wife, he therefore retired for a short time from active labour, and visited some friends at Cheshunt.

"We had really," explains the memorandum, "been giving away so freely this year, that we could not prudently allow ourselves a more regular and extended excursion. However, God can make even that as beneficial as if it were more. My dear Eliza is refreshed; and little Howard is charmingly recruited after his long illness."

Looking forward to the labours of the winter, he draws a sketch of prospective engagements, which might well render anxious a man who was under warning, from his medical adviser, of extreme peril from overstrained powers.

"In my church," he writes, "greater attention is required, lest one should fail to co-operate with God, when He is mani-

festly working. We have the chapel to raise, and all the means and plans to provide. I want much to form the young into catechetical classes, and to renew a general visitation through the East of London for the distribution of the Scriptures, and for conversation with the poor. Our deaconship needs enlarging, and two or three of our societies need reconstructing. Then, there are the usual duties of the London Orphan Asylum; while the Infant Orphan will require fostering, and the Hackney Grammar School [his connexion with which will be explained elsewhere] has to be established on a steady basis. Added to this, I have to provide for the Monthly Lecture, as well as for some missionary services, besides the assistance we are bound to give to 'every good word and work.' Then, there are the labours of the study. I want to go through a regular course of reading, and to arrange a profitable line of subjects for the pulpit during the winter. Particularly, I need to read and think for my personal edification as a private Christian, that the work of religion may be confirmed and advanced in me; that I may not be ashamed by seeing those I teach running before me. How I rejoice to see them run! 'Tis like the joy I felt in seeing Howard run, after having been thrown off his feet for many months. But I must not be left behind. In this prospect my only confidence must be in God. I shall never get through without a large measure of *religion*. *Religion* must mend my health. *Religion* must elevate my mind. *Religion* must supply me with moral capacity and power to discharge my engagements."

Thus passed the winter of 1829. New Year's Day, 1830, drew forth a special record of fervent thanksgiving. Good Friday was again observed by the church, as a day of humiliation and prayer. The congregation was now thoroughly in earnest for the new chapel. A large subscription list had been opened, in which the pastor and the most active of his people took a generous part. The entire expense was £7,722, of which sum Mr. Reed contributed and

raised £573; and among his friends, he mentions that "John Bromley subscribed and collected £334; David French, £180; Thomas Fry and Robert Gamman, £250 each; William Monk, William Mawby, and John Rout, £150 each:" and the rest was contributed by members of the congregation in similarly liberal proportion. An excellent and roomy site was procured at the back of the London Hospital, about half-way between those two populous thoroughfares, Commercial Road and Mile End Road. This was quite near enough to the old centre to keep the former congregation together, while adapted to embrace a new circle of more recently settled residents. The design agreed upon was one of Doric simplicity, following very much, especially in the interior, the pastor's own idea of lofty, roomy, light, and commodious arrangement.

Summer had arrived before all was ready for a beginning.

"The arrangements for the new chapel," relates Mr. Reed, "were advancing with the season; and, after contending with delay and difficulty, the first stone was laid on the 28th of July, 1830. Dr. Pye Smith offered prayer and read the Scriptures; I laid the stone; Dr. F. A. Cox gave an address; and Dr. Joseph Fletcher closed with prayer. The evening was very fine, the attendance large, and the impression good. If God continue to bless His word, all will be well. When we seek the glory of God, we may surely trust in His help."

Once again, and for the last time in the old chapel, the ordination anniversary was commemorated.

"The attendance," states the diary, "was never better, and our prospects are encouraging. I look still for better things; but sin is ever with me, darkening my mind, burdening my heart, paralyzing my hand, and preventing my usefulness.

When shall I be free? I would *die* to be free. If I live, I would live a new life, with higher hopes, greater purity, and with a soul ranging with that of apostles and angels in doing the will of Christ."

Coupled with these ardent breathings of the soul after perfect purity and devotedness, are some grateful acknowledgments of domestic mercies.

"My dear wife's health is decidedly better. This is the more important to me, as, especially during the last three years, she has rendered me material help in my work. Our dear children are in health, and on the whole promising. I am aware that this promise, like the early blossom, may soon disappear; but I trust in God. My heart trembles with joy when I see in them anything like the indications of piety. Oh! that I may see them early 'planted in the house of my God!'"

This spring of 1831 was spent amid a customary crowd of engagements. A whole year had elapsed in diligent preparation for opening the new building; which was called "*Wycliffe Chapel*," in token of Mr. Reed's profound admiration for him who is justly called "the Morning Star of the Reformation."

Having superintended the rearing of "houses of mercy" like the Orphan Asylums, Mr. Reed was not likely to rest contented without paying frequent visits of inspection to the new chapel as it rose. One night, after returning from his accustomed visit, he had a very singular dream, well remembered by his family, and which, had it implied nothing more, would have showed the absorption of his mind in the business before him.

"While the chapel was rising," he relates, "I dreamt, on Friday, that a person came to tell me that an accident had happened, and that I must go to the spot immediately. I had been there that morning, and did not intend to go again till

after the Sunday. I entered my study after breakfast, but could not shake off my dream. At length, I closed my books and went down, I knew not why. I found everything in confusion. The centering of the vaults had been struck too soon; and, heavy rain having fallen in the night, they had broken down. The workmen were hastening to patch up the flaw before any one should detect it. Their haste would have led them to leave much of the work unsound; and this might have prepared the way for a sérious accident at some future time. I sent for the surveyor. We had all the vaults carefully examined, and the parts which had been shaken rebuilt so as to secure the proper execution of the work."

The views of Mr. Reed concerning the desirableness of permanence in the pastoral relation, were very decided. He did not remain at one post through life because others had not offered themselves. On the very eve of opening Wycliffe Chapel, one such overture was presented; but it merely led him to say,—

"No proposal, since I have been a pastor, has ever given me a second thought. I shall never think of change, unless Providence should make it a plain duty; and I hope in such case, much as I love my charge, I should be prepared, not only to go to one place, but anywhere,—even to the ends of the earth."

At length, the time approached for the solemn dedication to its sacred uses of the structure which had excited so much interest, and prompted so much generosity. The whole society, with its church institutions, was about to be lifted to a commanding position, from which, as from a watch-tower, it would henceforth look out upon the moral battle-field of London and the world.

"Yesterday," Mr. Reed writes, June 21, 1831, "the new chapel was opened. Dr. Joseph Fletcher preached in the morning; and

the Rev. G. Collison and Dr. Vaughan offered prayer. The day was fine, and the attendance good. The services were appropriate; and we collected at the doors £400, a sum unprecedented amongst Nonconformists."

In truth, Mr. Reed himself, anxious to encourage his people, gave anonymously to that collection a hundred pounds from his own purse, besides another hundred from personal friends.

It seems right to state here, that, while Mr. Reed was not entirely dependent on his ministerial salary, it must not be supposed that he was wealthy enough to make the large donations occasionally referred to, without considerable sacrifice. Indeed, he thinks it necessary to offer an apology for so free-handed an expenditure in charity.

"This, perhaps," he writes, "was more than I should have given; but I have looked at the occasion, and at my station: I have desired to give in gratitude and in faith. When I gave the first hundred to the Orphan Asylum, I judged it too much, and saw that it would leave me almost unprovided; but, before the time of trial came, quite unexpectedly, a legacy was left us, which was more than an equivalent."

As Mr. Reed's health still suffered much from the strain and excitement of inevitable duty, his kind and skilful physician, Dr. Mitchell, recommended total rest and change of scene. Immediately after the delivery of the Missionary Sermon at Surrey Chapel,—a great effort in his state of weakness,—he visited, with his wife, his early friends, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Burt, in their delightful villa, Tan-yr-alt, at Tremadoc, in Carnarvonshire, once the residence of the poet Shelley. This excursion proved to be one of great enjoyment; and he returned to town refreshed, though scarcely recruited.

"I am now," he writes in September, 1831, "resuming my duties, under altogether new circumstances. We have in the new chapel large congregations. I must pray as I have never prayed, and preach as I have never preached. I am favoured with a new period of life and ministration, and I would, like an angel, fly over the country, preaching repentance and the gospel of the kingdom; but this body keeps me down.

"I had many regrets in quitting the old place. It will always be a memorable spot to me. I went thither when but twelve years of age; I joined the church there when eighteen; and, when twenty-four, I became its pastor. I laboured there, as probationer and pastor, exactly twenty years. There all the members of my father's family became members of my own church, and there I received about *eight hundred* persons into church-fellowship. May the glory of the latter house exceed that of the former!"

Among the notices in the diary of this year, there occurs a singularly candid personal avowal, showing, like many others that have been extracted, marked sincerity in dealing with self.

"I would here look back," he writes, "for the purpose of self-correction.

"1. I think I am tempted, from possessing an earnest mind, and having continually to deal with great objects, to too much settled gravity of mind and manner. Let me guard against this. A smile costs nothing, and it may gain a great deal.

"2. On the other hand, among my friends, I feel it necessary to unbend; but here, I fear I may not always have been understood. Let me see that humour does not compromise the minister's character, and that none be hurt by mistaking my playfulness for earnest.

"3. My course of reading has not been preserved as I could wish. If I were to choose, I should like to cultivate my talent as a preacher. I have never yet preached as I desire. It is my *passion*. I would fain offer some example of a good sermon before I die. A man must *almost die*, however, to conceive and to preach in the first style of eloquence."

He also regrets, that, from interruption, his private devotions have become irregular; significantly adding, "everything is hard to me when prayer is hard." He deplores the "workings of selfishness" on his nature.

"I cannot prefer the will of God," he mournfully admits, "to my own inclinations. No one can tell what I have suffered from this, nor how much I have prayed against it. It is this that keeps me in bondage as a Christian (if indeed a Christian), which leaves me weak and carnal as a minister. Oh! for a new conversion! When wilt Thou come unto me?"

While the new chapel was prospering, the old building had been purchased by a clergyman who, like some others, anxious to try the experiment of an Episcopal church separate from the Establishment, thought this a fair opening. But he met with less success than he had imagined. At his request, and being satisfied of his evangelical principles, Mr. Reed consented to preach for him, though, as may be easily conceived, with peculiar feelings.

"Yesterday," he writes, September 26th, "I preached at my old chapel. The poor old place is made very smart, and is named the 'Reformed English Church.' It is taken by the Rev. J. Abbott, who was educated at Cambridge, but has left the Church. The perplexities which have led him to secede, however, have little to do with the good or bad constitution of the Church. I was concerned to embrace the occasion, not in order to declaim against the National Church, but to discover good-will, to avow catholic principles, and to preach the truth of the gospel. I should despair of prosperity myself, if I could not pray for the prosperity of others."

Towards the close of the year, he writes,—

"Last Sabbath-day," Nov. 27, "was my *forty-fourth* birthday, and the *twentieth* anniversary of my ordination. In the afternoon, I was struck by the text, 'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy

brethren.' It was remarkably applicable to me. This *conversion* is just what I want,—increased light, undivided love, and holy joy. I shall never strengthen my brethren, nor be strong myself, without it."

Early in the year 1832, the cholera broke out with fearful violence in London, and was terribly fatal in the parish of Stepney. Mr. Reed confronted the solemn visitation with the resolve to remain at his post, and to avail himself of the heavy calamity by pointing the panic-stricken and perishing multitude to the blessed hope of everlasting life. Unusual signs of spiritual awakening showed themselves among his congregation.

"This year," he writes, "began on the Sabbath. I was taken ill after the morning service, and was prevented from preaching my usual sermon to the young that night. On the following Sunday, I fulfilled my intention, and then gave notice, that, on the succeeding Wednesday evening, I would hold conference with any who desired it. Many who were in a state of mental anxiety, attended. At the ensuing church meeting, *thirty-two* persons were proposed for communion. Our church had often witnessed considerable admissions, but nothing like this. I besought all to walk humbly with a present God, and to remain in prayer for greater tokens of His mercy. I invited the servants of the families of our congregation, and also the children of pious education, to meet me in the vestry. The deacons came to tell me on the latter occasion, that the room would not contain the young people. The larger vestry was crowded. I was pressed to go into the chapel, but declined, as I desired to put myself at less than a pulpit distance from these interesting inquirers. There must have been two hundred persons present; and many afterwards confessed, that in that solemn hour they yielded themselves unto the Lord. I never before witnessed anything like this. It is the Lord's doing. I have *twenty-seven* persons to propose, as

subjects of a Divine change, at the church meeting to-morrow night."

While thus happily engaged in the cheering reality of religious work, Mr. Reed did not neglect to study either the theories or the experience of others. He mentions several works on Revivals, especially that of the Rev. Calvin Colton, as good, yet not without some evil tendencies.

"A good deal of what is done in America," he remarks with much discrimination, "might be done in Wales, but not generally in England.—1. Our ministers, when roused by American statements, have sometimes begun to preach on revivals, copying the methods used as if there were a charm about them, though, perhaps, originally they were merely incidental, or, it may be, even detrimental.—2. Consequently, machinery has been adopted, ineligible, and in advance of the people. I have seen sad revulsions from this error. We do not put a man's coat on a child, but adapt the garment to the growing body.—3. Thus, ordinary persons have attempted extraordinary things, and have tasked themselves to services they could not sustain. They have fallen short of high promises, and have deprived themselves of occasional breaks in the drowsiness of uniformity. For myself, I have not preached a sermon expressly on revivals; though, I trust, I have been steadily looking to the thing for years. I have relied on no machinery, but have sought to generate and invigorate the spirit, which might require additional means of expression. The plainest philosophy teaches, that, though extra means be multiplied to the utmost point of endurance, they would, if uniformly employed, become inefficient. Like the monks, we might give nine hours of the day to prayer, and yet not pray at all. I would avoid uniformity as I would extravagance. My aim is, to do rather more than I have led people to expect. I prepare them to desire a special effort before it is made or announced; and I am careful that such effort may not lose its special character, but that I may always have some extra means at

command, when the temper of the people seems to require them."

These weighty sentences show, that, before having any actual contact with America, he had mastered the philosophy of the religious phenomena called revivals, and had become familiar with their different fruits.

The origin of three tracts, well adapted for usefulness at such seasons, entitled "To the Thoughtless," "To the Thoughtful," and "To the Young Convert," is thus narrated:—

"After the sermon to the young, for three Sabbath evenings, I reduced my sermons to exhortations, and addressed three classes of persons. I put the substance of them into three tracts, and gave away a thousand copies of each at the doors of the chapel. This roused inquiry, and was received as a pledge of disinterested earnestness. I expected some sacrifice; but the tracts were so freely used as to redeem all loss. I was pressed to continue the series; but that would have been adverse to my plan. A great responsibility is on me. I alike fear doing too much and doing too little. I am unwilling to speak of this work, lest I feed vanity; and to be silent, lest I decline a means of awakening others. If it is the Lord's work, it will *speak* for itself."

A summer excursion into Scotland followed this exciting series of protracted services; and, on his return home to renewed labour, a sudden attack of illness rendered further rest imperative. Scarcely recovered from this personal indisposition, the tidings reached him, at the close of his Sabbath duties, of the dangerous illness of his mother. Hastening to Cheshunt at midnight, he found her living, but insensible. "I waited," he says, "for the return of sight and sense; but it never came. I was *motherless*. The shock was so sudden, I could

not realize it; but every advancing day tells me it is too true." To describe the feelings with which the death of such a parent must have been received by such a son, it would be futile for any other pen to attempt, when his own faltered before the endeavour.

The *forty-fifth* return of his birthday found Mr. Reed still cast down under a sense of bodily weakness. Apprehensive, indeed, of a sudden termination to his course, he gave himself up to a most affecting preparation. It was still his one prayer, "That I may not live a useless or helpless life; but that, whether I live or die, Christ may be magnified in me." He placed on solemn record, his feeling of the need of forgiveness, not only from God, but also from man—his family—his church,—and that in terms too personal and too pathetic to be transcribed. "Whether I live or die," he closes, "I desire to throw myself, as a creature ready to perish, into the arms of boundless mercy, through the infinite atonement of Christ Jesus the Lord." Notwithstanding the frailty of health and the seeming uncertainty of prospect, he was only quickened in his labours for the salvation of his people. "In the last fourteen days," he writes in the second week of December, "I have spent twelve nights at the chapel receiving inquirers." The substance of one of his most practical addresses, to those who lived in neglect of the means of grace, was printed under the title of "A Minister's Address to his Neighbours," and was circulated largely at the neighbouring houses. This tract, together with the other three before mentioned, has frequently been used with good effect by those who were desiring to excite religious impressions in the sphere of their associations.

On the opening of the year 1833, the private record is still in the key of personal penitence and humility.

"Great God and Saviour," he ejaculates, "I am nothing without Thee, and I know Thou canst bring me to nothing. Let me lean on Thee, for I am weak, and learn of Thee, for I am sinful. At this new period of life, correct my opinions, my tempers, my principles, my habits, and so render me meet, who am most unmeet, for Thy service."

Yet he was permitted, during that year of physical weakness and depression, to admit to the communion of his church no fewer than *one hundred and twenty-eight persons.*

Those who had thus joined the church were invited, at the end of the year, to meet with the pastor and deacons; and, as may be readily believed, the meeting was deeply interesting. "These blessed results," he writes, "sanctify to us our new place of worship, and give us confidence in bearing our new burdens; but it is a success attended with proportionate labour." The care required in preparing so many candidates for church-fellowship, was quite enough to occupy the disposable time of a single person. Then, there was always "a sick-list, like that of a medical man;" and all this in addition to the usual Sunday duties, and other regular and irregular appointments, which often occupied him at his chapel five evenings in the week. All this involved a double strain, on the heart as well as on the head. "These meetings," he remarks, "affect me much. I can command myself before opposition and indifference; but love and tenderness are very subduing."

In the autumn of this year, Mr. Reed visited Tavistock, to take part at the opening of Mr. Rooker's new

chapel; a visit leading to lasting and endearing friendships. Proceeding to Plymouth, where he was the guest of his attached friend Dr. Sparke, he crossed into Cornwall, to visit and preach for Mr. Wildbore, the Independent minister of Falmouth. The chapel here had been enlarged at considerable expense; and to this Mr. Reed took objection, saying, "Instead of repairing the old chapel, you should have built a new one." The worthy minister seemed struck by the remark; and Dr. Reed says,—

"I offered, if he would build a new chapel twice the size, and convert the old place into a church for seamen, that I would come to the opening and bring my contribution. To my surprise, he told this to his people, from the pulpit, in the evening. Several said it was what they had wished, and donations were offered. I know not what may come of it; but Falmouth needs it."

Amid all these active services, Mr. Reed could not overlook the charms of nature. Mount Edgecumbe enraptured him. "What would I not give," he exclaims, "for a seat like The Ladye Chapel, within a short walk of my study! Perhaps it would make earth too heavenly for me."

The desire expressed in a former extract for the religious welfare of his own children, was now in some measure gratified.

"At the early part of this year," he records, "my dear boy, my first-born, was admitted to the church. For above twelve months we had reason to rejoice in an evident change; and, after watching it with the anxiety of parents, and conferring with Mr. Wood at Totteridge, we thought it right to encourage his desire to devote himself to the Saviour. I number this among my chief mercies. It relieves me of a weight of care. It involves the salvation of my child, and has greatly contributed

to awaken the attention of the younger children. It should have its effect on me. When our children begin to run the heavenly race, we should be quickened, lest we be outrun."

Not only this son, but ultimately all his children, joined the same church, delighting to confess that their religious impressions were due, under the blessing of God, to their pious parents; having often lingered in that vestry among the crowds of anxious inquirers; and learnt in that chapel, and in those schools, their first lessons in theology, and in active Christian labour. It added to the father's joy that his eldest son's mind turned towards the Christian ministry; and yet he was cautious of allowing this disposition to be too early fostered. "I would not, for the world," he said, "that he should run *unsent*." He also refers to Charles, at Leeds; Martin, at Totteridge; and Elizabeth and Howard, at home; "the companions of our daily life, and helpers in our daily work."

Thus closes the record of the first twenty-five years of a ministerial career, the contemplation of which brought joy and gratitude to the pastor's heart. In all his relations in life, he had the satisfaction of finding that the blessing of God, which he had sought so earnestly, had rested on his labours; and, open before him, there was yet the prospect of usefulness, more extended than he had conceived, when, as a student, the wish to be useful first became the master-passion of his heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO AMERICA.

1833. 1834.

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,—
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even."—*Goldsmith.*

THOUGH the first settlers in the Northern States of America were Puritans, flying from the cruel persecution of the Stuarts, and therefore deeply interested in the condition of their comrades who remained in England waiting the dawn of liberty at home; as yet, there had been little opportunity for religious intercourse between their descendants. The long ocean voyage; the bitterness more recently produced by the successful assertion of American Independence; the existence of a national church here, and its absence there; were some of the serious impediments to amicable and Christian fellowship.

The English travellers who, up to the date of our narrative, had given to the world their observations of men and manners on the other side of the Atlantic, had usually done so in a spirit of mere worldly interest, and

frequently in a tone of sarcastic superiority not a little galling to the sensibilities of a young and an aspiring republic. It seemed desirable that some visitors should go forth in the spirit of Christian salutation, and return with a careful and just report of the state of religious civilization existing there, together with such general descriptions as, coming from impartial witnesses, might be most practically valuable. It was hoped that such a visit would diffuse more correct information in both countries, would re-awaken the dormant religious sympathies which lay deep in ancestral history, and would assist to dissipate prejudice, and facilitate the co-operation of these two great nations in promoting the peace and progress of the world.

The churches of the Independent denomination, (which had recently created a representative assembly styled "The Congregational Union," whose organization contemplated such public measures,) had the honour of being the first Christian community to send emissaries of love to the churches of the United States. The responsibility of this mission devolved on Mr. Reed and Mr. Matheson; and, in the midst of scenes and associations now, alas! so painfully altered, it may be of some service to call to remembrance the promising results to which it led, and the affectionate reception which it met from the American people.

"I have been applied to," Mr. Reed records, December 31st, 1833, "by the Congregational Union, to join with Mr. Leifchild, as a deputation to America. It is a most important question. I hope I am willing to act as the providence of God shall direct. I have many interests to consult, chiefly those of my charge. There is coming over the congregation, by the mercy of God, a tender spirit; and I fear lest I might unadvisedly forsake a great work at such a time. On the other

hand, the question could not have come more seasonably in some respects. Last year, it would have been impossible. Just now, there seems as little obstruction as could be concerning my family, the Asylums, and other objects of interest. I have fully conferred with my dear wife; and she says, if the way is otherwise plain, she thinks I ought to go. I named it to my deacons, and we set apart an evening for special prayer and conference. They also said, 'If it shall appear to be the will of God, go.' I was glad to see so much of a religious feeling in them, at a time likely to try it.

Thus seriously was this important step contemplated. The question was next presented to the large and attached church.

"Last evening," writes Mr. Reed on the last day of January, "I explained and submitted to the church the question before me. The deacons and I had looked forward with some anxiety to this trial. There was much feeling among the people; and it was the more delicate to overrule because it was so kind to myself. It had been apprehended that some troublesome discussion might arise. There was no need for fear. The people gave a silent though feeling consent to my going, if it should appear to be my duty. I was thankful to witness their affection, but yet more to see that it was controlled by a high sense of duty, and that they were ready to make what they evidently regarded as a great sacrifice, in order to express their interest in the cause of Christ. I have not 'run in vain, nor spent my strength for nought.' I appear, then, to be committed to this work. May it not be in judgment, but in much mercy! If in anything I have waited for Divine guidance, it has been in this; and, if God has bidden me go, He will attend me."

The Rev. John Leifchild having declined the invitation, the Congregational Union selected the Rev. James Matheson, of Durham, as the other member of the deputation. Mr. Reed's old friend and tutor, Mr. Collison, agreed to preside at the Wycliffe church meetings, and to meet the officers and deacons when required;

and all other ministerial arrangements were made. Substitutes were also provided to carry on the business of the Orphan Asylums. "It was suitable also," he writes, "that I should review my will, and settle my affairs; a duty which reminded me of what I ought never to forget, the uncertainty of life."

Dr. Fletcher and Mr. Collison, with Mr. Reed's ever kind and generous friends, Mr. and Mrs. Foulger, of Walthamstow, spent the last evening with him; and he left his home full of gratitude at the tokens of kindness which met him on every hand. There is about the entries in the journal at this time, a tenderness of feeling which might surprise some who judged of him by an exterior somewhat cold and reserved. He mentions that on his way to Liverpool he had an interview with the Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, to which he refers as inexpressibly cheering to his spirit. Prior to embarcation, the deputation received the hospitality of Mr. Bulley; and, on the 16th of March, they went on board the "Europe," and committed themselves "to the ocean and to God."

The narrative of this eight months' tour having been published officially and widely circulated, the only references needed here are such as may best serve to explain its nature, character, and results.

The deputation was accredited from the great religious, educational, and benevolent societies of London. On their arrival at New York on the 9th of April, after a passage of twenty-four days, the voyagers were welcomed by Drs. Cox and Peters, and by the Rev. W. Patton, who came to them as a deputation from the Presbyterian Assembly, then in session.

As Congress was then sitting in Washington, the

travellers proceeded thither at once, purposing to return to New York for the religious meetings in May. They were favoured with an introduction to the President, General Jackson, and enjoyed his private hospitality, and the opportunity of hearing some of the chief orators and public men of the day. During this visit, Mr. Reed preached in the Presbyterian church, where the President and many of the senators and representatives attended. Visiting Vernon, the place where Washington lived and died, Mr. Reed says:—

"At length we descended a bank, and stood before the tomb

THE TOMB OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

of Washington. It is built of brick, with an iron door. All except the face of the vault is hidden; it is grown over with

dwarf cedar and forest trees. I longed for an hour to rest there in silence and solitude.

"We went to the cottage, and were received in the library; it was just as the General had left it. The ladies who received us, moved and spoke as if the catastrophe had just happened, and they had just dried up their tears. It is said that the Government made an offer to purchase the property of the family. How could they make such an offer? How noble it was of the family to decline it, since it would have brought them monied advantage. How can the people suffer the place to pass to ruin, and the descendants to exist without the means of sustaining it? Surely, if the people of America really knew the state of the case, they would rather sell New York than suffer such things."

This visit so stirred his enthusiasm, that, as he stood before the grave of the mighty dead, he composed the following tribute to his memory, the justness of which has been acknowledged by subsequent and frequent publication:—

WASHINGTON,
THE BRAVE—THE WISE—THE GOOD:

WASHINGTON,
SUPREME IN WAR, IN COUNCIL, AND IN PEACE:

WASHINGTON,
VALIANT WITHOUT AMBITION, DISCREET WITHOUT FEAR,
AND CONFIDENT WITHOUT PRESUMPTION:

WASHINGTON,
IN DISASTER CALM, IN SUCCESS MODERATE, IN ALL HIMSELF:—

WASHINGTON,
THE HERO, THE PATRIOT, THE CHRISTIAN,
THE FATHER OF NATIONS, THE FRIEND OF MANKIND,
WHO,
WHEN HE HAD WON ALL, RENOUNCED ALL;
AND SOUGHT,
IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY AND OF NATURE
RETIREMENT;
AND IN THE HOPE OF RELIGION,
IMMORTALITY.

On returning to New York, the deputation found a large company of ministers assembled for the May meetings, in which they took a prominent part. At the Foreign Missionary Meeting, Mr. Reed's address produced so serious and powerful an impression, that the order of the meeting was changed, and the time ordinarily allotted to business was spontaneously devoted to prayer. On these American meetings he makes three observations:—

1. That the people listen in silence, without applause.

2. That public collections are not usual at any of the meetings.

3. That prayer-meetings usually precede all religious meetings.

While in New York as the guest of Mr. Boardman, Mr. Reed preached the sermon at the opening of a church in Brooklyn, and then proceeded to Philadelphia, where he visited the grave of Penn, and took part in the business of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Arriving at Boston, the deputation became the guests of Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong. Attending the meeting of the Baptist Ministerial Education Society, Mr. Reed heard it stated, that, out of four thousand five hundred churches, two thousand were without pastors; upon which he rose, and appealed so earnestly to the assembly, that several persons were led to support scholarships in the College; and, with characteristic generosity, Mr. Reed offered to found the twentieth scholarship, if nineteen others were provided. Offer succeeded offer, till twice the number were secured. The next day, Mr. Reed received a letter from a stranger who had been at the meeting, requesting the

privilege of becoming responsible for his scholarship, and enclosing a cheque for the amount required: a noble instance of the interchanges of assistance between Christians of different denominations. From Boston the travellers proceeded to Plymouth, where they received an address of welcome full of touching historical allusions. Here they stood upon the rock sacred to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, and saw the burial-ground where simple inscriptions mark their last resting-place. Leaving the United States, the deputation proceeded to Canada, passing, by way of Burlington and Lake Champlain, to Niagara.

The chapter of the published "Narrative" devoted to the Falls is perhaps as distinct and forcible a description as words can give, from a mind excited to its highest tone by scenes of wonder and majesty, in which the writer had intense sympathy. At this point the deputation parted,—Mr. Matheson remaining in Canada, and Mr. Reed proceeding to visit the West and the South, through regions where, in place of the luxuries of civilization and refinement of manners, were to be found only corduroy roads, wretched inns, log huts, and recent clearings amid deep, grand forests, varied by vast prairies. The sight of a storm in the forest impressed the stranger's mind with feelings of unutterable solemnity. "Like Niagara," he says, "it brings you surprisingly near to Deity." On reaching Cincinnati, the weary traveller was welcomed by the venerable Dr. Beecher to his home at Walnut Hills, where he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

The mode of observing the Anniversary of Independence, which he witnessed in this city on the 4th

of July, afforded some good-natured amusement to the English guest. The religious part of the ceremony, however, touched a chord of deep and universal interest. The suggestion is thrown out by him, whether, now that half a century is past, it is well to train the people to a feeling of hate and vindictiveness towards England.

"America," he writes, "should feel that her destinies are high and peculiar. She should scorn the patriotism which cherishes the love of one's own country by the hatred of all others. This would be, to forego her vocation, and to follow vicious examples which have already filled the world with war and bloodshed. She should carry out her sympathy to all men, and become the resolved and noble advocate of universal freedom and universal peace."

It is probable that this annual display of unforgiving exultation has seriously increased the irritation subsisting between the two nations to this day.

Recovering from an attack of fever, Mr. Reed visited the Kenawa Falls, of which he speaks in his letters with great enthusiasm.

"They are not to be spoken of with Niagara, or even with Schaffhausen; but the whole scene was striking and interesting, —the more so, undoubtedly, in the still hour of night. I seated myself on a shelf of rock whence the waters made their principal leap. Darkness had spread its curtain on the sleeping objects in the distance. The pale moon had run her race, and was just falling behind the hills: her last lights fell faintly on my face and the head of waters, but left the precipices and pools below me in heavy shadows. At my feet, the river was dashing down, and lifting up its voice from the deeps beneath, to Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand. It had done so for ages past; it would do so for ages to come. Here the poor Indian had stood, but will never stand again, thinking he heard in those waters the voice of God, and gazing on the face of that orb with wonder, till the spirit of worship was stirred

within him. Here also I stood, and shall never stand again, wistfully looking through the visible and audible, to the unseen but present Object of adoration and praise."

His description of the celebrated Hawk's Nest may also interest the general reader.

"You come suddenly to a spot which is called the Hawk's Nest. It projects on the scene, and is so small as to give standing-room only to five or six persons. It has, on its head, an old picturesque pine, and it breaks away at your feet abruptly and in perpendicular lines to a depth of more than two hundred feet. Beneath and before you is spread a lovely valley. A peaceful river glides down it, reflecting, like a mirror, all the lights of heaven; washes the foot of the rocks on which you are standing, and then winds away into another valley at your right. The trees of the wood, in all their variety, stand out on the verdant bottoms with their heads in the sun, and casting their shadows at their feet, but so diminished as to look more like a picture of the things than the things themselves. The green hills rise on either hand, and all around, and give completeness and beauty to the scene; and, beyond these, appears the grey outline of the more distant mountains, bestowing grandeur on what was already supremely beautiful. It is exquisite. It conveys to you the idea of perfect solitude. The hand of man, the foot of man, seem never to have touched that valley. Though placed in the midst of it, it seems altogether inaccessible to you. You long to stroll along the margin of those sweet waters, and repose under the shadows of those beautiful trees; but it looks impossible. It is solitude, but of a most soothing, not of an appalling character; where sorrow might learn to forget her griefs, and folly begin to be wise and happy."

The ride over the Alleghany range likewise affords a fine picture.

"The mountains here do not offer you that one commanding view which may be obtained elsewhere; but they present you with continued pictures, which charm the eye and regale the spirits. It is not, indeed, as if you saw one 'human face divine,' which appears, and is gone, but will never be forgotten; but it

is as if you had interviews in succession with a multitude of faces, intelligent, noble, and smiling, which, by their kind and friendly aspect, made the day amongst the most pleasant of your life. In descending into the gorges of the hills, you find all that is wild and dark and solitary; and, at the fall of day, you may hear the baying of the wolf, and see the rude huntsman go forth to encounter the bear. Still, this is not the character of these regions. It is that of elevated cheerfulness. I attribute this principally to two causes. First, that the forest is nowhere on a level: it runs along the sides of the mountains in galleries bathed in the light of heaven; and, while it towers over you on the one side, it leaves the more distant prospect on the other side always open to the eye. The second is, that, at the feet of these majestic trees,—the oak, the pine, the cedar, the beech, and the tulip,—you find such an astonishing supply of the finest shrubs and flowers. The laurel, the shumac, the dog-wood, the rhododendron, the cranberry, the whortleberry, and the strawberry; the rose, the marigold, and the campanula, with a thousand wild plants and flowers,—were all here, and gave a wonderful freshness and sweetness to the scene. It has all the grandeur of the forest, with all the beauty of the garden."

Lewisburgh, Lexington in Virginia, the White Sulphur Springs, and the North Mountain, are visited in succession, all included, he observes, in "a three days' journey over a most delightful country. For one hundred and sixty miles you pass through a gallery of pictures, exquisite, varied, and beautiful."

At Lexington Mr. Reed attended Divine service in a Negro church. By the law of the State, the members could not meet without the presence of some whites; therefore the elders of one of the white churches attend in turn, that their coloured brethren may not lose the privilege. Mr. Reed records his impression, that the prayers and addresses of the negroes were quite equal to those of the whites. "Indeed," he says, "I know

not that, while I was in America, I listened to a peroration superior to the one I heard here."

Turning aside to see Weyer's Cave, an object of extraordinary grandeur, he says:—

"It is, in my judgment, one of the great natural wonders of this New World. Its dimensions are more than one thousand six hundred feet, and its objects are remarkable for their formation and beauty."

Of the Natural Bridge he remarks,—

"It is sublime,—so strong, and yet so elegant,—springing from earth, and bathing its head in heaven. The music of those waters, the luxury of those shades, the form and colours of those rocks, and that arch rising over all, and seeming to offer a passage to the skies,—oh! they will never leave me."

Passing through Lexington and Charlotteville, he enters Richmond, little thinking that the next generation would behold that Southern city the scene of unnatural warfare and fratricidal bloodshed. His chief interest in this neighbourhood was a religious camp-meeting, held at Northern Neck, on the Rappahannock, where he just missed the wretched excitement of a slave-market.

The camp-meetings having been made unfavourably notorious by Mrs. Trollope's caricature, Mr. Reed was resolved to see one for himself. He was deeply interested, and took an active part in the proceedings, which he characterizes as "the most remarkable religious service I ever attended. I left the place as a place where God had been, and the people as a people whom God had blessed."

Baltimore supplied him with fresh facts concerning slavery; and, rejoining Mr. Matheson at Philadelphia,

he received letters from England, which were "like water to a thirsty soul."

At Princeton, in New Jersey, the companions visited the grave of Jonathan Edwards, heard Dr. Alexander lecture in the Theological Institution, and met most of the Professors in private society. Through New Brunswick, they posted back to New York; but, as the cholera was raging there and the city empty, they went, with Mr. Phelps and his family, up the Hudson to Saratoga. At Albany they found a friend in Dr. Sprague; and, passing on to Troy, Mr. Matheson departed thence for Newhaven, and Mr. Reed for Utica. The voyage along the Erie Canal is humorously sketched in the journal, which also contains a striking description of a visit to Trenton Falls. Returning to the Amherst College Commencement, Mr. Reed met the students, with their President, Dr. Humphrey.

A visit to Lowell and its cotton factories gives rise to an interesting description of the habits of the manufacturing class in America. At the Andover Commencement the presence of distinguished friends, such as Governor Armstrong, and Drs. Codman, Wood, Skinner, Moses Stuart, and Beecher, rendered the meetings most memorable.

In passing through the State of Maine, Mr. Reed spent a Sunday at Portland; and, while an unobserved listener, as he supposed, to a sermon on behalf of a Female Orphan Asylum, he was confounded by the preacher's announcing that there was present a minister from England, the founder of some Orphan Asylums in that land, and calling upon him by name to give the congregation some account of those establishments. Sudden as it was, such an invitation could not be refused.

Accordingly Mr. Reed rose, and sketched the origin and progress of the London Orphan Asylum, ending with an appeal to the hearers on behalf of their own institution.

He made a special visit to Newbury Port, that he might see the grave of Whitefield, whose sacred influence had early kindled the young preacher's aspiration. He was even offered the "privilege," as it was called, of holding the skull of the great orator and preacher in his hand; and he records, "I looked on it, but I could say nothing; thought and feeling were too busy." At Portland, also, a visit was paid to the widow of Dr. Payson; and the travellers regarded with deep interest the house in which that holy man had lived so near his God. When they reached Boston, a gathering of merchants was called to consider the formation of a daily prayer-meeting; and special conferences on the subject of slavery were held at Mr. John Tappan's.

The period of the year had now arrived when it was needful to return to England; and the sorrow of farewells began to mingle with all the pleasures of society. A visit to Dr. Codman at Dorchester, an interview with Professor Goodrich at Yale College, a meeting held to raise five thousand dollars for the aid of Dr. Gutzlaff in China, some pleasant Christian intercourse with the American poetess Mrs. Sigourney, and a short sojourn at Newhaven under the roof of Mrs. Whitney, the granddaughter of President Edwards, completed a round of leave-takings; and, on the last day of September, a valedictory service was held in Dr. M'Auley's Church, Murray-street, New York. Fraternal resolutions were proposed and carried, after

affectionate addresses by Messrs. Patton, Abeel (of Amoy), and Drs. Miller, Beecher, and Spencer. An official address to the deputation was read by Dr. Ely, and adopted by the crowded assembly, who rose from their seats in token of their hearty approval.

This document contains the following expressions:—

"My dear Brethren,—With more satisfaction than I can describe, or you well imagine, as the stated clerk of the General Assembly, I introduced you to that Reverend Judicatory, in May last; and now, as the official organ of that body during its recess, and in behalf of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, which, under the spiritual government of one annual Assembly, embraces 32 synods, 118 presbyteries, 2,000 ordained ministers, 200 licentiate preachers, 300 candidates for licence, 2,500 churches, and 245,000 communicating members, with more than a million and a half of their baptized associates in public worship, I bid you, on your return to England, AN AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL. We thank you, and the Congregational Union, which you have represented in this country, not only among our ministers, but among the 900 orthodox Congregational pastors of New England, for your fraternal, animating, and highly useful visit. You have rendered more dear than ever to us the land of our Puritan Fathers, by your friendly, unassuming, pious intercourse with all classes of our fellow-citizens. We have great confidence in the candour with which you have surveyed the American people, in their domestic circles; their public institutions of learning, civil government, and religion; their benevolent enterprises, and the common concerns of life.

"Go home, then, brethren, beloved by the churches in these United States, to our fellow-Christians in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and tell them, that, in religious and moral character, grace has made us much like themselves; that we love the Saviour whom they love; that we love their representatives tenderly, whom we have seen; and that our hearts shall be more and more knit to all British Christians whom we have not seen, in the fellowship of the gospel.

"We trust, that, in May next, some of the delegates from the Presbyterian and Congregational churches in our country will return your most acceptable public visitation.

"In the mean time, may the God of our salvation waft you in safety to your families, congregations, and ecclesiastical UNION, followed by the prayers and benedictions of tens of thousands of Christians on this side of the Atlantic, who highly esteem you in love, for your work's sake, and for the sake of Christ Jesus, our common Lord, whom you serve in the gospel.

"EZRA STILES ELY,

"Stated Clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America."

After making a grateful and affectionate response, the English brethren were commended to God in prayer by Dr. Miller, who, with Dr. Spring, attended the delegates on board their vessel: and thus was this important visit happily and beneficially accomplished. America, full of friends, was left behind; and, laden with pleasant recollections, the voyagers looked towards home.

To Mr. Reed the quiet of the passage was a welcome rest from excitement. His pen found full employment, not only in the preparation of his Narrative, but in his notes of travel, kept for the benefit of his family. One description of a moonlight night at sea is recorded with a vigour which shows how his love of nature ever maintained its influence.

"One night I shall never forget. I had left the dinner-table to secure some retirement on deck. I sat down near the helmsman, who was silently directing our course. The breeze filled out our white sails, and gave to the vessel her noblest appearance. The sea was animated, but unbroken; and we were moving rapidly, but quietly, and with a pleasant undulating motion. A bright sun had just sunk down in the waves, and left his

vermilion hues on the margin of the dark clouds which skirted the eastern horizon. Here and there a bright star appeared, dancing amongst the shrouds. Presently, the dark but calm clouds, sleeping on the waters, gave indications of a lustre not their own. Soon they were attenuated, and diversified, and illuminated, by a presence which was still unseen. And then, the lighter and gauzy portions drew back like a curtain; and forth came, as from her pavilion, and in all her majesty, the queen of night. Her lustre shot across the dark waters, and turned them into a flood of quicksilver. The clouds quickly disappeared as she ascended in her career; and the stars, one by one, were extinguished by her brightness. The lines of the horizon, too, had vanished, so that the blue sky and blue sea seemed united and infinite. Over all this infinitude of space, there were only two objects to be seen: the moon sailing silently through the ocean above, and ourselves sailing silently through the ocean below!"

A severe gale of three days' duration had visited the English coast, wrecking nearly fifty vessels; but it was not permitted to come nigh them. As they passed into the port of Liverpool, they saw great havoc among the shipping, four vessels having been stranded close to the harbour. The captain said to Mr. Reed, "We are very lucky, sir:" to which he mentally replied, "God is very good."

They had made their homeward voyage in seventeen days. In seven months Mr. Reed had travelled thirteen thousand miles, and had passed over the very line of the cholera; and yet, no serious evil had happened either to him or to his colleague.

"I gratefully connect," is the closing sentence of his Narrative, "the many happy circumstances with which our mission has been attended, with the affectionate and fervent prayers offered by the churches on either side the Atlantic."

Very soon after his return, he turns to his journal, and writes—

"I am at home in safety, and quietly seated in my study. How much has occurred since my last entry, and of how memorable a character! Our literary honours, which we had not thought of adopting, had already created a change of style in England; and, on arriving at Liverpool, we were received as Doctors learned in Divinity. We hastened to Dr. Raffles's Chapel, and there offered praise where last we had offered prayer. Passing through Birmingham, Mr. James was at hand to greet us. Reaching Islington, I found all my deacons assembled to welcome me, and to escort me to my own dear home, where my whole family was gathered to receive me."

Dr. Reed had always entertained a strong personal objection to titular distinctions; and the honour thus conferred upon him in America he always preferred to consider as intended rather for the churches which he had represented than for the representative himself. These diplomas were conferred at Yale College on September 8, 1834. In addition to this distinction, Dr. Reed was elected at Boston, on the 28th of May, an Honorary Member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; and, in the same month, a Director of the Home Missionary Society at New York, and a member of the American Education Society.

The day after the return of the Delegates, they were invited to meet the Committee of the Congregational Union for conference; and a public thanksgiving meeting was appointed to be held at the Poultry Chapel. On Sunday, October 26, the pastor met his own congregation at Wycliffe Chapel; and his address to his people reached a strain of unusual elevation and power. In the following week, a general meeting of the London

Churches received the Delegates and the report of their mission.

The journal affords the means of judging of the individual views and impressions which occupied Dr. Reed's mind at this time.

"I sought in this mission," he writes, "a means of special grace to myself. I humbly hope I found it. May the future confirm that hope! I earnestly desire to rise above the world and the whole selfishness of my nature,—to become personally acquainted with foreign branches of the Church of Christ,—to form, under new influences, a truer conception of the mutual relations of the church and the world at this period, and thus to discharge myself more entirely from the littleness of sectarian restraint and local prejudices. I would not feel merely as a Congregationalist or a Presbyterian, nor as an Englishman or an American, but as a member of Christ, and of the family of mankind; and I welcome anything that assists to produce this better state of feeling."

Now that both the Delegates in this Mission have entered their heavenly rest, the friendship and esteem by which their co-operation in this special deputation was attended, are the more delightful to reflect upon.

"Here let me testify," is Dr. Reed's pleasant comment, "that the colleague sent with me is a truly good man. I am very thankful that we went out and came back as one. A score of delegates may go and return with less of good understanding than we have had."

Dr. Matheson afterwards removed from Durham to London, where, till death, he rendered valuable service to the Christian Church as Secretary of the Home Missionary Society.

With regard to his own church, Dr. Reed observes:

"The effect on my charge has been very good. My absence has roused them to exertion and to greater sympathy with the

church universal. The experiment was serious, and some augured fearfully of it. But I knew my people. They had been prepared for it. This absence has all the advantages of a removal, and none of its evils. They have been delighted with the supplies; indeed, they have had the best of the best men; yet their affection to their pastor is undiminished. I trust, and am not afraid. 'All my springs are in Thee.'"

His own resolutions, on returning to his ministerial duty, betoken the powerful effect produced by new circumstances. He is full of ardour to do better, whatever he has to do for his flock,—to make full proof of his ministry, saying with marked emphasis,—

"I must live for the world; yet not losing all by diffusion, but considering where best my modicum of assistance can be applied, lest, while I ought to be occupying the wide field, I be found only discoursing about it. All I can do is as a drop in the ocean; but that drop, though lost to our observation, is distinguished by the eye of Him with whom we have to do."

The friendships which Dr. Reed had formed in America were never forgotten. Many names were added to his list of individuals "to be remembered in prayer." He had found that his "No Fiction" had made him known throughout the States, and he received with joy the testimony as he heard of several instances of usefulness arising out of it. Nor is this surprising, seeing that a single publisher had printed ten thousand copies, and that the total issue in America had been very large.

The first volume of the "Narrative" refers almost exclusively to the journey. The second part, consisting chiefly of reflections upon what the author had seen, contains a full and careful discussion of the subject of Revivals of Religion. While earnestly entering into whatever appeared likely to promote real religion,

Dr. Reed took a remarkably dispassionate and judicious view of a question to which more recent events of this kind, in different parts of the United Kingdom, have lent a new interest, and which can never cease to command the devout attention of all evangelical Christians. The information afforded respecting American religious denominations, furnished facts upon which a powerful argument was founded in favour of the support of religion by voluntary contribution, to the entire abandonment, throughout the States, of government and compulsory support. This is followed by an elaborate view of the educational system of America; and then, the subject of American slavery is fully discussed, and discussed in such a way as, by the testimony of those most concerned, commanded the most respectful consideration. The evil was boldly attacked and exposed, and yet the operation was performed in such a way as not needlessly to irritate and annoy. The effect of this accursed system on the slave-holder himself is thus powerfully summed up:—

"It is ordained, that he who deals in man shall become less than man; and I see the crisis fast approaching, which, when it comes, can hardly find and leave the slave a slave. Yes, the slave must go free! Slavery now has a legal existence only in America. But America is the very place, of all others, where it cannot—must not be tolerated. With her declaration of rights, with her love of liberty, with her sense of religion, with her professed deference for man as man, and with the example of the Old World against her,—which she has forsaken from its defective sense of freedom,—to uphold slavery, would be an act of such supreme iniquity, as, beside it, would make all common vice seem to brighten into virtue. Much evil may be, but this cannot be! What! slavery in the last home of liberty? —the vilest despotism in the presence of boasted equality?— the deepest oppression of man, where the rights of man are

professedly most honoured? No, this cannot continue. Slavery and liberty cannot exist together: either slavery must die, or liberty must die. Even now, the existence of slavery is a violation of the Constitution of America; and, so long as slavery remains, it exists in letter, and not in fact!

"The eyes of the world are now fixed on America. She will act worthy of herself, her high professions, and her distinguished privileges. She will show, that the evil by which she suffers, has been inflicted, and not adopted. She will repudiate it without delay; only asking the time and the means which may secure to all parties the greatest good with the least evil. And kindred nations and oppressed man shall look on her from afar with admiration and delight, as to the new world of promise 'wherein dwelleth righteousness.'"

The questions of Indian aborigines—Sabbath observance—Roman Catholic increase—growth of population, especially in the Western States—emigration—feminine status—and the supreme need of powerful religious influence to secure the welfare of a nation enjoying such unrestricted liberty,—are in turn skilfully handled. The closing chapter with regard to peace, union, and co-operation between England and America, seems to sound like a voice from a departed friend in the ear of Christian people of both hemispheres, at a time when, alas! jealous and angry passions have arisen, in place of affection and mutual confidence. Let that voice be heard.

"There is every reason why the churches of the two countries, and the countries themselves, should be in a state of perfect amity and union. If kindred is a cause of union, we should be united; for our relationship is that of parent and child. Never were two people so homogeneous. If interest is a cause of union, we should be united; for, just what we want, they have; and just what they want, we have. With us capital is in excess, with them it is deficient; we have too many hands,

they have too few; we have mouths craving bread, they have corn craving mouths; we thrive as commerce thrives, they can consume all we can manufacture. If similarity is a source of union, then we should be united; for where shall we find such resemblances? I certainly never felt myself, at once, so far from home, and so much at home, in separation from my native land. Whatever is found with us, has its counterpart there. In habit, in literature, in language, in religion, we are one; and, in government, are much closer than is usually thought, or than is found between ourselves and any other country. Theirs is, under other names, an elective and limited monarchy; and ours, a hereditary limited monarchy: and our reformations incline us to them, and theirs to us. Why should not such nations be one in affection and in fact?

"On first landing on the shores of a distant and foreign country, I felt all the chilling force of incertitude. But it lasted not a day; and the longer we remained—the more we saw,—the stronger was the conviction that this Christian overture was not made too soon—it was made too late. And this feeling is not limited to the churches: it is common to the people. The exasperation beneath which they have frequently acted, and even felt, is as nothing compared with the strong and steady under-current of mother-feeling which speaks to them of common blood and common origin. They desire to express love and esteem; but they require, before they do so, to know that they shall not be despised for it.

"The fault, then, will be ours, if our pride shall stand in the way of our established union and fellowship. The native of either country cannot possibly visit and become associated with the inhabitants of the other, without deep lamentations that ever war should have existed between them. The resemblances are so great, the connexions are so close, the interests so much in common, as to give the conflict all the horrors of civil war. If, in an ordinary case, war, not sustained by the plea of extreme necessity, is homicide, in this case it is *fratricide*. If the religious communities, by a due exercise of their influence, could make war between the two countries in almost any supposable case nearly impossible, the two countries remaining in peace might secure peace to the whole world. If those very nations

which have the least to fear from war should be the first to keep the peace, what would be the silent influence on all other nations? And if they should actually employ their advice and influence against angry dispute swelling into deliberate murder, how soon would war become a stranger, if not an exile from our world!"

Dr. Matheson's share of the work so largely referred to in this chapter, was a report concerning Canada, composed with much care and skill. The "Narrative" was well received in this country, though bearing evidence of the unavoidable haste with which it had been prepared. Dr. Reed says, in explanation,—

"The whole of my part was written in four months, and in the full tide of my ordinary duties. The second volume required much reading and care. I might have made it easy by enlarged quotations; but, to condense a scattered subject, and affirm a distinct opinion, were things not so easily or so safely done. The book has certainly marks of haste upon it, not in reference to the judgments formed, but rather to the composition. This arose from necessity, not from choice. I myself nearly sank under the close application required. In order to get it out punctually by the time appointed, I had to revise three sheets a day. It was very vexatious to me to commit a book to the press so hastily. Not a paragraph was written a second time."

In America the book was very favourably received, from the contrast of its general spirit to the published remarks of other English travellers, and from the happy impression produced by the authors themselves in every part of their tour. Hence the reviewer in the "American Evangelical Magazine" says,—

"The visit of these brethren to the American churches, from the churches of the Fatherland with which we are in correspondence, was a measure of much immediate interest and utility. It was an expression of Christian courtesy and love,

which awakened the most lively feelings of good-will in all our hearts, first towards those by whom it had been tendered, and then towards one another.

"No journal of travels in the United States which has before been given to the public, certainly none within a convenient compass for general circulation, can compare with this in the richness and comprehensiveness of its topics both of narration and reflection. No series of observations, which we have ever met with from the pen of a foreigner, upon our social, civil, and religious customs and institutions, can we so heartily recognize as speaking the very sentiments of the most candid and sensible portion of our own citizens. Our superior privileges as a people, and especially as a Christian community, are not only generously conceded, but are set forth in the highly advantageous, though always apparently just light, reflected upon them by a careful comparison with those of other countries. On the other hand, our imperfections and foibles, errors and dangers, are pointed out and reproved under the manifest influence of a high and imperious regard to the true interests of freedom and humanity, and to the claims of a sound religious faith and experience. The work evinces not only a laborious investigation and comparison of facts on the part of the travellers during the brief period of their sojourn among us, but also much previous interest and inquiry in relation to everything American, especially the means of our moral and religious prosperity. It is evident that they came to the country prepared to be favourably impressed with what they might witness here, and already possessing such an index to correct opinions as might enable them, for the most part, to put a fair construction upon what they saw, although apparently too much hurried and limited in their opportunities of personal observation."

At the Annual Assembly of the Congregational Union, held on the 11th May, 1835, Dr. Reed had the pleasure of presenting a copy of the published Narrative of the American Deputation to the chairman. The interest of this meeting was greatly increased by

the presence of the American delegates, who had arrived in England in the mean time as the bearers of affectionate salutations from their country to our own. This return deputation was composed of the Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., of New York; the Rev. Dr. Codman, from Massachusetts; and the Rev. Beman Humphrey, D.D., President of Amherst College. Besides these American deputies, Dr. M'Auley, and Mr. Baird, of New York, together with Mr. Wilks, of Montreal, delegated from Canada, and Mr. Cullen, of Leith, delegated from Scotland, gave, by their presence, a representative character to the assembly.

Dr. Reed was honoured by the residence of the American deputation in his own house, and greatly enjoyed then, as ever after, the friendly intercourse of Transatlantic friends. He had, also, the satisfaction of seeing the representatives of the Baptist denomination, Dr. F. A. Cox and Dr. Hoby, go forth on a mission similar to his own, and as the result of that example.

Thus must close the record of two eventful years of a life always active, but perhaps never more so than at this point of its history.

Such a man as Dr. Reed could not pass through these distinguished and responsible services without himself undergoing both development and change. He could not but regard every question presented to his mind in a new light and with a broader power of judgment.

In combination with the physical improvement which had transformed a frame somewhat delicate into one of firm, manly stature, capable, till old age, of

unflagging effort, the mind also had received a tonic discipline. The shrinking sentiment, often over-sensitive and depressingly pensive, had become hardened into practical fortitude, and had risen to a self-reliant elevation. On the other hand, the natural decision, apt to become stern, and even imperative, was balanced by a wider experience of various and conflicting ideas and results.

With a larger knowledge of character, had come an increased capacity for mingling freely with men of diverse calibre and of varying pursuits. That power to lead which had previously been evident to others, was now present to his own consciousness.

He had acquired a sense of his own aptitude, which thenceforth enabled him with less diffidence and greater success to answer the calls of public duty and casual opportunity. The critical hearers of his sermons could perceive a broader style of doctrinal preaching; still, indeed, thoroughly Calvinistic, yet freer and more cogent in requiring obedience to moral obligation at the hands of all men. The old principles regarding every part of Christian piety and Divine service, remained; but they had received both confirmation and expansion.

Dr. Reed, in fine, was another man from Mr. Reed; not in the possession of a title, of which he thought as little as any who ever bore it, but in maturity of manhood, breadth of intellect, sobriety of emotion, and practical application of religious belief. Approaching the zenith of power and influence, he still waited humbly at the footstool of Heavenly Mercy with the young man's simplicity and the mature man's sense of need.

The old prayer for *eminent usefulness*, having received fresh illustration by access to another hemisphere, was still the cry of a heart which, having borne the same aspiration to the other side of the globe, had returned to behold the remainder of his life opening up with the fair prospect of still more copious answers.

CHAPTER IX.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.

"Liberty is a plant that deserves to be cherished. Like the vine in the Scripture, it has spread from east to west, has embraced whole nations with its branches and sheltered them under its leaves."—*Chatham.*

"Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely."—*Milton.*

WHILE Andrew Reed was a student at college, he wrote a letter to his friend Francis Barnett, in which he said,—

"I am here because my convictions led me, years ago, to the decision that I must dissent; and so I am an Independent Dissenter. Cambridge was too strait for me to enter, except at the cost of perfect conscientiousness; and, though I may be less learned when I come out of Hackney, I hope I may be not one whit less useful."

Thus, along with the faith of his ancestors, he was content to take up their reproach, for in that day such was the penalty of Dissent; and through life he maintained stedfast allegiance to principles for which some of his forefathers had been content to suffer. And this was observable in him: while he never paraded his principles, he was at no pains to conceal them. By the public men with whom through life he mixed in works of charity, his opinions were known and were

respected; and he was judged to be "a remarkable example of the happy combination of firmness with toleration." The following incident is related by a gentleman who once accompanied him to see the Duke of York in reference to the London Orphan Asylum:—

"Why, sir," said His Royal Highness to Mr. Reed, "they tell me you are a Dissenter." "I am, your Royal Highness," he answered, "and I regret to be so." "How can that be?" inquired the Duke. "You might be in the Church, if you liked. What keeps you out?" "Nothing but my conscience, your Royal Highness," rejoined the Nonconformist. "Oh, I see," resumed his interrogator. "Well, I always respect a good man's conscience; but, if you had been in the Church, you would have been a bishop before this." To which Mr. Reed returned, "I am content, your Royal Highness, to be what I am." And the conversation closed with the remark, "Well, sir, I believe you are in the right; a bishopric might have spoiled you for your good work of charity."

Mr. Reed was never what the world calls an extreme Dissenter, prominent on platform or in the parish; but he was never wanting in the inculcation of what he deemed Scriptural principles of church government among his people; nor was he ever to seek when great crises in the country's history, and especially in the struggles of civil and religious liberty, demanded help and counsel. He was not hostile to the Established Church as a religious body; on the contrary, he had close friendships with some of her greatest ornaments, and loved all her good men, gladly accepting every fair opportunity for working with them, and in all official connexions cheerfully according them honourable precedence.

So early as 1811, he learnt his first lessons in the school of public controversy, amid the discussions and

opposition which Lord Sidmouth's notorious Bill of that year provoked. To his friend the Rev. Matthew Wilks he wrote a letter, calling his attention "to the tampering with the Toleration Acts," so as to enforce the licensing of all Dissenting preachers and teachers, and urging resistance to any such interpretations of these statutes as should compel men to seek preaching orders from the nearest magistrate, perhaps a clergyman, before they might obey the Divine injunction to "preach the gospel to every creature." Mr. Wilks assisted very materially in vindicating the liberty of preaching; and his young friend records, with great zest, that "the measure meant to abridge it, not supported even by the Church, was indignantly rejected by the country." "On one night," Mr. Reed takes occasion to note, "no fewer than 800 petitions were presented against the Bill; and, on the second reading, May 21st, Lord Stanhope said to the Bishops, that, if they were astonished at thousands of signatures, he could promise them millions instead of thousands, if delay occurred; and, for his part, he gave notice, that, in the next session, he would introduce a Bill based on the equitable principle of leaving religion to itself."

The following letters show the interest taken by two of the most prominent leaders of the Opposition.

Writing from Chevening House, near Sevenoaks, Kent, August 20th, 1811, Lord Stanhope says,—

"The day is, I believe, approaching, when not only attempts against your rights will be abortive, but even the name of mere toleration will be exploded, and liberty of conscience established on the rock of universal justice. My best endeavours shall not be wanting to obtain this most invaluable object. With many personal acknowledgments to yourself, and my best thanks for

the manner in which your fellow-ministers have expressed their approbation of the sincere attachment which I feel for the sacred and glorious cause of religious liberty,—an attachment which will never end but with my life," &c.

Lord Lansdowne, writing June 25th, 1811, says,—

"I assure you that no person of your persuasion could derive more satisfaction than I did from the success which attended the opposition to Lord Sidmouth's Bill in the House of Lords. You only do me justice in believing that I shall be always ready to use every effort in my power to resist any infringement of the religious liberties of the people of this country, which form so important a part of the independence and happiness they enjoy, and of the moral character by which they are distinguished."

Mr. Reed's attention was not again called off from his ministerial and philanthropic work till the year 1825, when, an article having appeared in the "Quarterly Review" entitled "New Churches—Progress of Dissent," he instantly prepared a reply, and published it anonymously under the title of "The Progress of Dissent," by a Nonconformist. This pamphlet attracted for a time considerable attention; and much curiosity was excited as to the authorship, which was never formally acknowledged.

The formation of the Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty resulted from the repeated successes of the Dissenters against measures inimical to their interests introduced in the House of Commons. Mr. John Wilks, the eldest son of the Rev. Matthew Wilks, and Member for Boston, became its secretary, and led the van in the memorable struggle of 1828 for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. In this discussion, also, Mr. Reed took his part, and congratulated his people upon the acquisition of liberties and rights to

which, he adds, he conceives the Jew to be equally entitled.

The same broad principle prompted him to lend his aid in relieving the Roman Catholics from disabilities by reason of religious belief. Referring to the agitations which preceded the Emancipation Act, he says, "The Duke [Wellington] took occasion to speak to me; and, in our conversation, I quoted Napoleon's remarkable admission, 'My rule ends where that of conscience begins.' Upon hearing which, the Duke said, 'Did *he* say that?'"

Mr. Reed's journal of this period contains frequent references to the condition of the Irish Church Establishment, and to the defeat of Sir Robert Harry Inglis's Church Extension Bill. The provisions of that measure, it is remarked, were so intolerant as to draw forth the condemnation of the Duke of Sussex, who came down from the House of Peers to the Freemasons' Hall to preside over a meeting of British Nonconformists, whose declared object it was to arrest the further progress of the Bill.

From this time the avowed Dissenters of various denominations formed themselves into one organized body. The great force of their combined action, and their frequent successes, inspired them with a sense of power, and with a strong desire, often expressed, that a full and fair statement of the grievances under which they suffered, should be put in an authorized form before the country.

At the close of 1833, while the whole nation was looking for the meeting of Parliament, and when it was known that the claims of the Dissenters must become the subject of legislative consideration, an

anonymous pamphlet made its appearance. Its title was, "The Case of the Dissenters;" and it was addressed in the form of letter to the Lord Chancellor Brougham. Two mottoes* were upon the title-page; one exhibiting the real point of grievance, and the other claiming credit for loyalty and a generous line of conduct, at a time when agitation might have succeeded in enlarging the liberties of Nonconformists.

This appeal was before the country for some time. It ran through several editions; and, not being connected with any name or any party, it met with greater consideration than was common. It was also much admired for its forcible style and its unsectarian spirit. After some years, the author became known; but the history of his work will now for the first time be made public. Writing at a subsequent period, Mr. Reed says,—

"I was requested last year to dine with Mr. Thomas Wilson, for the purpose of conversing on our present interests and duties. We had a large party and a variety of opinion. Many things were suggested. I was asked to prepare a declaration; but I declined. The proposal, however, rested on my thoughts; and, a fortnight afterwards, 'The Case of the Dissenters,' as now published, issued from the press. It was written in such snatches of time, that I can hardly tell when and where it was composed, or, in fact, realize the recollection of having written it. I am glad to think it has done good. It has called up the attention of the public. The 'Times' has given it serious attention, and has declared itself: it is thought to have done so advisedly; so that we know the present temper of the Government, and are informed at length on what we may consider as

* "They regard the exception as a stigma; and can we say that they so regard it without reason?"—*Edinburgh Review.*

"If the Dissenters had been turbulent, he (Walpole) would probably have relieved them; but, while he apprehended no danger from them, he would not run the slightest risk for their sakes."—*Macaulay.*

granted, and where the point of conflict really must be. The publication is also held to have contributed somewhat to fix opinion among ourselves. With considerable agreement, we had strange diversity. The great thing was, to put forth our whole case; to do so in generous but uncompromising terms; to give it a popular and lively form for general reading; and to make the great points of the case stand out, not as a bold principle or a theoretic speculation, but as a *deep practical grievance*. What I have done, I have done, not in the spirit of any sect, but as the advocate of pure religion; and I have earnestly desired the blessing of Heaven on the effort."

It would be out of place to present even the scope of the argument here; but the whole work has been designated as "a manly and eloquent plea for liberty and equality in matters of religion." A few sentences will show the spirit in which that plea was enforced.

"My Lord, I have now done. If I have found it necessary to detail the grievances by which Dissenters suffer, I have resolved them all into one source,—the preference and civil establishment of one sect of religionists to the disparagement of all the rest. Although the Dissenters are men of peaceful and godly life, and are most unwilling to interfere with the course of public events, I expect that they will move on this occasion. Without their option, questions are coming up of the utmost moment to themselves and to religion; and they could not be thought true to either, if they did not express themselves. It is needful that the public mind should be informed on their principles and professions; and it is their duty to inform it by petition, by declaration, and by local meetings in every part of the country. I am sure, if they act, they will act constitutionally and firmly; and I believe they will act with one great object before them,—the emancipation of religion, of whatever form, from the corruption of State influence and worldly patronage, as injurious not only to themselves, but equally to the common faith of Christians. They will then act worthily of the example of their forefathers, and they will find many of the best friends of the Church with them."

For some years this stirring pamphlet contributed not a little to make the author's work in the cause of charity difficult in the extreme. An extract from a letter addressed to the Bishop of London will show the nature of the difficulty. The Bishop had heard of a sermon preached on "Church Establishments," by Dr. Heugh, of Glasgow, at Wycliffe Chapel; and forthwith an esteemed clergyman, a colleague of Dr. Reed's, received from his diocesan a reprimand for acting too closely with Dissenters. Dr. Reed, upon this, writes to the Bishop. The letter is dated Hackney, April 23rd, 1838; and, after a generous defence of his friend, he says of Dr. Heugh—

"Instead of being 'a young man,' he is your Lordship's senior. Instead of uttering himself with violence against the Endowed Church, he expressed himself in terms of the greatest respect and courtesy. It is true that he argued against the necessity of State endowments for the support of the Church of the Redeemer in the world; but I will venture to assert that the argument was so sustained, that if your Lordship had not been brought to concur in the conclusions, you would have entirely approved of the fairness and temper of the advocate. If it should appear to be necessary, I think I can prevail on my friend to publish the discourse; and in that case both your Lordship and the world would see that there was no place for this strange accusation.

"For myself, perhaps I have no right to ask for consideration, any more than your Lordship has a right to require explanation. I have always looked upon Dissent with sorrow; I have always mourned over the causes which have made it necessary; and I have devoutly prayed and laboured for their removal, that the Church of Christ may be one. I seek no other changes for the Established Church of the country than what I should seek did I hold honours and benefices at her hands. I am aware, as your Lordship must be painfully aware, that the different sections of the Christian Church in this land

are placed in trying circumstances in relation to each other, and that these circumstances have given birth to much misrepresentation, discord, and enmity. But, surely, your Lordship cannot believe all that is said against Dissenters. On the contrary, I will believe, with your information and piety, with the advantages of your elevated position and extensive influence, that you will take a calmer and a juster view of the state of the Christian Church; that you will contribute with holy emulation to allay its irritation, to annihilate its divisions, and to make it bring, as its Divine Founder intended, peace to the world and joy to heaven.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's faithful servant,

"ANDREW REED."

To this letter the following reply was received:—

"London House, 26th April, 1838.

"REV. SIR,

"I beg to thank you for your letter, and to express the satisfaction which I feel at the sentiments which are expressed in it.

"With respect to the Dissenters in general, you may be assured that I form my opinion of them, as opponents of the Church, not from any vague rumours, but from their own writings, and from the published reports of their speeches and proceedings. I will not pretend to say that the opinion so formed is favourable; but I should be acting in opposition to my own experience and observation, were I not to believe that there are many individuals in the Dissenting body of a temper and principles which make it impossible for them to approve of *all* the proceedings to which I allude. I must in candour add, that, in my opinion, it rests principally with *them*, under the blessing of God, to take measures for restoring, in some degree, that state of things between the great religious bodies of the community, which has been so lamentably disturbed, and which, if it could not be termed a state of friendship, was, at least, one of mutual forbearance and consideration.

"I remain, Rev. Sir,

"Your obedient, faithful servant,

"The Rev. Dr. Reed. "C. J. LONDON."

Accompanying this letter was a private note, which testifies to the personal esteem in which Dr. Reed was held by the writer; and, as it refers to a former correspondence, it is just to the memory of the Bishop and the Dissenter alike to allude to the circumstance which gave rise to it.

A memorandum occurs in Mr. Reed's journal, in the year 1833, having reference to the reported distress among the clergy of the Established Church of Ireland. Contributions were being publicly solicited for their relief; and Mr. Reed, regardless of the ecclesiastical differences which separated him from them, sent a donation to the Bishop of London on their behalf.

"I could not help it," he observes. "A body of persons, not only gentlemen, but Christians and ministers, are, with their families, driven from their homes and wanting bread. I had poor claims to either appellation, if I had withheld my aid. We should remember the words, 'Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what shall be upon the earth.'"

This gift was not only acknowledged in official form, but it drew the following graceful recognition from the Bishop himself:—

"Sir,—I acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of your liberal contribution of £50 towards the fund we are raising for the relief of the distressed Irish clergy, whose wants are very urgent and require immediate aid. This donation is rendered the more acceptable by the liberal and candid tone of the letter which announced it. I am sure that all wise and pious men, if they wish to avert the downfall of all our present securities for the enjoyment of national virtue and tranquillity, will cultivate that spirit of Christian charity and mutual kindness which I have so much satisfaction in recognizing in your communication.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient, faithful servant,

"The Rev. Andrew Reed. "C. J. LONDON."

The publication of "The Case of the Dissenters" not only served the purpose of a beacon fire for that part of the community whose cause it espoused, but it also gave a timely warning to the Government, of the state of feeling which they would have to encounter. There is no doubt, therefore, that it contributed important and effectual aid in several successful attempts made in Parliament to obtain relief for the appealing body. In one of these,—viz., the Marriage Law,—Dr. Reed had the opportunity of securing the unanimous protest of the ministers of the East of London against Lord John Russell's Bill of 1834; and again he rendered essential service to the framers of the subsequent measure of relief. He says,—

"The new Acts of Registration and Marriage are, on the whole, excellent. The Government have, through the Registrar-General, given attention to some points needful to simplicity and popularity; and Dr. Lushington [then Member for the Tower Hamlets] has succeeded in his protest against the new test, which would have compelled us all solemnly to declare that we had conscientious scruples against the solemnization of marriages according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England."

In order of time among these references to Dr. Reed's more public actions, there is one which demands notice, inasmuch as his conduct at the time was somewhat misunderstood. The circumstances are these. While in Canada, in 1834, he had made himself acquainted with the grounds of the discontent which showed itself everywhere in an ill-concealed hostility to the British Government; and, when, in December 1837, the news arrived in London that Canada was in a state of rebellion, he was ready

on the instant to urge the grievances of the Canadians, who had never received the redress which they were led to expect through the commission of Lord Gosford. His evidence and opinions were sought by a distinguished Member of the Government, Lord Glenelg; and he corresponded with some of the active politicians of the colony in reference to the demands put forth at the time of the "Durham mission."

Among those who had given expression to the popular discontent, was a distinguished man whose family had been known to Dr. Reed. This gentleman, in the full belief that Lord Durham had the power to bestow absolute pardon to rebels convicted of high treason, admitted that he had written certain letters, for the writing of which he was arrested. But the ordinance of the 28th of June declared, that the rebel leaders who had thus submitted, though they had not acknowledged their guilt, should be transported to Bermuda; and that those who had fled, should suffer death. It was under these circumstances that Dr. Reed took a part which, at the time, brought upon him the charge of defending an alien who had been convicted of the crime of high treason. The following is an extract from a letter written in acknowledgment of the services thus rendered:—

"Newgate, 28 May, 1839.

"Dear Sir,—I have not language to express to you my grateful acknowledgments for your kind and personal interposition in my behalf, in causing my case to be considered by Her Majesty's Government.

"When I first solicited the indulgence of your kind interference for me, I considered the question of my guilt or innocence formed no part of the matter to be considered. In fact, it was not until Friday that that point was brought before me, and in

rather an alarming manner, as on my innocence depended my liberty. In order that you may not imagine that you have advocated the cause of one guilty of the crime of treason, I most solemnly declare,—

"1. That, in the letters I sent, I meant nothing more than the formation of political unions, without the slightest notion that they would be used for an illegal purpose.

"2. That I was in a state of the most profound ignorance of the intended outbreak under M'Kenzie, or any other person, on the 5th December, 1837: on the contrary, I was as much astonished as any inhabitant of Upper Canada when I heard of it that day; within an hour of which time I was arrested in my own house in Hamilton, forty miles distant from Toronto, where the insurrection took place.

"3. That I defy my most bitter political opponent and accuser to point out a single instance of an individual that was ever induced by me to depart from his allegiance.

"4. It must not be forgotten that I have never before had any opportunity, before any court, or in any way, of explaining the passages in my letters. I was told, while immured in prison, that the Governor had power to pardon all who were charged with high treason; I was advised to avail myself of it, but positively refused to confess treason: and I say this because it has been by many said I had confessed my guilt. What I and others did was this: we professed our willingness to plead guilty, thereby to avoid the necessity of a trial, and to give, as far as in our power, tranquillity to the country."

Dr. Reed was an earnest supporter of freedom of debate, which, however, he never regarded apart from the freedom of the press. Speaking of certain discoveries as to the working of some religious organizations, he says,—

"If the religious press had been admitted, as they are to the great meetings of the Free Church of Scotland, the things of which we complain could not have happened—literally *could* not; for the earnest words which have been spoken amongst us, would

have told upon the public if they did not tell on those present. Yes, they would have told on those present, if it had been known that the public would be sure to hear them. It was the press that made Cobden heard out of Parliament, and the press must be our echo as well as our critic. We must," he adds, "have liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely.' And the term upon which we hold our liberty, is that of everlasting vigilance."

It was about this time that Dr. Reed had endeavoured to secure from the public press a juster and more enlightened advocacy of the principles which he was concerned to uphold. As early as 1833, he had issued a circular in favour of this object; but the result was not in full accordance with his desire: for, though it brought into renewed life a paper which, under the joint care of Mr. Josiah Conder and Mr. John Middleton Hare, was most valuable as a Dissenting journal, from and after that year, the daily London press seldom allowed the "Patriot" to speak in their columns, and knew little and cared less for Nonconforming principles and interests. So far, however, did Dr. Reed succeed, that overtures were made on the part of one leading journal to the unknown author of "The Case of the Dissenters," just then published; and, when, through the publishers, the author, excusing himself, urged the engagement of a professional layman instead, the scheme fell through. Thus, at a time of critical interest, no daily paper was found fairly to represent the true principles of Protestant Nonconformity, much less that rising power in the land, Congregational Independency.

In the year 1838, Dr. Reed was drawn from his retirement, upon the strong solicitations of his minis-

terial brethren, to visit the country in furtherance of the repeatedly expressed desire for some form of organization in favour of religious equality. He says,—

"The Christmas week I had hoped to spend with my family; but, as it is the only one that supplies me with two or three days in succession on which I can be absent from town, I went, at urgent request, to Manchester and Liverpool, in behalf of the proposed society for Religious Equality. I succeeded, by labour and hard travel, to do the work; but there was difficulty, owing to misunderstandings among leading men."

A society was eventually established under the name of "The Religious Equality Society;" but, for reasons at which Dr. Reed glances, it was not of permanent duration.

Of all the subjects claiming public attention, those which most fully called forth the energies of Dr. Reed were the questions of EDUCATION, SLAVERY, and CHURCH-RATES.

Frequent notices occur in his journal, during the years 1816 and 1820, of Mr. Brougham's schemes for the education of the people. The bare proposal to bring the instruction of the country under the control of a State department, found in him a resolute opponent. While supporting the appeal for education upon a free and popular basis, he claimed as large a measure of liberty for the poorest of the land, as the friends of the London University, in 1834, were zealously advocating on behalf of the higher class of the Liberal school. When, therefore, the scheme was announced for taking the educational returns of England and Wales, Dr. Reed took the alarm. He says,—

"Feeling sure that a movement was about to be based upon these returns, I deemed it my duty to propose in the United

Committee (of the Three Denominations of Protestant Dissenters) some measure for awakening our people, and for securing correct returns on the subject of education and of the Dissenting population. I have thus been most unexpectedly employed in a way I should not have chosen, but which appeared to be the path of duty, since it related to our position as Dissenters, which is certainly critical and momentous. From the first, it was quite evident that the Government would treat our case very much as one of numbers, and that they would be guided by official returns."

In 1839, Dr. Reed declared his entire opposition to the appointment of a Committee of Privy Council on Education; and, through some Church friends, he did what he could to support the attempt made by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Stanley, to deprive the Council Board of its irresponsible functions.

The year 1843 brought the Factories Bill, with those memorable educational clauses, the discussion and rejection of which left Sir James Graham mourning over nothing so much as that, in his effort to serve the Church, he had rallied the Dissenters round the standard of free education. No sooner had the measure been announced, than it was attacked in the columns of the "Leeds Mercury." Concurring in the objections so clearly put forth by Mr. Edward Baines, Dr. Reed at once called a meeting in the vestry of Wycliffe Chapel, formed a Committee, and laid the plan of action. The Committee met day by day. Being principally composed of young men, they assembled in large numbers at seven o'clock A.M.; and, breakfasting together at the close of two hours' sitting, their practice was to adjourn and meet again in the evening. Sectional meetings were held all over the

metropolitan suburbs, in parishes and hamlets; and, thus informed, the people flocked to the aggregate meetings, which soon became remarkable enough to attract the anxious notice of the Government press. The first of these meetings was held on the 8th of March at the Eastern Institution, when Colonel Fox, M.P., presided. The manifesto then put forth, was drawn up by Dr. Reed, and adopted upon the motion of Mr. Benjamin Hawes, Member for Lambeth, in the presence of many influential Members of the House of Commons. Speedily the other districts of the metropolis followed the example of the East; and from these sprang a central committee, whose vigorous action roused the whole country.

Dr. Reed, writing in August, 1843, says,—

"I have been deeply engaged on the Factories Bill. My attention was awakened by reading Sir James Graham's speech on introducing the measure. It was plausible and sentimental, and meant to conciliate all parties. But it seemed to me, in fact, to be prepared to strike a deadly blow at our liberties. I was confounded that a minister should dare to make such a movement, and yet more confounded at the way in which the whole House received it. Instantly the 'Leeds Mercury' and the 'Patriot' noticed it; and the next day we had it up before the Board of Ministers. Five spoke, and three against any action; but we carried a vote for a special meeting. There was no time to be lost. Our forces were all scattered, many not yet realizing the danger. Took a cab for the best part of three days; and, with what help I could get,—Carlile, Robinson, &c.,—I scoured the town, and prevailed upon our various religious and educational bodies to delegate representatives to a United Committee. We secured representatives from seventeen of them."

When they met, Dr. Reed could not be present; but he sent them this message:—

"Every one of us must act as if the fate of the Bill depended solely on himself. In this instance, the battle of religious freedom must be fought voluntarily, on principle, by religious men, from religious motives, and in great measure unaided by political parties, the daily press, or by any systematic or expensive course of agitation. The moral influence of the victory will be greater in proportion as it is seen to be the result of a deep, calm, and earnest determination to preserve our religious liberties inviolate."

The Committee included delegates from the Society of Friends and the Wesleyans; and the unanimity of their action was only equalled by the promptitude of their measures. Dr. Reed was appointed their chairman; rooms were engaged at the King's Head, in the Poultry; Mr. Henry Dunn drew up the first circular, of which 5,000 copies were issued. Dr. Reed thus describes the nature of the work which followed:—

"We advertised freely; sat daily, and all day long. This was all well; but experience had taught me that mere circulars would fail to get up the country fully; and this I regarded as the great object. It was much to destroy the Bill, but more to show our strength, and to educate our people and our representatives in the struggle. My chief care throughout was to secure the harmonious co-operation of the Wesleyans. Everybody said that we should not succeed; but we did. Having left things in train in London, I slipped away on the 11th of April,—visited sixteen counties, held many meetings, had an understanding on what was to be done, made Wales safe,—and that through the Welsh press,—and then came home again to abide the event. The best of it was, that I was out and in again, and no one in London knew of it but my family and my executive. That which appeared to our friends afterwards to be spontaneous, was not so to us; but it was held to be one of the most important steps in the whole transaction, Sir James himself admitting that we had outflanked him. There is every reason to fear that an attempt will

be made to carry the Bill through Committee. We must pause no more. We have shown that we have no pleasure in agitation; we must now show that we are not averse to it, when the negligence of Government to our prayer, and the vital interests at stake, make it an unquestionable duty."

At this crisis, Mr. Edward Baines publicly addressed a letter to Dr. Reed, as the chairman of the London Committee; and he, in turn, urged the country to strengthen their appeal, saying,—

"Do not rely on school petitions. Your fellow-parishioners must be made to look at the civil bearings of the Bill. The question of parish rates will arouse your neighbours to indignant action. Believe me, our opponents are importunate. Half the objects of life are carried by importunity. Our senators must be troubled on the subject. Send up short and emphatic memorials; ask for no modification, but simply demand that the Bill, so far as it is educational, be withdrawn. One object is before us, great to us, still greater to our children. Let us have one mighty heart to do the work which Providence has assigned us to accomplish."

The progress of the struggle is thus narrated:—

"The battle in town was still a hard one. It was not easy to keep our forces together. Some would dispute and not work, some would do too much, some nothing, some in their own way or not at all. Our enemies chiefly sought to separate the Wesleyans; but the Wesleyans fought side by side with us, and, by maintaining united action, we gained the victory, and were astonished at what had been done. Both Whig and Tory were against us. The few Members who were willing to listen to us, had to be enlightened. The daily press, too, was against us: even the 'Chronicle' and the 'Sun,' (who held me up as an alarmist,) ridiculed the idea of danger to civil and religious liberty, when *they* had not seen it! Sir James made three distinct efforts to carry his Bill, the last when no constitutional minister ought to have done it. Never was there

such an example of petitioning, and at a time when it was thought the people were generally disgusted by the frequent repetition of a useless process. By the 9th of May, 13,350 petitions had been presented; on one night, the 2nd of June, 6,239 were sent up by our Committee. I myself took up one signed by more than 25,000 young men of London. On one occasion, I called out Colonel Fox, at an early hour, and asked him to take charge of a score of petitions. He thought he 'could not do it that night,' but 'he would see.' He found, on inquiry, that sixty-three Members had already put down their names,—a number altogether unprecedented. Mr. Byng said he had never seen anything like it; and Colonel Sibthorp declared that he smelt treason. The signatures were close upon three millions."

To Dr. Reed, in looking back, it appeared a remarkable circumstance, that, just at this juncture, his hands had been released from another class of labour. Had it not been so, he could not possibly have spared those three months. As it was, the feeling which the circumstances of his resignation of the Infant Orphan Asylum had created, seemed to fit him for this new service; and his journal contains expressions of devout thankfulness that he was permitted to perform it.

In his rapid review of the great and important struggle, Dr. Reed does not refer to what, after all, was the most remarkable demonstration, apart from the petitioning, connected with it. Lord John Russell, to whom the Dissenters had naturally looked for help, stood for some time coldly aloof. At length, with evident misgiving as to the issue, he sought, by the introduction of certain resolutions, to turn off the fierceness of the opposition, and to divide their strength. Dr. Reed wrote a letter to his friend Mr. Charles Hindley, in which he says, "Lord John's

resolutions do not disturb our convictions; on the contrary, they call forth stronger condemnation, and preserve us in a state of resolved and united opposition; and I shall not lose the chance of proving this to his satisfaction." This was on the eve of a meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, at which Lord John Russell was to preside, and to which Dr. Reed, having been asked to speak, went to deliver his conscience.

Exeter Hall was crammed. Both the noble Chairman and Earl Fitzwilliam had taken great pains to steer clear of the awkward question of the day. Their caution was not unobserved by an intelligent audience. Dr. Reed followed; and his opening sentence sounded like the first count in an indictment. "I rise, my Lord," he said, "to speak in plain and earnest terms on a great subject of absorbing interest; and I shall do this with the more pleasure because I do it under the shadow of the name of Russell,—a name which, for ages, has given inspiration to speech and confidence to virtue."

The thundering response of the vast assembly was readily interpreted by Dr. Reed; and he plunged at once into the depths of the dreaded controversy, handling the question with a force and skill which won the admiring testimony of all who heard him.* "We are met, as I judge, my Lord," said the speaker, "at a great crisis on the question of education, and at a crisis on the yet higher question of civil and religious liberty. How do matters stand with us?" He then referred to the origin and history of the Bill, the course of the opposition, and the feeling of the people, which he

* The Speech, on publication, reached the twelfth thousand.

described as "a discontent which rose like a deluge on the land, entering in and flooding the very floor of the House of Commons." He passed in review the educational provisions of the Bill, discussed the amended clauses with a play of satire to which in him his friends had been hitherto quite unaccustomed, exposed the inevitable working of such a measure, and denounced the compulsory clauses as tyrannical and degrading in the extreme. He then proceeded to clench the argument by this powerful appeal:—

"My Lord, you are a father, and so am I. If I feel on this subject, I feel the more because the Bill touches, not your Lordship's child and mine, but the children of the poor. If they must begin, let them begin with your Lordship, or let them begin with me. For myself, I can say that I would willingly put myself in the place of the poor man to resist the enormous oppression. Would your Lordship allow this Government or any Government to arrange, by Act of Parliament, the method in which you should educate your children? Would I allow that the Parliament, or any earthly power, should dictate to me how I should educate and provide for my offspring?' No, my Lord; much as I dislike asseveration, such is my abhorrence of the injustice, that deliberately I say, sooner than submit to it I would die."

Encouraged by the enthusiastic plaudits of the meeting to proceed, he entered an emphatic protest against the assumed right of Government to deal with the religious education of the people, ridiculed the idea of a State conscience so elastic as to embrace truth and error in the endowment of all forms of religion, and refuted, from personal knowledge, alike Sir James Graham's boastings as to the state of education in Sweden and in Prussia, and the prevailing fallacies as to the Common Schools of America. Having stated

the objections of the people, "We ask your Lordship, then," he continued, giving utterance to a sudden thought, "to become our representative in the House of Commons, where there has been so little sympathy in reference to this great vital constitutional question."

The assembly caught the idea, sprang to their feet, and, in the words of the press, "carried the vote by acclamation." Dr. Reed had really concluded his speech; but, under the sudden inspiration of the moment, he took advantage of the opportunity to compliment his Lordship on the unanimity of the choice of the vast assembly, and to offer to the newly-chosen representative some advice as to the course of his advocacy.

"Then, though your Lordship's rank and station, both as a representative and an individual, are so elevated, yet all parties who are deputed by others are open to instruction. We therefore desire, still leaving it to your personal discretion, to submit these instructions. We ask your Lordship to say, *that we will not have this Bill.* We ask you to say, that we adjudge this Bill to be unequal, unjust, and therefore iniquitous; to be contrary to the spirit of our constitution, to our cherished liberties, and to whatever we hold dear to ourselves as parents, and hopeful for our offspring. We ask your Lordship to say, that we want schools for all, without offending the consciences of any. We want your Lordship to say, in reference to religion,—if religion must be thought within your province,—that we will not trust the interests of religion with any particular denomination, not even with our own; that the blood of the stout Nonconformist is in us; and that, while we will not truckle to a prince, we will not tread upon a worm. Say, that the rights we claim for ourselves, we claim equally for the Church; but that, beyond this, we will not move an inch. We deny utterly, that the State has a right to act towards any of its subjects on the principle of preference and privilege.

"Say for us, if it please your Lordship, that we require, in the fullest sense of the term, to be free; that we cannot be less than

free; that we demand increasing liberty, and the expansion of our institutions, that we may be prepared to advance with other nations in the glorious race of knowledge, liberty, and religion. Say, my Lord, that, if the rich will discharge their duty to the poor, we will answer for the poor man doing his duty to the rich. Say, my Lord, if it please you, in that House, that, if the poor shall possess their rights—their undoubted rights,—the first of all civil rights next to the safety of the person—that of selling their labour in the dearest markets, and buying the fruits of the earth for their families in the cheapest markets,—that then the poor man will educate his children with as much readiness and discretion as the rich man.

"We ask, in short, that we shall be free: in labour, free; in trade, free; in action, free; in thought, free; in speech, free; in religion, free—perfectly free. We ask freedom for others, freedom for ourselves, freedom for all, without distinction, that breathe in British air, and rest on British soil. I trust that the moment which shall witness the death of our liberties, will witness also the death of our country; for where is the Englishman that would wish to survive his liberties? No; if these things are not secured to us, our liberties will pine away; and we, too, shall ourselves pine away from our unprecedented elevation; and our beloved and beautiful land shall sink down amid her own bright waters; and the mariner, as he tracks our channels, shall seek for her, and she shall not be found!"

The state of public feeling throughout the country may be judged of by the following advertisement taken from the "Times" newspaper:—

"Factories Education Bill.—Executive and Central Committee of the United Conference.—No regard is yet paid to upwards of 14,000 petitions against the original Bill; nor to the nearly 5,000 renewed petitions already presented against the altered Bill. Sir J. Graham states, that it is not in his power to make any further alteration in the Bill; that he will take the sense of the House on it; and that he will name his day for so doing. Our course, then, is clear before us. There is plenty of time for action, where it is still needed. Petition.

Communicate with your members. Leave nothing undone that may be done, till a righteous victory is ours. This committee sits daily, to give information or receive petitions. The 9th of June will be the day for re-assembling Parliament. Let everything be ready by that time.

"ANDREW REED, D.D., Chairman.

"King's Head, Poultry, May 27, 1843."

No measure, could withstand the force of the "strange opposition," the secret power of which the press and Mr. Macaulay could not comprehend. The Bill was withdrawn; but the lesson read to the Government was not lost; on the contrary, it was taught upon many a hustings at the next general election; that lesson being,—that free trade in learning is as good as free trade in corn; and that, while bounties in trade are ruinous to commerce, bounties to schoolmasters dependent on the State are destructive of the self-reliant spirit of a free people.

But victory brings with it added responsibility. This Dr. Reed felt, and acted accordingly.

"Just home," he writes, September 30th, 1844, "after paying visits to schools in Scotland and elsewhere, having on my mind a great concern that we may be seen in deeds as well as in words, and show that we are willing to do our share to promote an education based upon sound and religious principles, free from State help and Government control."

To this end, he took the lead in a movement in favour of popular education in the East of London. His own church contributed £500, he himself giving £100; the Rev. George Smith, of Poplar, did the same; and the resolution went up to the Central Board, backed by an offering of £2,117 10*s.* as the result of one local effort. In the course of a few

months, the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds was subscribed, and the reproach of the Nonconformists was for ever wiped away. Referring to his own connexion with this movement, he says,—

"The Education movement came on. It was one effect of the Factories Bill triumph. The Conference was a fine meeting, and promised well. My service was kindly asked; and I said that I would accept the post of Honorary Secretary on two conditions: first, that my deacons concurred; and next, that a first-rate stipendiary was secured. Mr. Hindley saw my deacons, and they very nobly agreed to render me such help, that I might be set at liberty for some months; but, after all, there were difficulties, and I am now planning a new Asylum for the poor outcasts from Wanstead. Some one else must teach our people, that, if they wish to improve this great struggle, they must look to their duty in education, or verily the prediction of my friend Edward Baines will be verified,—the grant will run up to millions, instead of thousands; and, though our ministers will not believe him, or hear his warning voice, the country will be involved in the toils of this new, unconstitutional, and irresponsible power,—the Committee of Privy Council on Education."

Unofficially, Dr. Reed acted with his friends Charles Hindley, John Ely, Dr. Hamilton, James Parsons, Edward Baines, jun., and Samuel Morley, in the establishment of the Congregational Board of Education, which was brought into existence as a protest against the acceptance by the British and Foreign School Society of grants from the Privy Council. He also witnessed with lively interest the steady growth of that most successful training institution at Homerton College, conducted by Mr. Unwin, and supported with such princely liberality by men who, since 1843, have been standard-bearers in the cause of free education.

The ignominious fate of the Factories Bill, in 1843, was greatly owing to metropolitan influence brought to bear upon the friends to religious freedom and fairness throughout the kingdom. After so hard a conflict and so complete a victory, it became evident that an organization thus effective must be preserved. For this object Dr. Reed laboured with his usual sagacity, diligence, and self-denial.

"I went in my own counsel," he writes, "quietly over the country, to prepare and gather opinion. Visited ten towns, travelled a thousand miles, but only missed one Sabbath. Leicester has already moved,—too hastily, it appears to me."

Dr. Reed's own idea was, to establish a Free Church Society. A consultation as to the duty of Dissenters was held in September, 1843: on the 19th of that month, he drew the plan of the organization; and the project was made public in October.

Communications were received from various towns to the effect, that, if a national society were formed, for the purpose of diffusing information on the principles of Protestant Dissenters by lectures and pamphlets, and of organizing a movement with a view to the entire removal of all civil interference with religion, and the abolition of all State endowments and State patronage of any religious sect or party, such a society would receive general support. Mr. Blackburn of Liverpool, Mr. Scales of Leeds, and Mr. Hadfield of Manchester, reported to this effect; and approving resolutions were sent up from Bristol, Bath, Derby, and many other towns. In conjunction with Dr. F. A. Cox, Dr. Reed summoned a meeting at the King's Head, Poultry. Of his speech on the occasion,

there is no record, but the tone and tendency of his advice may be best judged of by these preparatory notes in his pocket-book:—

"What is to be *done?*—evidently *something.* What?
"Course difficult—through extravagance and apathy.
"Not now the selfish defence of *small* points when attacked.
"Let the axe go to the root—every way better.
"Gain nothing—rather lose—by avoiding it.
"If we hide our ultimate design from ourselves, it is not hidden from opponents.
"Look at home—at the Church herself,—religion at home—abroad—Sweden—Australia—Tahiti—everywhere. Of all things the most needed, Cæsar to Cæsar, God to God."

On the 7th of November, a meeting was held in the Congregational Library, Blomfield Street, to launch the newly-formed society. The object was distinctly declared to be—

"To seek to uphold the great principle, that the civil government has not, and cannot have, any right whatever, to know or to interfere with the religious opinions, professions, or worship of the people; and that to raise such an unjust claim, has been to hazard civil freedom, to corrupt pure religion, to violate conscience, and to dishonour God."

The means to be used were:—

"1. By establishing local associations.
"2. By enlightening the public mind.
"3. By watching the proceedings of Parliament, and steadily resisting every vote, grant, exaction, or enactment, which may affect religion, however remotely; not merely on the ground of expediency, but on the higher and safer principle, that all religious action is beyond the functions of civil government.
"4. By supplying a known centre of communication and combined action, and by inspiring and sustaining, through

correspondence, the spirit of religious freedom over the continent of Europe, against the accumulated and accumulating strength of ecclesiastical despotism."

The prospectus was issued with this motto from John Locke:—"The civil magistrate prescribing a way of worship has been the cause of more disorder, tumult, and bloodshed, than all other causes put together."

This society was never brought into active operation, for reasons which the following extract discloses:—

"I found," Dr. Reed says, "that certain earnest friends at Leicester, had taken an advanced step, as if in despair of London. They had promised to wait for five or six weeks, to give us time to test public opinion; but, instead of pausing, a claim was set up for precedence, and the whole thing was committed. I resolved, most reluctantly, to stand aside. A new society was formed. It was called 'The British Anti-State-Church Society.'"

With this society Dr. Reed was never personally associated. He did not like the spirit of its early action, nor the name it assumed; but he lived to see it advocating the same great principle, that all religion is beyond the functions of civil government, in a spirit as firm but not as dictatorial, by modes of action of greater practical efficiency, and under a name less pugnaciously offensive and more accurately descriptive; namely, that of "The Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control."

On the question of Church-rates, Dr. Reed had maintained an unvarying opinion. He had acted all along with the Protestant Society. His visits to the United States strengthened his convictions; and, in the winter of 1835, he was engaged in conference upon the subject with men of liberal politics in London.

"A Society for the Abolition of Church-rates," he writes in 1836, "is formed. Feeling it to be of great importance that it should be sustained, I gave three weeks in the winter to rouse the North of England and the Midland Counties.* Dr. Bennett and Mr. Burnet taking other ground."

He advises that "the great effort should be to surprise and astound the two Houses by a simultaneous and universal act of petitioning." A public meeting was held in London on October 19th, 1836. Exeter Hall being refused, on the ground that the society was neither "scientific, literary, nor religious," recourse was had to the London Tavern. The large room was crowded; and it was there and then that several men made their appearance before the public who subsequently became well known as useful members of the House of Commons,—Edward Baines, sen., John Easthope, Charles Lushington, Charles Hindley, Benjamin Hawes, William Ewart.

Dr. Reed, abiding by a decision he had made not to speak in public, contented himself with drawing the resolutions, the third of which, moved by Mr. Ewart, opened thus:—

"That this meeting do not ask any alteration of the law of Church-rate—they demand its utter extinction. That it is with them not a question of money, nor a question of value, be it more or less, but it is a question of principle. That they must regard any attempt, come from whence it may, to give the impost a less palpable and less obtrusive character by blending it with the general taxation of the country, as weak and futile in itself,—as an insult not only to their consciences, but to their

* A special vote of thanks to Dr. Reed for "his most effective service" was passed by the Committee on the 3rd of January, 1837.

understandings also, and as calculated to throw difficulties in the way of the peaceful collection of the revenues."

The meeting caught the spirit of the resolutions, and an influential committee of laymen was formed. To further the object in view, four hundred delegates from all parts of the country assembled in London in February, 1837, sat in conference for three days, and were received by Lord Melbourne, who congratulated them on the "calm, temperate, and judicious manner" in which the question had been dealt with. Having expressed his general concurrence with the object of the convention, he broke ground by hinting that Lord John Russell might propound a scheme to the House which would meet the case. The effect of this demand for *unconditional* abolition took the Government by surprise: the country was fairly up; and Dr. Reed says,—

"All was done with great success. Above a million of signatures were said to have been subscribed to the petitions. The stroke fell sharp and clear; and the abolition of church-rates was actually carried in the Commons by a majority of five. Ministers quailed before the new power, and yielded to circumstances. Had we followed up this new victory by determined action, we should have secured much more than a temporary triumph on a secondary question. But we were flushed and foolish."

Still, this movement gave a permanent stimulus to the question, which has never since been allowed to rest for want of able and earnest advocates, and is perhaps at present the next point of settlement before the practical-minded statesmen of both Houses.

In the course of the interview with Lord Melbourne, it had been urged, that, whilst Dissenters were willing to receive the *Regium Donum*, they could not consistently

ask to be relieved of a rate in support of the State Establishment; and it was then distinctly stated, that the Dissenters, as a body, disapproved of any State grant being received by any men or any party among themselves. This disclaimer was objected to by some of the distributors, and very naturally by many of the recipients; and it became necessary for the settlement of the question, that the subject should come under special discussion, with a view to obtain a more direct testimony for Parliament. Early in 1837, the Board of Ministers of Three Denominations had the question repeatedly before them, and Dr. Reed took a prominent part in the deliberations. For a long time the desired result was not obtained. In 1843, Dr. Reed says,—"We carried once more, I believe for the fourth time, a resolution against the *Regium Donum*. But the distributors still cleave to it." It should be stated that they did so—the late Rev. Dr. John Pye Smith, among the number—from the conviction that this £1,600 per annum, being a charge in perpetuity upon the private income of the Crown, could be disbursed by them among poor ministers without any violation of conscience. Still, the large bulk of the Dissenting communities objected so strongly to it, that in the year 1851 the grant was omitted from the estimates, and Dr. Reed notes the fact by saying,—"At last we are freed from the *Regium Donum:* though it is a small matter, it is one of principle. The hardest battle we had to fight was with some of our own people; but we kept up our declaration against it year by year."

Dr. Reed was no uninterested spectator of the preliminary steps which led, in 1843, to the great secession from the Church of Scotland. He had free

correspondence with some of the leaders of the movement, regularly read the reported proceedings, and invited his people, in May, 1842, to a special act of devotion in reference to the question. "I did so," he states, "because the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is now sitting. The issues are most important. God speed the right!"

"As crises occurred in the controversy," he relates in August 1843, "we held two special prayer-meetings for the Non-intrusionists, to explain the subject to my people, and to ask heroic faith for theirs. We were, therefore, prepared to receive the deputation when they came to England. Indeed, we were the first to do so. We had an excellent meeting. Cunningham, Gray, and Guthrie made their statement. I addressed my people after, and challenged them to raise a hundred guineas. They brought me £116. I was not sorry for this. The Disruption is the most remarkable event that Scotland has witnessed, and cannot be confined to that country. There are evils to deplore, but they are fewer and less virulent than one might expect. The good will remain. Religion has become the subject of universal discussion; and, though much of that discussion is far from *religious*, it cannot happen, in the coffee-room and the coach, at home and by the wayside, without benefit. Intolerance, too, has shown its head; so that our times are graced with martyrdom and persecution,—two apostolical signs, but not such as our bishops are pleading for."

As the Free Church became a living reality, and threw itself upon the voluntary principle, the same generous welcome was given to its representatives in the Tower Hamlets by an enthusiastic meeting held at the Eastern Institution.*

On the 4th of February, 1845, Dr. Reed read, in

* The thanks of the assembly held in London were conveyed to Dr. Reed "for the signal service rendered by him to the cause of the Free Church," with a request that he would publish his address.

the midst of his family, and with a measure of unusual fervour, some words from the Queen's Speech, which, just delivered, had been sent to him by the hands of a special messenger from his friend Mr. Byng. Her Majesty had said, "I recommend to your favourable consideration the policy of improving and extending the opportunities of academical education in Ireland." Dr. Reed wrote a hasty note to the honourable member, announcing his sense of the danger in this sentence, and then summoned a few friends to meet him the next day. The debate which ensued revealed the reason of Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the Government, referring it to his opposition to this proposal; but the tone of Sir Robert Peel seemed to indicate that the policy was to be carried out. The signal was given in the East of London, and the true Protestant feeling answered promptly to the challenge. Dr. Reed drew up a manifesto, and convened sectional meetings, which prepared the way for a general meeting of great influence. Meanwhile, the Protestant Association sounded the alarm, raising once more the unfortunate cry of "No Popery." Dr. Reed protested that Congregationalists could not accept their platform, unless it was open to Christians of all denominations, and free to the expression of opinion against the endowment by the State of any religious body whatever. The way was speedily made plain for united action. Mr. Plumptre issued an address; we did the same, and the whole country was moved.

The centre of action had been in the West End of the town; but, on the accession of the Protestant Dissenters, it came further East, and the London Coffee House became "head-quarters."

Dr. Reed says,—

"Through the spring, very much and unexpectedly engaged on the subject of the Maynooth Grant. It was evidently a promise to the Catholics, and a new feeler of the English and Protestant temper; and, coming from Sir Robert Peel, it confounded all parties, and became a shameful political profligacy. Sir Culling Smith called a meeting. He pressed me to help.* Of course, I went; but I went, not only that Orange leaven might be avoided on the one hand, but that religious liberty might be respected on the other. I will never seek to withdraw from another what any of my brethren are prepared to take for themselves. Let the *Regium Donum* go; and, in Ireland as in England, let our hands be clean of State coin. In fact, I hoped to work the whole question of religious equality into this one organization, and I made known my views speedily. First, we acted on London; and then, for the sixth time, I went to work in the country. The work was easier, as I knew what springs to touch; so secured our principal counties, and Wales. Arriving home, there was much to do, and something to undo. Sir Culling, by his rank and real goodness, seemed to be the natural leader; but he is too easily influenced, and wants much a calm and resolved spirit. However, the Conference was planned and convened. It was a noble gathering, and all proceeded well. I never attended a more important or a more earnest and thrilling meeting than in Exeter Hall. It was filled with *men*—men full of deep and earnest convictions. Some of our principal people went off afterwards to Ireland, to break ground there. It was, I think, a mistake. That was not the battle-ground, and we needed all their help at Westminster."

The end came, the Bill passed; but it had yet to receive the Royal Assent. A final effort was concerted; and Dr. Reed, going to the meeting to

* The note contains the following passage:—"Let me urge you, in the strongest manner, to meet our Committee. It is most important that our first steps should be vigorous, prudent, and free from the old Orange leaven. We must profit by your experience on the Factories Education Bill. Pray let nothing stand in the way of your coming."

devise the plan, thus notes in pencil the heads of his counsel:—

"Are *our* hands clean?

"Opposed to the endowment of Popery. 1, opposed to all religious endowments; 2, and to this, more—as a Protestant.

"I object. 1, unjust; 2, unconstitutional; 3, dangerous.

"Universal objection. 1,200,000 petitioners.

"Where is the Church? How the Bishops?

"Where Ireland? O'Connell and his?

"Will you resist this Bill? To the utmost.

"Petitions—over. Parliament—over. Now to the Throne.

"Providence is over all."

The meeting was unanimous, and took the resolutions as he penned them. The first expressed

"Surprise, approaching to indignation, at the decision of the House of Commons, in the face of such a manifestation of opposition."

The second declared, in terms no less emphatic,—

"That, in an extremity so unprecedented, they regarded themselves as entitled to rest their complaints at the foot of the Throne, and did most earnestly implore Her Majesty to withhold her signature from a Bill which, while containing provisions unequal to the claims of Ireland, was offensive to the consciences of Protestants, and in conflict with the very principles on which the throne of Great Britain is made to rest."

The attempt was a bold one, and deserved to succeed, but it availed nothing. Though this renewed effort was vigorously supported, the time was too far advanced for making a successful demonstratiou, the Royal Assent was given, and a struggle was closed, which, though to some it may appear a mere matter of history, will probably one day be renewed with far different results.

The next point to which reference should be made in this chapter, is that of Dr. Reed's effort to promote union among all evangelical Christians. It was not a new object, but rather a new effort, which, in 1839, brought so many excellent men into conference upon this subject. It sprang out of circumstances which three years earlier had led to an extensive correspondence, in which Dr. Reed bore his part, with the various representatives of foreign Protestant communities. An entry in his journal, in 1836, shows the nature of the difficulties which then presented themselves, while further records furnish evidence of the apparent impracticability of the attempt so long as any inequality of social position should be recognized as affecting the status of the Dissenting communities in this country.

"At the opening of the year," writes Dr. Reed on the last day of 1836, "I was much affected at the divisions among true Christians, and the circumstances which have a tendency to increase them. I made considerable effort to get a united prayer-meeting, to forerun our great annual meetings, and wrote an address calling on the churches to unite in it. I applied to Baptists, Methodists, Moravians, and Churchmen. We met twice on the subject; but we could not succeed with our Episcopalian friends. Messrs. Noel, Pratt, and Fell were the clergymen who joined us. We were unwilling to have so small a representation; and so the effort was relinquished for the present. Baptist Noel has since published a tract on Union; but the difficulties of Churchmen are great. They can hardly meet for prayer at all,—still less can they do so with us; and, just now, they are alarmed and confounded by our advocacy of the voluntary principle and rejection of all endowment. On our part, union can never be what it ought till our orders are acknowledged, and the principle of ascendency is annihilated."

On the 29th of January, 1839, Dr. Reed refers to "a long private conference with three ministers," and to a declaration which, though drawn up, "it was agreed at present not to print." One of these ministers was Dr. John Harris, the author of "Mammon," whose interesting correspondence testifies to the earnestness with which he hailed any approach to that spirit of unity among Christians, which of late years to so great an extent has overcome and broken down the various prejudices of sects and denominations. A second, was Dr. Leifchild, who some years afterwards wrote most ably in favour of union. And the third was Dr. Frederic Augustus Cox, by whose pen the declaration in question appears to have been recorded. Dr. Reed says,—

"To us it seemed that it is high time to explode uniformity and to seek for union;" adding, "I do not like the strait-lacedness of sectarianism; it impedes free respiration, and is apt to promote heart disease. But this effort, like its precursor, seems likely to fail. What with too much conscience, and too little of it, it is a fine matter to get through the world. Some are so stubbornly right, that they will not walk down the Strand unless they can do it in a straight line. Who shall say that they are not stubbornly wrong? The bane of our controversy is, that no man seeks to win his antagonist, but almost every man only to please his party."

His hopes brighten as the season advances: spring finds him again renewing his attempt; and he says,—

"Last spring (1839) I invited several brethren—Dr. Cox, Dr. Murch, Dr. Fletcher, and Mr Farrar*—to dine. I opened the subject, and we had a pleasant conversation. We thought it desirable to obtain a real and declared union of all Christians; we saw many difficulties, but deemed it well worth the trial. We had conference with other friends, including some American

* Late President of the Wesleyan Conference.

visitors, who concurred and promised their support in the United States. We arranged to meet at the Sunday School Union for conference and prayer, each one to invite such of various denominations as were likely to co-operate. We met on May 30, and have met monthly ever since, the brethren present representing seven different religious bodies."

Years pass on, and the subject is still upon his mind. Writing in October, 1845, he says,—

"Another attempt has been made for union. It has sprung chiefly from the Maynooth affair. The invitation, by consent in London, came from Scotland. We met in Liverpool: a good gathering, but limited to those with whom we have acted before. The Wednesday morning service was devotional, and the impression very good. Assisted the next day in discussion and committee, and then left for London. I know not what will come of it. Many things call for union; but, on the whole, the time is hardly ripe. I may be mistaken. We are not ready; but God can make us so. My own mind has paused a little. It is to me a question, whether, at this moment, our banner ought to be 'A United Church' or 'A Free Church.' Many of the men who work for union, are a little afraid of such as are earnest for freedom. Besides this, I have other work before me. Union and all other good must spring from revived religion; and to this I am earnestly looking."

As will be seen elsewhere, Dr. Reed did not come out of that work to which he refers without the full proofs of his ministry. Upon his own heart it produced a deep and chastened feeling, which showed itself in nothing more than in his renewed attempts to render the evidences of Christian love among various churches more manifest to the sometimes credulous, sometimes sceptical, but always observant world.

Once and again he renewed his invitation to many of his ministerial brethren to confer together. Dr.

Cox, Dr. Leifchild, Dr. Steinkopff, Mr. Townley, and Mr. Upton, were among the most frequent in their attendance. At the meetings held through the season of 1845-6 in Paternoster Row, correspondence was opened and maintained with France, Germany, Holland, and America; and the result seemed hopeful. But the difficulty in this country was as great as ever. A public meeting was convened, mainly through the instrumentality of Dr. Cox and Dr. Leifchild, in the Surrey Chapel, and the effect was good. Subsequently Dr. Cox visited the West of England, and Dr. Reed took Birmingham and the North. With Mr. James, he saw Dr. Ryland and some of the Birmingham clergy; but it was evident that in that direction things were not yet ripe for union. Still the meetings in town continued; a monthly gathering for united prayer was established; and thus the movement was kept alive, though no form of association ostensibly appeared until the establishment of the Evangelical Alliance in the summer of 1846. Of this, Dr. Reed says,—

"July, 1846.—I took my period of rest earlier than usual this year, that I might be in town for the projected meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in August. There was a splendid gathering, indicative of a yearning desire for union; but, unhappily, some of the discussions were of a critical and painful character. Two great errors were, in my judgment, committed. Firstly, the assembly declared itself a Christian alliance, and yet adopted a Protestant platform. Secondly, it took action on the Slavery question, which should have been left in abeyance with the questions of Temperance and Peace. The effect was, to exclude Christians from a Christian alliance, and to compromise the interests of the slave. I fought up against both; and, when the battle was lost, I placed my views on record. No one can know how painful it was to resign the hope of union

through this alliance, after having laboured so long for it. But, if any method of union is adopted which has directly the effect of excluding any one Christian, then I will be that one Christian. 'Thou shalt love thy brother as thyself.' Union is a good thing; but I say now, as I have said often, if we are only willing to hail her on the platform, and not wait for her in prayer and conference, we are not ready."

In the year 1849, a case of ecclesiastical oppression called forth the practical sympathy of Dr. Reed's generous heart. The Rev. James Shore, M.A., the Incumbent of Berry Pomeroy, in Devonshire, and Chaplain to the Duke of Somerset, was proceeded against for preaching and praying with his congregation in an unconsecrated chapel, the property of the Duke, without the authority of his Bishop, "he being a clergyman of the Church of England, who had become and avowed himself a Dissenter from that Church."

The case excited a strong feeling in the West of England, and attracted the attention of the London press. Dr. Reed, having fully informed himself as to the facts, stated them to his congregation, and, having received their ready expression of sympathy, convened a public meeting in London, and travelled down to Exeter the same night, that he might visit the offending clergyman, who had been consigned to prison by the relentless power of ecclesiastical law. The comfort and the gifts which he bore, were greatly needed; and he returned to town as hastily as he had left it, that he might "act where influence was most needed to secure a just and righteous issue." The only memorandum of this visit is found in his pocket-book, where the following parody is pencilled, written as he took his seat

in the London train at the St. Thomas's Station, in full sight of the gaol:—

> "Of all the good bishops, oh, did you e'er see
> A bishop so brave as Lord Harry of E.?
> How noble in virtue, how puissant is he!
> At first a turncoat, and at last a turnkey."

The opportuneness of this work of mercy is best shown in the following letter:—

"The Gaol, St. Thomas's, Exeter,
"March 16, 1849.

"While I feel cheered in my confinement by the kind regard and sympathy of my countrymen, I could almost wish, for the sake of the great principle involved, that I were personally unknown in the matter. It is the object of our opponents, by personalities, to draw the attention of the community from the real point at issue; namely, the inherent right of man, in matters of religion and conscience, to be perfectly free from secular influence and control. In this respect, I consider we are justly amenable to God alone. I beg to thank you for your sympathy and kindness, especially in coming so great a distance to visit me in my cell. You may assure your friends in London, that my bare walls and iron-grated windows have not, and I am sure will not, change my principles. Should the conviction which brought me here keep me here, I cannot help it; for I doubt not, whether in prison or elsewhere, I shall live and die with the unwavering conviction, that, in matters of religion, man is responsible to God alone.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,
"Yours most sincerely,
"Rev. Dr. Reed. "JAMES SHORE."

About this time, and with efforts like these, Dr. Reed closed his attendance at public meetings. He had never been fond of the platform, though, measured by results, he had made great use of it. He would say to his children, "It is overcrowded, overcharged,

and too upraised a thing for earnest, sober, and humble-minded people. It is not used half so much by people who speak, as by people who never speak." Of one such exhibition in the country he writes,—

"It was clever indeed, and noisy, and cold, and, compared with the time and labour bestowed and consumed, unprofitable. The instrument had many strings, and they were not in accord. I have a growing jealousy of the platform. Men lower themselves vastly by joke and clap-trap; and it is remembered against them the next week when they are in the pulpit."

As years steal on, he says,—

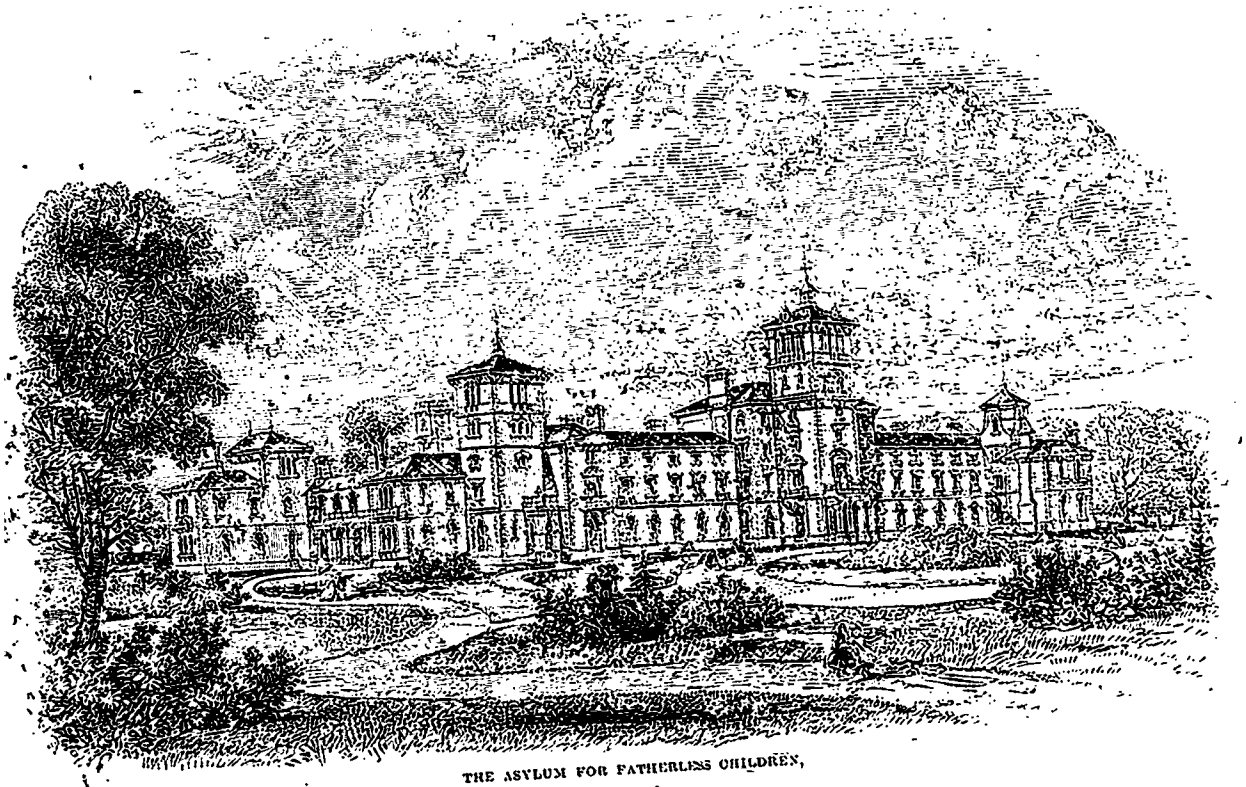
"I have been compelled to the conclusion that I must not preach out of doors, nor speak in Exeter Hall again. I have been preaching seven times in eight days, and suffer relaxation of the throat and loss of voice. I have taken gargles and draughts, but not rest; not that I despise advice, but this is my season for work. 'Thou art the health of my countenance and my God.'"

Still rebelling against restraint, he has again to say,—

"Fifteen public services in sixteen days, and still struggling against infirmity. I want great energy to meet the calls of my station. I must look to it, that the variety of my engagements does not beget a frivolous state of mind, and that their multitude does not create irritation and temper. I must avoid adding platform engagements to pulpit services."

After this, except on one occasion at Exeter Hall, and again at a meeting of the Congregational Union in Crosby Hall, nothing but his own local engagements in the East of London ever tempted him to speak from a public platform. Yet, in the judgment of persons qualified to decide, few men of his day possessed greater elocutionary power, arising chiefly from the clear, soft, and persuasive character of his tones,

and the pathetic earnestness of his appeals. In mere declamation he never indulged. His prevailing style was easy, quiet, and dignified. The listener felt that he heard the transparent utterance of thorough conviction, clothed in fitting words, which, while they touched the heart of the susceptible, laid hold upon the judgment of the reflecting.



THE ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN,
Reedham, Surrey.

CHAPTER X.

THE ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN.

1844. 1861.

"E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed."

Goldsmith.

Dr. Reed's decision to withdraw from the Infant Orphan Asylum in 1843, left him no alternative but to found a second home for the Fatherless. He resolved that it should be such an one as would for all time stand with a door open to the orphan, utterly irrespective of sect or party, free from tests, and based upon the most liberal foundation. Such a home he speedily sought to raise; nor was it in any spirit of rivalry, still less of revenge, that, in May, 1844, he made public his intention. His first reference to the new Asylum is as follows:—

"The case of M——, of R——, came before me; and I could not bear that the father's conscientious desires should be sacrificed, while I was an idle spectator. Many orphans were shut out from their prepared abode; they sought refuge, and there was none to offer. It seemed to me that we must prepare a home for the excluded. I called a few friends who had retired with me; they gathered at my house, and we resolved to act."

This preliminary meeting is again referred to, Dr. Reed giving the following account:—

"March 15th, 1844.—My tried friends Fry, Hubbuck, Gamman, and Monk met at tea in my study; and that there might be no doubt as to the leading principle of the charity, the fundamental and abiding rule was thus broadly laid down:—'That, it being the design of this charity to receive and bless the fatherless infant, without distinction of sex, place, or religious connexion, it shall be a rule absolute, beyond the control of any future general meeting, or any act of incorporation, that, while the education of the infant family shall be strictly religious and scriptural, no denominational catechism whatever shall be introduced, and that no particular forms whatever shall be imposed on any child, contrary to the religious convictions of the surviving parent or guardian of such child.'"

Thus supported, Dr. Reed calmly reviews his position. "We have had opposition," he records, "but things have gone on well. We start with £1,200, and I am fairly committed to another Asylum. Well, it is my *business*." Thus he went forth to his self-imposed duties, "confident," as he states, "that both institutions could flourish, and thus a double blessing be secured."

To the public at large, Dr. Reed gave the following justification of his conduct:—

"For sixteen years, the Asylum at Wanstead was open to the child of the poor widow; now it is closed to the child of the widowed Nonconformist, except upon condition of his learning the Catechism of the Church of England. We must commit the crime, when help is refused from others, of helping ourselves. We will bear the wrong, but we will not be driven from our duty or our principles. I have confidence that those who have contended meekly and firmly for liberal things, will do so again, come what may; and, whatever others may do, let us be resolved not to carry uncharitableness into the work of charity."

He cheered the fainthearted by reminding them of the small beginnings in the cases of both Clapton and Wanstead; compared with which, the new Asylum had already more friends and much more money; and says,—

"This is a day of conflict, of bitter conflict; but let us rejoice that there are richly scattered through society the seeds of what is expansive, as well as of what is exclusive. Who shall doubt where the ultimate triumph will rest? May not all, the Conformist and the Nonconformist, all who have any just pretension to a true and generous philanthropy, unite on such a platform, and thus show to the world, that, whatever religion is besides, it is mainly essential love, visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction. While we listen to the claims of charity, let us revere the rights of conscience. Let us leave in abeyance the peculiarities of sect and party, and satisfy ourselves by presenting, in all their simplicity and power, the great, solemn, and holy truths on which, as Christians, we are all agreed."

He was greatly encouraged by the almost spontaneous help of the late Lord Dudley Stuart, who was prominent as one of the early friends of the infant charity.

"Lord Dudley," he writes, "came to the Hanover Square Rooms, and supported the resolution which embodied our distinctive principle,—'That it is neither necessary nor desirable, in seeking to educate the infant religiously, to perplex the young mind on the minor points on which the Christian family are unhappily divided; but that it is evidently a wiser and better way to present simply to their attention those cardinal truths in which we are all agreed, and which are able to save the soul, and to sanctify the life to God.'"

The members of the ducal house of Bedford, Miss Burdett Coutts, Lord Robert Grosvenor, Mr. Fox Maule, the Gurneys, the Lushingtons, the Morleys, John Wilks, Charles Hindley, Isaac Sewell, and many others, were also among the earliest friends of the

charity, most of them being present at its formation in the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle Street.

The first home of the institution was at Richmond, on the banks of the Thames; and the official direction was in the hands of the late Mr. Alderman Wire, with whom, for a short time, the Rev. James Sherman was associated as honorary secretary; Dr. Reed preferring to take the same retired position which he had in the Infant Orphan Asylum, yet, in reality, charging himself with the most responsible class of duty. The Baron Lionel de Rothschild espoused, with warm approval, the cause of this truly catholic charity; and Mr. Joseph Tritton assisted materially in securing its early stability.

Now, for the first time in his life, Dr. Reed allowed himself to be drawn from his loved seclusion to a Civic banquet. Thinking that he might thus advance the cause of his Asylum, he accepted an invitation to the Mansion House, to meet some of the promoters of our great national charities. To his surprise, he was called up to acknowledge a toast to "The Orphan's Friend." His reply was very felicitous and telling. His note-book records the incident thus:—"Dined with the Lord Mayor. His Lordship surprised me into a speech. He could not have given my name a more grateful connexion. If I know my heart, I *am* everywhere the friend of the orphan."

The first anniversary of the new Asylum brought £800, and the receipts of the year were reported as £2,400. With enlarged claims, an appeal was made for more help.

"Let it be known," said the founder, "that this charity provides for the destitute orphan in its greatest extremity; that, if

the father should have died before its birth, and if the mother should have expired in the instant of its being, on that instant this charity would receive it to its bosom. Let it be known, that what it will do for one, it will do in the same catholic love for all, without respect to Jew or Gentile, Conformist or Dissenter; and we are fully persuaded, that the generous feeling of Britons and the just principle of Christians will unite to do homage to our cause, and sustain our charity in its course of Divine benevolence."

Beyond these distinguishing features, there was yet another which, being novel, attracted attention, and brought about a change in other similar institutions. The Fatherless Asylum not only took the orphan at any age, but kept him till he was fourteen; thus affording shelter and education till the little one should have grown up to the required strength and age for the world's great business in the battle of life.

At this point, however, the thread of the narrative must be broken, that the sequel to the history of the London Orphan Asylum may be presented. In the glad excitement of this new work, Dr. Reed was enabled to throw off some of the care and sorrow which had so heavily oppressed his spirit in relation to the Wanstead Asylum. But, continuing his labours at Clapton, he met there with some of the gentlemen who had been associated with him in the Infant Asylum. Under such circumstances, certain feelings were unavoidable on both sides. Nothing could be more amicable personally than the terms on which he stood with his colleagues. But what had occurred at Wanstead, had naturally tended to make him review the whole question of the basis proper to pure charity, especially in a country like this. One cannot read the

fundamental principle of the Fatherless Asylum without receiving the impression that it had become difficult to the mind which conceived so broad a platform to act with other men on any narrower or less liberal basis. In short, his connexion with the London Orphan Asylum was severed in obedience to the same stern necessity of conscientious judgment which, in reality, though not in express terms, had made the relinquishment of the Infant Orphan Asylum unavoidable. Referring to this, he says, writing in 1844,—

"More trial was to come: but I had counted the cost. I thought it possible, that what had happened in the Infant, might disturb my connexion with the London; and especially, that to move for a third Asylum might bring on a crisis. My duty was plain; I sought to fulfil it with as little offence as possible, and left the consequences with God. At length, notice of motion to consider the propriety of obtaining an Act of Incorporation was given. This proposal was connected with circumstances and conditions in which I could not concur. The time was now come, it seemed, for me to withdraw from office, that I might retain my peace and continue to befriend the charity. I sent in my resignation. This brought a deputation of eight of my oldest friends, on the 6th of June. The interview was touching. Everything respectful and kind was said. We all felt much; I, most of all,—unspeakably. They were my companions and friends in labour for many years; but my mind was fixed.—There goes, then, another tie of life, and life itself quivers under the separation. I could hardly believe it; and the Thursday* especially, which I had so long given to

* Little things affected Dr. Reed more than greater. On the first Thursday after he had ceased his attendance at the Board Room at Clapton, he was passing through the village in Bryant's coach, that he might take the Cheshunt stage at Stamford Hill. The coach pulled up as usual at the Asylum; and Dr. Reed, on declining to alight, heard an altercation between the coachman and the boy, which, as he said, brought tears into his eyes. "Not going to stop! nonsense; it's Dr. Reed I've pulled up for. He must be going to stop; I never knew him go by on a Thursday." Referring to this, he himself says—"It was natural, indeed. For thirty years I have never received a notice of attendance for St. Mary Axe or Clapton, when in London, and did not go."

Clapton, seemed struck out of the week now that my occupation was gone. I must not only do the work of charity, but get the spirit of charity; and this is mostly derived through suffering."

There is yet another reference at a later date:—

"In the case of the London Orphan, I am comforted by the thought that there are a dozen men to stand by it who thoroughly understand its exact methods and wants. I chiefly desired to preserve my station with the hope—1. Of enlarging the Asylum, separating more thoroughly the sexes, and improving the education. 2. Of obtaining a law which should prevent its becoming too rich,* and raising itself even above public opinion. 3. Of securing the first liberal intention; which was, that, though the Catechism was to be used, it was not to be *imposed* when the parent or guardian took objection. But the part I took against Sir James Graham's Bill, and the cry raised that I was an Anti-State-Church man, created a feeling, and, in these bitter days, one could not hope to carry even such a point; but it is so reasonable and just, that surely it must obtain. Thus is broken almost my last link of connexion with the Church. No; I am still Secretary to the Bible Society Auxiliary, and I still subscribe to the Church Missionary Society. I have, as much as any other living man, laboured for union. I am myself a living instance of its impracticability at present. If I have erred, it has been in yielding too much; yet it hardly seems too much in my better moments. More I cannot. The Churchman now will yield nothing, and yet he demands everything of the Dissenter. Well, any sacrifice but one would be worth while for union amongst all true Christians; but who does not see, after all, that it cannot exist on terms which make us less than men—less than equals?"

Again, on November 27th, 1844, he takes a grateful

* Dr. Reed had just then been consulted about the position of a certain Royal Asylum, to whose managers he gave this advice:—"Abide with a simple mind and firm resolution by your noble principle. Especially, let not the more affluent run away with the bonus of the poor. Charity, which would degrade the rich, must be a reserved blessing for those who actually need it."

review of the events of the year, finding many causes for thankfulness, especially that so much of life had been made happy to him by his early engagement in the interests of public benevolence. He says,—

"My weeks have been told by my Sabbaths. My quarters have been noted, not by the varied seasons, nor by the growing rent-roll, but by the periodical elections, and by the adoption of two thousand fatherless children. If I have not amassed a fortune for my own children, these charities have been permitted by a gracious Providence to win half a million sterling from the public in favour of such as were otherwise bereft of all hope and succour."

Though constrained to close his official career with the first charitable institution that he founded, he could never cease to regard with a fatherly interest the first-born of his benevolence. At the London Orphan Asylum, his seat was vacant in the board-room; but his portrait on its walls seemed still to continue his presence there. He allowed himself to be named as a vice-president, saying, "It is meant in kindness, and I cannot resist kindness." He kept himself informed as to progress and enlargements, interested himself in the concerns of former scholars, and made his elder grandchildren life governors of the charity. The very last page of his "Orphan Note-book" shows the abiding love which he cherished for this eldest child of his heart:—"Dec. 27, 1855.—The London Orphan reports 410 in the house, and 2,228 as having been provided for. Thank God!" And on the 27th of July, in another year, he says, "On this day, when I was but a stripling, we instituted the London Orphan. It has grown, but Thou, Lord, hast nourished it. In its turn it has originated many others. The

period has become an age of benevolence in this department."

Thus released from the other Asylums, Dr. Reed eagerly entered into the concerns of the new Charity. The house at Richmond had been exchanged for a larger one in the Hackney Road, and a special building was freely talked of. This he felt to be the ultimate point, and he was ever prepared to consider it a present duty. "I always remember," he remarks, "what the great Duke said at the London Orphan: 'Strike *now*: there is always a decisive hour and a decisive moment in every battle; and this is yours.' Public favour meets us; and, with the poet, I can truly say to my God,—

> 'From anxious care and every terror free,
> I feel myself omnipotent in Thee.'"

So greatly had the elections of 1845 added to the numbers, that the Board of Management was compelled to look out for larger accommodation. This was found in a fine old mansion on Stamford Hill; but to secure and take possession of it, proved an expensive operation. Dr. Reed says, in 1846, "Running hard as we were upon our bank balance, a few more weeks would have left us with but little in hand. Something needed to be done, or our little bodies would have wanted bread." But so prompt was their foster-father in action, that this memorandum was penned after a successful round in the country, by means of which he had done much to establish the institution in the affections of the benevolent, as well as to replenish its resources. In this journey he visited a number of towns, and the names of friends prominent in the cause of Christian charity in the northern and midland counties, are set forth in his note-book. In his diary

he simply says, "Looked round. Went to Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Derby, &c., to make a few friends, and secure an agency. Have not run in vain." This successful effort enabled Lord Morpeth, who presided at the anniversary dinner, to report the receipt of £1,180, and Dr. Reed to write in his diary, "We shall get on now." Before taking his autumnal holiday, the great desire of his heart was secured; on which he writes, "Before I went away, one thing was done. The orphans were once more provided with a home. I love to think of them as resting in a better dwelling than my own."

What Dr. Reed had thus accomplished was not, strictly speaking, in his own department. Not being secretary, and having abundance of other labours on his hands, he might reasonably have pleaded excuse. But this was not his way of looking at things: Seeing the crisis, he laid aside all nice calculations of mere duty, and hastened to procure the very necessaries of life for the destitute orphan family which he had been instrumental in collecting.

In this self-imposed mission, he met with disappointment as well as with encouragement. He remarks,—

"I want, not merely benevolence, but beneficence; and yet more,—munificence, in charity. God designs that the inequalities of His own providence should be qualified by Christian charity, and those who have most should give most. Men say, 'I would give if I had it;' but I want to hear what those say who have it. Of all proud people, the purse-proud are the worst. But I have hope of my country from figures like these. A few years ago not £10,000 was raised for all the charities put together: now, the London Orphan alone has an income of £10,000 a year."

Busied in preparation for the new building, he says,—

"To do a great work, one needs to do a great deal of small work; and, of all small work, I dislike that which relates to place and appointment. It is intolerable. No friends of my own come; but friends of men I know and love haunt and harass me. Here is a letter from a man, marked 'Confidential.' He offers to put £500 at my disposal for charity, if, forsooth, I will give my support to a certain architect!!"

In September, 1848, Dr. Reed met with an accident, the consequences of which compelled him to suspend all active labours except those of his ministry. Not only as a part of his history, but also as an addition to the long catalogue of serious effects from trivial causes, the occurrence may be related.

The little ones at Stamford Hill were accustomed to look for him on certain days, and, when he came out into the playground, evinced towards him feelings which sprang from the filial instinct. His name and title came as naturally to their lisping lips as "Father" to those who are not fatherless. One day he appeared among them as usual. After giving a little favourite a swing under the apple-tree, he became the centre of a group whose game was cross-touch. Following the lead, he started in hot pursuit of a swift-footed runner who eluded his touch, when a venturesome little fellow, darting across the path to divert the chase, stumbled and fell. In his anxiety to save the boy, Dr. Reed overbalanced himself, and came heavily down upon the gravel-walk. He says,—

"I was much hurt, but principally in the leading muscle of the right arm. Taken home: surgeons, lotions, medicines, racking pain night and day for a fortnight, and no power to help

myself. Preached, after two Sabbaths; but, oh! the misery of preaching as if one hand were tied behind the back. I am greatly hindered in my work, and am now reduced to write with pencil and with my paper on my knee."

Thus it was for months; and, indeed, the complete use of the right arm was never recovered. At this time he was eager for his wonted work, and keenly felt the delay in the accomplishment of his ultimate plan. "Is there such a thing," he asks, "as a charity fever? If so, I have it now, as, indeed, I always have it when preparing for any new movement. Now I am hindered, and, though not, I hope, sinfully impatient, yet feverish and half sick from this loss of time." Even amidst the sleeplessness of suffering, he persisted in doing what he could. After a night of unrest, he sat up in his bed at four o'clock, wrote advertisements for the charities and some letters, and "afterwards," as his journal continues, "fell asleep like a child. I roused from a dream, in which an expanding heaven was before me, and these sweet words—'Thou wilt show me the path of life.'" Then, waking up to the keen realities of pain, and the uncertainties of a future shrouded with gloom, he adds, "Oh for a bit of blue sky, if no bigger than a man's hand! Surely I would say, 'Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it.'" After a while, with a firmer hand, he makes another note, thus—"Be strong and of good courage. I should dearly like to see good and permanent provision made for the poor orphan and the idiot. Seven years, with hard work and God's speed, might do it."

In August, 1849, the desired bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes. At the anniversary, Earl Ducie made an appeal for a new building, which met with a generous

response, and so settled the question. The apparent suddenness of the movement surprised some of the friends to the charity at the time; but the cause of it is explained by the following reference. Writing in August, 1849, Dr. Reed says,—

"One of my last efforts before leaving home was for the fatherless. Lord Ducie gave us his presence at the dinner, and, knowing our desires, urged the necessity of permanent provision for the dwelling of the family. He offered £25. The company were taken by surprise; but, as the subject had been named, it became needful to move. Several friends spoke with me about it; and we made a start. This was the beginning."

On that same night, Dr. Reed and others subscribed a hundred guineas each, to constitute the Building Fund. "I shall now," he says with his characteristic tact, "go into Lombard Street and Bartholomew Lane."

This mention of "the idiot" suggests another instance of the manner in which prevalent ideas germinated in his mind, long before they burst the crust which concealed them, and expanded in verdure, blossom, and fruit. Within a brief period, this idea took a practical form; and, at the time he had the new building of the Fatherless Asylum on hand, the claims of the Idiot Asylum were pressing heavily upon him.

In reference to this enlarged range of duties, he says, "I must now economize my time. I will give no dinners,* except to those who have none. I will learn

'To scorn delights, and live laborious days.'"

The Rev. James Sherman did not continue his

* Referring to his custom to invite neighbouring ministers on the Saturday of each week to dine with him, when, indeed, his entertainments were of the simplest kind.

official connexion with the charity beyond the year, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas William Aveling, another Independent minister, well known and esteemed among his own Christian community, who from the first had taken, as he happily still takes, a deep interest in the institution, and of whom Dr. Reed often remarked, "As a son with a father, he has laboured with me in this work." With such efficient co-operation, the arduous task of raising the necessary fund was much lightened. The enterprise had so far advanced as, in 1851, to warrant the officers in memorializing the Queen. But it had been hard work. "The Asylums," he records, "are demanding much of my time. Both are in the same difficulty, requiring extensive erections and double their income at the same time." The internal state of the institution at Stamford Hill, however, yielded him great encouragement; and, except the undoubted want of increased accommodation, there was no pressing necessity for immediate removal. Wisely, therefore, it was resolved not to proceed hastily in building, and the year 1853 was allowed to arrive before active measures had been taken. Not till then occurs the following entry in the journal:—

"The great event of the year is this. We have had three dwellings, and, as a consequence, arrangements not at all conducive to economy and good government. At last, after long waiting, we have purchased an estate three miles from Croydon, on the trunk line of the Dover and Brighton Railway. It is paid for. We shall let the seven acres for buildings of suitable character, and then put up our Asylum on the crown of the hill. So I shall still plead, as I have done for forty years, for the orphan. It is a work for all time; yea, it stretches out beyond all time; for it is for Him who said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it

unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye did it unto me.'"

Following up the purchase of the land, Dr. Reed made it a ground for further appeal; and, jotting down in his pocket-book twenty names of City men, he devoted two days to the canvass, "reaping," as he relates, "a sheaf of promises."

In September, the sounds of axe and hammer began to be heard. "Central works," says Dr. Reed; "to be begun. Drainage and water must have first consideration. Lord Dudley is at my side, aiding in everything,—a true heart and a noble." How little did he think that the very next entry in reference to that philanthropic nobleman would be one of mourning! "I have lost Lord Dudley Stuart and James Nisbet, two of my earliest friends in this work. How great the loss in Lord Dudley, none can tell." Yet sudden sorrow softens the heart; and, with his customary promptitude, Dr. Reed made this loss the occasion of a new appeal to those of the affluent who, in unbroken family circles, with the old year's solemnities or its festivities upon them, were gathering for Christmas-tide. With his own hand he wrote many letters, of which the following, which has been transmitted to us, is a specimen:—

"32, Poultry, Dec. 22, 1853.

"My dear Sir,—The period which is chiefly marked by the happy intercourse of domestic and social life is once more at hand. While I sincerely wish you every enjoyment of the season, may I be permitted to remind you of those who have lost their centre of union, attraction, and joy,—of those who weep in solitude and pine in sorrow,—of the fatherless and the widow in their desolation?

"We are at this moment, as a charity, in a critical position.

We have two houses,—they are both full. We have no holding of these dwellings; and they are very inconvenient and expensive. Meanwhile, we have purchased a very eligible estate; but we cannot prudently take another step towards occupation till we secure £5,000.

"Pray think of us. We plead for the fatherless and the widow in their affliction; and God blesses those who bless them.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours most truly,

"ANDREW REED."

The following rough draft, preserved in the folds of a pocket-book, will be read with equal or greater interest. The letter was addressed to a nobleman of known benevolence who, in early life, was himself deprived of a father's love and care.

"Every suggestion of mercy seems to unite in pleading with the kind heart and the enlightened mind on behalf of charity so directed. What is it in affliction that seizes instinctively on our compassion? Is it weakness? What so weak as an infant? Is it innocence? What so innocent as a babe in its tears? Is it destitution? What so destitute and forlorn as an infant bereft of its parent, yet unconscious; on whose lips the word 'Father' shall never dwell? Because they are so young, my Lord, we shall pity them. Because they are so innocent, we shall love them. Because they are so utterly helpless, we shall make haste to help them. And, if a higher and holier motive should be yet wanting, it is found in that it is done to Him who pitied, loved, and sheltered such little ones when He was Himself on earth."

Direct appeals like these challenged and won the confidence of many princely givers. The way was made; and Dr. Reed began the opening year with high hopes. On New Year's Day, 1854, no fewer than three proposals for new institutions, one of which was

the Hospital for Incurables, were privately urged upon him. "But," he says, "my motto is, 'This *one thing* I do.'" From this time, therefore, he devoted his undivided attention to the building at Coulsden.

The preliminary work being duly accomplished, everything was ready on the 5th of August, 1856, for the laying of the first stone. It took two years to complete the edifice; and, through all that period, summer and winter, Dr. Reed was so much upon the ground, that everything may be said to have passed under his personal supervision. At how great a sacrifice of time and ease this constant and protracted attention was given, may be in some degree imagined from the distance between Coulsden and Hackney. But for the circumstance that Earlswood, the site of the Asylum for Idiots, being on the same line of rails, could be taken on the same day, he would have found it quite impossible to maintain his oversight with that regularity which experience had taught him to be essentially necessary.

All being ready in 1858, a joyful note was made of the safe transfer of the little ones from their nurseries at Stamford Hill to the spacious halls and airy grounds of the new Asylum. Then came the public opening; and never, perhaps, did a gayer, and, at the same time, a sweeter scene present itself. Lord Carlisle, coming down by special train, was received by Dr. Reed, Mr. Aveling, Mr. Alderman Wire (Lord Mayor elect), and the managers, at a temporary station erected on the estate, the boys and girls lining the whole way to the entrance-hall. There, amidst lively manifestations of great joy, the building was declared open, then and for ever, for the reception of fatherless children.

From that day the health of the infant family has been almost perfectly secured. Instances of sickness, at any rate, have been as rare as they were previously frequent. As an educational institution, moreover, the schools have been pronounced to be in all respects models of efficiency. A career of unexampled prosperity, in short, appeared to be before the institution, until a circumstance transpired which showed that the funds had been tampered with by a subordinate officer. Nothing in the whole course of Dr. Reed's public life had given him greater sorrow. The bread of the orphan had been taken,—a thing, in his apprehension, so cruel, so heartless, that, apart from the dishonesty of the act, he could never bear to speak upon the subject. For a time the pecuniary position of the Asylum was greatly weakened; but, energetic measures being adopted, all cause for uneasiness on this point was removed. For a long time, however, Dr. Reed suffered grievously from this shock to his feelings.

Thus exposed to remark, the circumstances of the charity were severely commented upon, in a public journal, by a caustic writer who had in many instances done good service to the cause of philanthropy. Dr. Reed felt keenly the want of generosity shown in selecting the moment of misfortune as the moment for attack. He was strongly urged to reply to the unfounded allegations. His reply was,—

"No: I have laboured long; and now, if I am to fight for charity, I must have a fair antagonist. He knew the cause of our weakness, but he did not state it. The very moment when, from no fault of ours, we were suffering and deserved help, is that chosen for seeking to destroy confidence in our effort. At

the best it was ungenerous; for he knows well that not a penny of any fund subscribed for a charity in which I am interested, has ever come to me in the shape of salary.* I have often been struck with the letters of S. G. O.: they are very forcible, and his objections sometimes just; but I fail to detect the true spirit of charity in them."

Though the charges were left unanswered, the institution both survived the designed injury and retrieved the loss suffered; and Dr. Reed lived to see its halls full of happy and grateful children, its funds much recruited, and its building debt at least considerably reduced. Contrary to his wish,—in fact, against his expressed desire,—the Board of Management, out of an affectionate regard for his name, and an earnest wish to perpetuate it in connexion with the institution, recommended to the constituency to alter the designation of the estate from Coulsden to Reedham. The alteration, which when proposed elicited his protest, was eventually made without his knowledge. He could not but value highly this proof of regard to his person; yet so instinctively did he shrink from the honour which it implied, as never himself to employ any other than the old immemorial appellation.

In 1854, the required portion of the property at Reedham (for Dr. Reed's descendants will not be expected to disclaim the honours so well earned and so generously awarded) was sold to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, for the projected building of a home for the hopeless, a deathbed for the dying. When this third edifice shall have been reared, there will stand, in the great line of thoroughfare along which multitudes of his fellow-

* To this one Asylum Dr. Reed gave in actual money-contribution £1,830.

countrymen and many foreigners daily travel, three out of the five great national charities which own Andrew Reed as their friend and their founder.

During the year 1861, the general wish to do him honour was again illustrated in a generous proposal made by Mr. Aveling, on the part of the Board, to originate a testimonial fund in recognition of his manifold services to the cause of Christian philanthropy. The idea was no sooner broached than negatived. With the kindest importunity it was urged on him once and again; but he expressed his grief at the application, and earnestly desired that it might not again be mentioned. At the same time, he had no words sufficient to express his love and gratitude for the men who sustained a request which his judgment could not approve. "Tell them," he said, "that I am well repaid; I only want to know that they will not let the poor orphans forget me."

While refusing this testimonial, he accepted another; remarking, as he did so, to one of his sons,—"This may look somewhat inconsistent; but I shall receive the money which I hear my church are going to offer me on my jubilee. I do not want plate,—I want money." This strange expression of his willingness to receive an offering which it had been thought by his family he would be sure to decline, surprised them not a little, until, on reflection, they felt persuaded that in his secret mind he intended to devote the money to some new object of his interest. By-and-by came the 27th of November, 1861. At the jubilee service then celebrated, the church presented to their retiring pastor five hundred pounds. Immediately on receiving the gift,

he handed it over to one of his sons, saying, "You had better keep it: I shall want Five Hundred *guineas* next month." On the 31st of December, he asked for the cheque, which, on the next day, he gave to Mr. Stancliff, the sub-secretary, who had called at his request, saying, "Take it, and make the best of it for the fatherless."

During the closing days of Dr. Reed's life, the fatherless lingered upon his fading memory. He thought of the teachers and the children at Reedham, imagined himself to be among them, and, in one of several short intervals from restlessness and delirium, said, with emphasis, "I hope they will not be forgotten." He also spoke of his "adopted orphan," requesting that the usual payments for her support might be regularly made. This child was left an orphan under painful circumstances. A labourer engaged on a building, in the East of London, fell from the scaffolding, and was killed on the spot. After the sad event, his wife became the mother of a child; then she died, and was carried to the grave of her husband. Dr. Reed heard of the melancholy story, and, on making inquiry, found that this posthumous babe was one of eight children left fatherless, motherless, and friendless. He might easily have offered, on the part of the Asylum, to receive this infant in charge; but he chose, instead, to take the forlorn little one under his own care, placed her out to nurse in the village of Hendon, where she enjoyed the oversight of his daughter, and supported her to the day of his death without the circumstances ever becoming known beyond the members of his own family. It may be mentioned, in

closing this chapter, that at the first meeting of the constituency held after his death, the story was touchingly narrated by Mr. Aveling, and a proposal made that this little one should enter the Reedham home; and, by a unanimous vote, the adopted orphan of Dr. Reed, having lost her guardian, was admitted upon the foundation of the Asylum for Fatherless Children.

CHAPTER XI.

MISSIONARY SPIRIT AND LABOURS.

"Freely they quit the clime that gave them birth,
Home, kindred, friendship, all they loved on earth:
What things were gain before, accounting loss,
And glorying in the shame, they bear the cross;
While, in their hearts, to every heathen shore,
That dear memorial of their Lord they bore;
Amidst the wilderness to lift the sign
Of wrath appeased by Sacrifice Divine,
And bid a serpent-stung and dying race
Look on their Healer, and be saved by grace."—*Montgomery.*

ANDREW REED'S early sympathy in the grand idea of converting the world to Christianity has been frequently alluded to. While a mere boy, he was taken by his pious mother to the meetings of the London Missionary Society, then in its infancy. As a spiritual ward of the Rev. Matthew Wilks, he was almost sure to catch (even had not the feeling been independently inspired) somewhat of that large-hearted Christian's ardent devotion to the noble work. The intense delight which he felt, on becoming a pastor in the metropolis and uniting in the Surrey Chapel Anniversary meetings for this object, has been already recorded. He very soon became a member of the Board of Directors, and took a prominent part in its deliberations.

One of the most distinguished missionaries at that time in the service of the Society was Dr. Philip, of Cape Town, South Africa. He united statesmanlike views with a warm heart. He had many of the qualities of a great man. His stature was tall and his presence commanding. When thoroughly roused, he could be truly eloquent. He was immovable on points of principle, intensely excited by wrong and injustice, and, above all, possessed a lively and abiding faith in God's kingdom of mercy and righteousness. This man was brought face to face with the accursed and debasing sin of slavery, which was oppressing the Hottentots in a British colony. Unhesitatingly siding with the slave, he vehemently opposed the selfish interests of the oppressor, and, heedless of public odium in a good cause, courageously unmasked the crafty manœuvres of the Colonial government. Having alarmed even the friends to missions by the storm which he had raised, he suddenly appeared in England to appeal, on public platforms, to the sense of justice of the English people. Manchester was one of the first places to respond to this challenge, by raising at the Missionary Anniversary about £3,000 for the furtherance of his object.

The news was received in London with blended wonder and delight, not, perhaps, entirely unmixed with pique at being fairly outdone. Having elicited a verdict in his favour, Dr. Philip was on the point of returning to the scene of his labours and his trials, with three German and as many French missionaries. It was thought desirable to hold a special meeting, in order to encourage the devoted party, and possibly to replenish the then declining resources of the Society. On

Tuesday, the 9th of June, 1829, therefore, Dr. Philip and his companions took leave at Surrey Chapel. There was some reason to fear that the appeal for money might not be attended with success. Mr. Reed, feeling with others that a failure would be serious, and being unable to attend the meeting, commissioned Dr. Philip to say that he had a friend who, if nine other persons would give a hundred pounds each, would be the tenth to do the same. The subscriptions rose that morning to nearly £3,000. Dr. Philip always declared, it was that challenge which led to the issue.

An entry in the journal, dated August 20th, 1829, thus refers to this event:—

"If, at any former time," Mr. Reed writes, "I could express my thanks that I had been enabled to make some sacrifice to the great cause, I may do so more fully now. The impulse given in London has affected our societies in the country, and, in some cases, has doubled their contributions. The Baptist Society in London, emulating our example, has subscribed upwards of £3,000,—an extraordinary effort, being made at a time when many friends trembled for the existence of the institution. How important is our influence upon others! An individual in London with a thousand a year to give away, might make it yield, perhaps, a hundred fold by a wise application. Never does money appear so valuable to me as in this light."

In June of the same year, Mr. Reed, in company with Dr. Philip and the Rev. Mark Wilks, had undertaken a missionary tour in order to attend some religious gatherings in Holland, and at Barmen in Prussia. "A delightful excursion," he writes, "but too hasty: about a thousand miles were traversed in less than a fortnight." By this visit, however, he

acquired an insight into the religious state of the Continent, and the acquaintance of several valuable future correspondents and fellow-labourers. His friendship with Dr. Philip also was greatly confirmed. They were men of like views; and seldom has an intimacy ripened faster, or rooted itself so deep. But they were now to separate, perhaps for ever. A special prayer-meeting was held at Wycliffe Chapel on this trying occasion. "On the 17th July," writes the pastor, "I went with the missionaries to Gravesend, and there took my leave of them. It was affecting; too much so for words to tell." The letters of Dr. Philip from the vessel are full of the warmest expressions of friendship. To Mr. Reed, together with Mr. Pringle, the well-known writer on African subjects, he entrusted the publication of his valuable work, "Researches in South Africa." It was this book which gave the deadliest blow to African slavery,—that unholy thing, which, after much violent opposition, Dr. Philip lived to see utterly abolished.

The facts which have been now narrated, brought Mr. Reed into much prominence. It was not surprising, therefore, that when the gifted Foreign Secretary, the Rev. William Orme, was suddenly removed by death, in 1830, the Committee appointed to consider how to supply the vacancy should direct their attention to him. One of their number undertook to ascertain his feeling on the subject, and to report to him, that, of several persons, he was the only one whom the Committee had unanimously agreed to solicit. Time was asked and given for consideration. Mr. Reed felt serious difficulties. He had been forced by sense of duty to take in the discussions of the Board a part which had

excited opposition. Though few men possessed so commanding a capacity for public business, yet, as often happens, consciousness of that talent carried with it some impatience at being thwarted, and made more irksome the efforts required to harmonize discordant elements. Invested with the acknowledged leadership, he could develop astonishing powers, and could draw forth the entire utility of willing co-workers; but any powerful competing opposition was apt to provoke him into either resistance or retirement. For several reasons, it was doubtful whether his actual position at the Board would make the exercise of his official influence smooth and easy. Other important public claims upon him must, moreover, have been in great measure put aside. In the midst of his perplexity he says,—

"When the proposal came before me, I felt bound to consider it. It was one of great importance; of my qualifications others were to judge rather than myself. I must confess, my heart moved with strong sympathy to the field of labour contempated. There was something in thus directly contributing to advance the kingdom of Christ as such over the kingdoms of the earth, separately considered, irresistibly delightful; and, above all, there was something in the whole affair, to which I had not contributed so much as the lifting up of a finger, so like the utterance of the will of God, that I was not at liberty to dispose of it in any way in haste."

With some hesitation, however, he suffered his name to be mentioned to the Board of Directors; on the understanding, nevertheless, that, except there were entire unanimity, it should be withdrawn. Hesitation did arise in one or two quarters; and, according to the involuntary candidate's intention, the matter went no further. Doubtless, such a post could not pass by a

man so constituted without causing some excitement; yet his closing remark is like himself: "I rejoice," he writes, "that the matter was decided without me. It would have been trying to have accepted the duties; and yet, had I declined them, I might have reflected on myself in future."

The turn of events, however, strengthened rather than diminished his interest in the Society. He was soon again called to take a leading part in African affairs. Dr. Philip's volumes elicited deep sympathy in England; but they aroused a fresh storm of prejudice at the Cape. Directly after his return, the author received notice of an action for libel, founded upon a passage the substance of which had been communicated to him by Mr. Pringle, as secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. The case was tried in the Colonial court, in a moral atmosphere charged with antipathy, without the intervention of a jury; and the intrepid defendant was cast in damages of £200, with costs of £900. The intention of this prosecution was, to drive him from the colony, and thus to crush the rising opposition to slavery. When the verdict reached England, Mr. Pringle at once took on himself the responsibility of the statement which he had made, and the Board of Directors felt constrained carefully to consider the whole matter. Mr. Reed was the efficient advocate for Dr. Philip. The directors wisely avoided entering on the legal question, leaving that for Mr. Pringle. They energetically declared their "undisturbed and perfect confidence" in the eminent missionary, and their determination to sustain him in promoting the welfare of the Hottentots. Though they could not use their funds to meet the legal expenses, they called on their

friends to defray these by special contributions; meanwhile, authorizing Dr. Philip to draw on them for what he might immediately require. An appeal to this effect was prepared by Mr. Reed, and was circulated with speedy and complete success. A special meeting of the Board of London Congregational Ministers was also called for October 19th, 1830, to support the action of the Missionary Society, and to express that strong condemnation of slavery due to the crisis, which the Society was not at that time in a position to pronounce. The resolutions of this meeting (likewise framed by Mr. Reed) contained a summary of the objections to this cruel sin, and urged British Christians to seek the "early and total abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions." Thus was Dr. Philip enabled to fight the great battle of freedom for South Africa, while, at the same time, a powerful impulse was given to that grander act of emancipation which was preparing for the negro of the West Indies. Mr. Reed thus comments on the event:—

"The temporary misfortune of Dr. Philip (as ever happens) had shaken off some of his friends, and a difficult case had to be met against considerable opposition. However, the battle has been fought with great success. I have been forced to take a more prominent part than I wished. He who will do good, must not always choose his post."

This "prominence" left behind some angry and disappointed feelings, which gave him trouble afterwards.

Another sphere of missionary labour which early commanded Mr. Reed's attention, was the vast and isolated empire of China. It was for some time a

debated question, whether that country could be regarded as "open," or whether it was still shut to Christian missions. The missionaries had then no admission within China proper, but lay in ambush without its vast boundary, at Malacca, at the Portuguese town of Macao, or in the factories of Canton; there preparing and printing works for circulation among the people of China, and occasionally making stolen excursions up one of its crowded rivers, or along its immense coast.

The intimate associate of Mr. Reed's sister, was an orphan named Maria Newell; who, after her friend's death, resided at Cheshunt Gate, and assisted in the training of Mr. Reed's children. She was an intelligent, a cheerful, and an enterprising Christian,—a great favourite with the young. Her heart was specially directed to missionary work. She became acquainted with that excellent lady, Miss Aldersey, of Hackney, who deserves to rank with the noblest of women, and who, till within two years back, has been labouring for the Chinese at Ningpo, with the greatest self-devotion, though almost alone. When very young, Miss Aldersey had a strong desire to go for this holy purpose to China; but, not being able to leave her aged father, she postponed the intention till his death. In the mean time, she resolved to sustain two young ladies there in her place. Maria Newell was selected as one. She went to Malacca, as the first female missionary, at Miss Aldersey's expense. No sooner had she arrived, than the governor, Mr. Garling, and his wife, being earnest Christians, insisted on her taking up her abode in their house, where she remained, conducting meanwhile the native schools, for three years, with marked

success. She then became the wife of that remarkable man, Dr. Charles Gutzlaff, and went with him to Siam, where, after a brief but happy term of married life and united usefulness, she died. These events led to constant correspondence with the members of Mr. Reed's family, such as excited among them a warm concern for the conversion of the Chinese. In process of time, Dr. Gutzlaff visited England, and committed his English works on the "History of China," "Open China," &c., to the editorial revision of Mr. Reed; the intercourse and labour consequent upon the task confirming his previous interest in that wonderful country.

Another link of benevolent sympathy between Mr. Reed's mind and the moral condition of the great Asiatic nation, arose out of the death of Dr. Milne, the friend and colleague of Robert Morrison. That devoted missionary left three sons and a daughter, orphans. The circumstance became known to Mr. Reed, and his heart was drawn towards these children, who ultimately came to England for their education, and found a home in the bosom of his family. The eldest child and only daughter was admitted to the church at New Road, and, after a short life of lovely promise, died in the midst of her usefulness. The two elder sons, William and Robert, graduated at Aberdeen, were trained for the Christian ministry at Homerton College under Dr. Pye Smith, and are now well known, the one by his missionary travels and labours in China,* the other as a valuable pastor at Tintwistle, in Lancashire. These missionary orphans felt towards Mr. Reed and his family the affection of

* Mr. W. Milne died at Pekin in March, 1863, having held the office of Interpreter to the British Government for some years.

sons and brothers; and the mutual attachment subsisting between them greatly increased their interest in China.

Besides these more private connexions, an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Medhurst, and with the American missionaries Abeel and Parker, impelled Mr. Reed to labour for more energetic measures to gain access to China. "China open" was the watchword of a faithful party among the Directors of the London Missionary Society, for many years before they were permitted to see the barrier thrown down.

Meantime, other missionary spheres were not forgotten. India was dear to Mr. Reed, through the friendship of Micaiah Hill, of Thomas Boaz (once a Sunday-school teacher at Wycliffe Chapel), of Parsons of Monghyr, and others. In Africa, besides Dr. Philip, there were his friends Robert Moffat and George Christy; while, among the French missionaries stationed in the territory of the Basutos, Pasteur Roland was married to Miss Lyndall, daughter of his predecessor at New Road. The South Seas drew his sympathy through the warm affection of John Williams (who, in the family circle at Hackney, read aloud the manuscript of his far-famed "Narrative of Missionary Enterprises" for Mr. Reed's criticism), of Bullen, and, later still, Samuel Ella, both members of his church. Medhurst's interesting narrative and Dr. Parker's journal were also subjected to Mr. Reed's revision before publication. Most of these, besides many other distinguished servants of Christ in foreign lands, made his house their frequent resort while they were severally in England. Very delightful was such intercourse, and many were the schemes of usefulness thus first sug-

gested, and even started, around the social table at Cambridge Heath.

The friends in different parts of the world to whom Mr. Reed was warmly attached, were so numerous, that time failed him to correspond with them as he wished. His faith in God suggested to him another means of remembering and helping them.

"For some years," he writes, "there has been an understanding on my part and on that of my wife with some of our beloved friends, that, in separation and distance, we would remember each other in prayer on a given hour of each Saturday evening. The list has now become long."

He then proceeds to name a large number of those devoted men and women who were most zealously employed in spreading the kingdom of Christ in China, or along its borders; in South Africa, in India, in the South Sea Islands, in America; as well as in France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe.

On the evening of Saturday, when his studies for the Sabbath were completed, he came into the family circle, and, pacing up and down the room, seemed to be listening to favourite pieces of sacred music, at the same time that, in his secret heart, he was musing and praying over the religious condition of the wide world, and passing in imagination from one to another of these loved friends, and of their respective spheres of holy labour. Who shall say what blessings were not given and received through the medium of this weekly hour of mutual remembrance at the mercy-seat?

In the same year in which Mr. Reed's new chapel was opened, the Directors of the London Missionary Society

recognized his services, and his success as a preacher, by offering him one of the greatest compliments that the members of his denomination can either pay or receive. In May, 1831, they invited him to preach the annual sermon at Surrey Chapel. That service is one of the most solemn in the year, by reason of the large body of ministers who attend, and of the long list of famous men who, in succession, have delivered what may be fitly called a *concio ad clerum*, on the occasion. The most eminent preachers have not always come through that ordeal with emphatic success, but have frequently appeared to be almost paralyzed by the weight of responsibility pressing upon them. Here, then, had Andrew Reed a rare opportunity for exercising his favourite vocation, in its highest style, on its broadest and deepest themes. The bow of Hercules, however, not every arm can bend. Would the new preacher, asked his anxious friends one of another, rise to the pitch of this exalted opportunity; would he be able to possess himself amid such trying circumstances; would he succeed in swaying the tastes and feelings of a congregation so select, so cultivated, so expectant, and, perchance, so critical?

The day arrived. A very large attendance was present, in high hope from the established reputation of the man. All could see, as he took his stand in the pulpit, the traces of recent indisposition, and some of actual nervousness, although an idea was abroad that this great master of himself possessed no nerves. But an ashy paleness seemed to belie the thought, while it gave a more ethereal cast to his serious countenance, and to the lofty forehead which royally crowned his clear, calm eyes, and finely moulded features. His

first accents, though distinct as ever, were observably low; his gestures, now, as always, graceful and subdued, yet indicated to the penetrating or familiar eye a lingering sense of weakness, which the dominant spirit, however, was resolutely striving to overcome. The announcement of his text instantly arrested universal attention. "This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting." The exordium was clear and unadorned, divested of all niceties, theological, metaphysical, or exegetical, simply opening up the theme derived from the words—"*Eminent piety essential to eminent usefulness.*"

Every eye was riveted, every heart opened. The speaker was forgotten in his subject. In a series of illustrated arguments, the sacred history and religious state of the world were lucidly set forth, the evangelical work was graphically sketched, and the encouragements to advance were warmly and forcibly presented. Several times the whole assembly was evidently moved by a strong sensation. This was especially the case when the preacher painted the heathen as perishing, and passing to judgment, even while he spoke.

"And still," he exclaimed, "they are dying: now, while I speak—while you listen, they are dying! See how they pass along, melancholy, sad, and speechless, sinking down into endless night! Oh! if they would but stay till we could make one attempt for their salvation! No! they would, but they cannot; they are gone—they are gone! We shall meet them next in judgment. O Thou Judge of all, how shall we meet them? how shall we meet Thee, then?"

The climax of the sermon—one of the noblest perorations, it has been thought, of Christian oratory—was

delivered with a steadiness of tone, yet with a self-abandonment, quite indescribable; producing a stillness of thought and a pause for prayer, which, for some seconds, no hearer seemed disposed or even able to break. The name of Andrew Reed, therefore, ranked henceforward among the extremely few preachers of that yearly sermon who have been felt, not to say acknowledged, to rise to "the height of the great argument," and to the number, still fewer, who have at the same time indelibly impressed the minds and hearts of their hearers, and palpably impelled with permanent effect the missionary enterprise.

The event, however, is mentioned in the journal in a manner the most simple and unpretending.

"In May," he writes, "I preached the Missionary Sermon. Unhappily, during the cold winds, I caught a sore throat, which confined me for some days, and of which I could not wholly free myself in time for the service. I was forbidden by my medical man to take it at all. When I ascended the pulpit, I knew not whether I could even read my text. It was really the time of my weakness: nevertheless, it was a memorable occasion. While I was depressed by the thought, that, from the nature of my subject, and the defect of my voice, the people would hardly bear with me to the end, they became evidently interested, and even agitated. To complete my surprise, the numerous ministers were, of all others, most affected. It was 'the Lord's doing, and marvellous in mine eyes.' I owe Him many thanks."

Many and interesting quotations might be given from letters relative to this sermon. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel was so impressed by its power, that, with his usual liberality, he caused it to be translated into the French language. In the year 1839, two Quaker ladies, of philanthropic celebrity, called on

Dr. Reed, to tell him of the benefit which they had received from this sermon. They explained to him, that they had been directed by it into a new course of Christian exertion; that they had read it several times over in the last six years, and had been prompted by the Spirit through it to special prayer for the conversion of others. One of the two expressed a hope that *seven* members of her own family had become decided Christians through such influences. When, therefore, Mr. Reed was doubting his ability to make himself so much as heard, he was casting bread upon the waters, to be seen after many days.

"I find my missionary sermon," he writes, some years after its delivery and publication, "is still in great favour. The sentiment of the discourse is unquestionably important; and this could not be so extensively approved, if a corresponding sentiment had not been awakened in the hearer's or reader's mind. For this I am unfeignedly thankful. I fear that all have profited more by it than the preacher; for I have been confounded by the expectations it seems to have created. It should teach me to move forward with greater watchfulness and prayer."

Among the various letters of congratulation elicited by the Surrey Chapel sermon, was one from the Treasurer of the London Missionary Society, William Alers Hankey, Esq., who for many years had been the staunch and liberal promoter of its interests. He warmly expressed the powerful impression the discourse had made upon him, and thanked the preacher in a most cordial spirit. It was not long, however, before a serious difference placed these two good men in a position of antagonism respecting the question of *Slavery*. Among the sources of his wealth, Mr. Hankey

had inherited West Indian property, and was therefore, in fact, the proprietor of slaves. The majority of friends to the missionary enterprise ardently shared in the new convictions which were arousing the religious public at large to a great and noble movement on this subject. The discussions previously mentioned, regarding Dr. Philip and the oppressed Hottentots in South Africa, in which, as has been seen, Mr. Reed took a principal part, naturally drew attention to Mr. Hankey's unfortunate position. Some of the country auxiliaries remonstrated with the directors on the impropriety of a slave-proprietor being treasurer to the Society. Mr. Hankey, however, was neither prepared to retire from office, nor to manumit his slaves. He was far from attempting to defend slavery as a system; but he pleaded the indirect way in which the property had come to him, and the impossibility of emancipation on any single estate without making the slave's condition worse; whereas, it was his duty to provide for their welfare. On the other hand, it was contended, that, without entering into judgment on Mr. Hankey's personal consistency, it was obviously undesirable for a leading officer of a Missionary Society to be a slave-holder. On this delicate question a correspondence took place between Mr. Hankey and Mr. Reed, creditable to both parties in point of frankness and moderation; and, ultimately, the Treasurer resigned. This anxious discussion probably had considerable influence in inducing Mr. Hankey to follow the example of Lord Sligo and Lord Brougham, in being among the earliest of those proprietors who anticipated the Emancipation Act by voluntarily setting their negroes free.

The zeal and usefulness of Mr. Reed were frequently evinced by his attending anniversary meetings of the Missionary Society in London and in the larger towns of the country. He always remembered with pleasure the Bath meetings of 1828, and the delightful intercourse he had at that period with the Rev. William Jay. Among many other similar notices, he mentions, June, 1833, attending the meetings in Manchester, of which he says,—

"There was an excellent spirit: nothing in dissonance. Our very meals were sacraments. The surprising sum of £2,116 was raised; but the best of it was, they were far from being mere *money-getting meetings*. I preached the annual sermon, and have since received a written requisition to print it, with a suggestion that I should dedicate it to the Lancashire churches."

This sermon, when published, was entitled, "The Hope and Duty of the Church," and was widely circulated and highly esteemed. In the same year, he went to Devonport in the same cause, and then attended the Essex meetings held in the town of Bocking, of both which he speaks with much delight. In June, 1839, he thus mentions a noble meeting of the West Riding, at Leeds:—

"We insisted," he writes, "that, this being the first assembly after the London anniversary, an example should be set for the year. We conversed with some leading men on the subject of special effort. They were prepared. We received about £1,100, besides some hundred and twenty increased annual subscriptions. They had been accustomed to raise no more than £250. The general effect was good."

Nor was his influence less earnest in prompting the liberality of his own congregation. In the year 1841,

in answer to an appeal for extra help, he brought the claims of the Society before a special conference of his own church. "Afterwards, in the vestry," he records, "we had £110 brought to us. I expect we shall contribute between three and four hundred pounds this year."

In this, as in all good works, the Wycliffe congregation nobly followed the example of a trusted leader. For, while Mr. Reed stimulated others to give, he gave largely himself. Nor did he limit his sympathy to the operations of that Christian community to which he more immediately belonged. In 1837, he observed an appeal from the Baptist Missionary Society, proposing to send forth ten extra missionaries to India by special subscription. This proposal kindled his zeal; and, "at the close of a day of reflection and prayer," he came to the resolution that he would give a hundred pounds to this fund, for the following reasons:—

"1st. I find it needful to be always giving, in order to subdue my covetousness. 2nd. To promote so great a cause; for it is so sweet to assure myself, by any means, that I love that cause, and that Saviour. 3rd. It will have its influence in bringing success to the proposed effort. 4th. I rejoice to evince love to saints as such, by going over the line of our own denomination. May the good Lord accept it at my hands! I am utterly unworthy to aid His cause."

On Dr. Reed's return from America, his missionary ardour was decidedly increased, being mixed with a certain newly-excited taste for travel and foreign adventure, and being also unusually stirred by more extensive opportunities of observing the real condition of the world in foreign and distant climes. It was under these powerful influences that he gave the

greatest proof of devotion to Missions which any man can give, by offering *himself*. He did this, too, when in the meridian of life, when he had attained the highest point of consideration among the churches at home, and when the ties around him, both public and private, were of the closest kind.

This offer was made in a speech delivered in Exeter Hall, at the Anniversary of the London Missionary Society, on May 18, 1835. His actual words, as reported by the press, are these:—

"I believe, that, if one half of the ministers on this platform were to devote themselves to missionary labour, the reflex action would do more good at home than their continued exertions here. The fifteen missionaries who have gone from America to Africa, have done more good to their own country than they could have accomplished at home. I am aware of the delicacy of this reference, and that many may give the usual, though the silent reply, After all this speechifying, why does he not go himself? *I am prepared to go.* I have already been a missionary to a foreign part, and am prepared to become a missionary again. I know so much of the terms of my ministry as to be aware that it is not for me to prescribe to my Lord and Master the sphere of my labour. 'The field is the world;' and, wherever Providence may guide his servants, it is their duty to follow. If a committee of my brethren, surveying my circumstances, age, talents, and all other considerations which wise men would take into account, should think that I could better serve the cause of Christ by going to Malacca, or India, or Greenland, or to Iceland, *I am ready to go.*"

The effect upon the meeting was very great. A special contribution of nearly £700, towards sending fresh missionaries to China, crowned the proceedings. The office-bearers of Wycliffe Chapel held a private meeting, at which *five* out of the *nine* resolved to *accompany* their pastor if he should go forth on mis-

sionary work. Not a few ministers in the country, on reading the speech, came to a similar determination. A deputation from the Board of Directors (the Rev. Messrs. Collison and Townley) waited upon Dr. Reed, to learn his mind more fully. To these brethren he stated, that, in his position of an old and settled minister, though he had not thought of offering himself except for some sphere of extensive labour, yet, if it was felt that any one station required his services, and it was seriously proposed to him to take it, he would submit the decision as to his duty to those of his brethren in whom he had most confidence. That he might avoid misconstruction, he followed this up by placing the initial judgment out of his own hands, entrusting it to his old friend and tutor Mr. Collison, with whom rested the responsibility of summoning a committee in case any specific application should be made. "At present," he writes, "I am thankful to have had no doubt of my sphere of duty; and I suppose no minister has more reason to feel himself settled than I have. Yet, if I were unwilling to go, it might soon be unprofitable or vexatious to stay."

The noble self-denial of this unusual offer was very generally felt, and aroused in many hearts the query concerning personal dedication, though few were disposed to assume the responsibility of transplanting such a man from a sphere of influence in his own country so commanding.

No proposition was formally made to him at that time; but his own family were well aware how entirely he held himself ready for the call of Divine Providence, and some of them would have readily borne him company to a foreign sphere, while no one

of them ever dreamt of casting a serious obstacle in the way of his generous purpose.

It may be well to connect with these facts some of similar character, also involving Dr. Reed's sympathy in missions, not, indeed, to heathen countries, but to the Colonies of the British Empire. The delegates to America witnessed so much of the religious destitution of Canada, and of the desire of the colonists for a settled ministry, as to return with a strong conviction that missionary enterprise required to be promptly roused in that direction. The publication of their report produced a deep and wide impression that there must be a Colonial Missionary Society.

In September, 1836, Dr. Reed called a select meeting of ministers and laymen to consider the matter.

"I submitted some statements," he writes, "and we all agreed that something must be done. The question was, whether we should originate a society for the purpose. I urged the evil of new societies, and advised that we should press the whole case on the attention of the London Missionary Society. This was done; and, by an almost unanimous vote of the Board of Directors, £1,000 was appropriated to the object, and a Colonial committee appointed."

A few of the directors, however, thought it not wise to cross the original line, which confined their operations to heathen countries.

"The effort," he continues, "languished for eighteen months. The general interest of the public in the Colonies was increasing. I prepared a paper, which was read to a few brethren; and we resolved to bring the subject to an issue with the Missionary Board. At the discussion, we insisted that the Society must declare itself, either to act for the Colonies heartily, or to give them up to others. They determined to give them up, which led us immediately to take fresh steps. At the meeting of the Congregational Union, a desire was expressed that this im-

portant object should be grafted on their operations. I said all I could to prevent this; for I was persuaded it would be worked with more advantage independently. The Union wanted a practical object, and this was popular. It was adopted, and received a crippled and dependent existence."

Dr. Reed's name, nevertheless, was for a time connected with those of the Rev. Thomas Binney and the Rev. Algernon Wells, as an honorary secretary to the Colonial Missionary Society; but he had other objects of growing moment depending upon him which gradually drew him away from this, though he ever regarded it with almost paternal interest; and he lived to see it, as an independent society, take a first rank among the enterprises of the Congregationalists.

Not long after the formation of the Colonial Society, an urgent application came for an experienced minister to occupy the station of Congregational minister in the important city of Toronto. Dr. Reed was very anxious about this vacancy. "It has been put," he writes, "to several ministers; but no one is found." And while he was recording the fact, the invitation to go was on its way to his own hand. The honoured names of Binney, Morison, Vaughan, Thomas James, Tidman, and Palmer, are attached to the document which thus unexpectedly claimed his consideration. After a very natural reference to the missionary speech already mentioned, the address proceeds,—

"Personally, it would be with no little regret that we should witness your departure from this country. We have a high regard for you, and greatly appreciate your services, as a speaker and a writer, both to Christianity and to Dissent. We know the importance of the station you occupy, the largeness of your church, the love of your people, the ties which bind you to institutions of extensive usefulness, to have originated which,

and to remain connected with them, must be admitted to be an object of pardonable ambition." * * * * *

"We want a man whose high and established reputation shall make his appearance in Toronto welcomed by the people as that of an angel; whose talents shall secure attention; whose character shall command respect; whose piety shall win love; whose judgment shall call forth confidence; and whose power to originate measures for guiding and governing other minds shall capacitate him for combining the moral energies of the city and the province committed to his cultivation. Moreover, we want a man whose departure from his present sphere shall be of a character so new and impressive in the history of our churches, as to draw all eyes, and produce a new order of feeling among ministers themselves, and thus do more to advance the cause of Christ than might otherwise be accomplished in a century." "Be assured, dear brother," they conclude, "that we have spoken nothing but the 'words of truth and soberness,' although you may shrink from them by imagining that we estimate too highly the effects that would flow, on both sides of the Atlantic, from the consecration of your energies to the cause of Christ in the city of Toronto."

On the receipt of this most honourable and weighty application, Dr. Reed felt that his duty was plain. He immediately submitted it to Mr. Collison, who, somewhat reluctantly, called a committee in reference to it, Dr. Reed having prepared the needful materials for judgment. "The decision of this committee," he remarks, "is certainly of great moment to me and mine; but I can leave it with calmness in the hand of Providence, and would devoutly pray, not for any *given* issue, but for a *right* issue." This committee met in February, 1837, and came to the following conclusion:—That, after carefully considering the whole case, they could not commit themselves to the responsibility of recommending Dr. Reed to comply with the request of the Colonial committee. Their negative rendered

it almost impossible for him, as a prudent man, to go. The affair became very anxious and complicated.

"I found," he writes, "that many brethren so little sympathized with my simple declaration of readiness for foreign service, that they could hardly think it deliberate or sincere. My disposition has been, by one act, to convince them of mistake and of uncharitableness; but I must not enter into temptation. My sole reason for action must be the will of God; and, by His grace, nothing shall keep me here if it appears my duty to go, and nothing tempt me to go if it appears my duty to stay."

The committee now proposed, as an intermediate step, that he might go for two years, to set in order this important station. It is hardly surprising that he declined this proposal, as involving too long an absence to be consistent with the preservation of existing connexions. They then pressed him to give his services for some nine or ten months. To this Dr. Reed inclined, and agreed to submit it to his church, requesting Mr. Collison to preside over the church meeting. The result was considerable alarm amongst the members (of whom there were nearly eight hundred actually present), that, if their pastor once left them on this mission, he would never return. They pressed him to abide with them, and to suggest other arrangements for Canada.

This result was, in many respects, a disappointment to Dr. Reed, and involved a painful suspense of nearly five months' duration, with some peril of division in his congregation; yet, he closes his remarks on the subject by saying, "The way of the Lord is right. The conduct of my dear family has been most grateful to me."

After considerable exertion, he had the satisfaction

of assisting to secure the services of two singularly devoted men in the persons of the late Mr. Roaf of Toronto, and Dr. Wilkes of Montreal, and says, "I have laboured for this as a good beginning; and it comforts me, that, if I may not go, I can help Canada from afar."

At another time he thought he might be required to take the place of Dr. Philip at the Cape, and he was evidently inclined towards it. In short, he was earnestly bent on proving the sincerity of his missionary theories, and on setting an example of the self-devoting spirit which he had advocated on the platform and in the pulpit. Though his way seemed hedged about and the opportunity was not permitted, he still kept upon his heart the cherished idea of foreign missionary service; and, when, in 1842, the wonderful news reached this country of the probable effect of the war with China in opening that empire to trade and commerce, he was ready. Urged by the private letters he was constantly receiving from Singapore and Malacca to cherish his intention, he avowed his belief that China was "open." He was met by those who said it was impossible to contemplate the evangelization of that mighty empire until this was clearly proved; and it is in reply to such arguments that he says,—

"China shut—Japan shut! How can men say so with Gutzlaff's letters before them? I know not the country that is shut if we are resolved to enter. They are strong in our weakness—safe in our indifference. Lord, help Thou our unbelief!"

When explaining the grounds for his belief that an immediate effort should be made, he exclaims,—"I believe China is open for the Gospel. Arts, commerce, and

religion must go in together; and *I would go in too.*" In another place, he gives an interesting and detailed account of this personal impulse.

"The period over which I have glanced," he records on Christmas-day 1842, "was remarkable also on other accounts. In the night of the first Sabbath of July I woke very early, and rose to read. I perused some passages in the life of Xavier with pleasure. Was much struck on observing that he did all his work as a missionary in *ten* years. Spontaneously my spirit sprang within me, and tears started from my eyes, while I exclaimed, 'Then I may yet be a missionary! I may have *ten* years of useful life.' I observed again that he died in 1552, and my spirit said again, 'Yes, '42, '52: I may perhaps labour till '52, and then ——' I could not account for the manner in which the subject took hold on me. To be sure, I had long been interested in China. The political events occurring increased that interest. I looked for favourable results from the war, and was connecting hope and prayer with expected intelligence. The news came, in the middle of November. It was more decided than had been anticipated. It seemed to speak to me. I restrained my spirit, felt my unworthiness, and said, 'If I *may* go, I *must* go.' I set apart a day for prayer, and watched events. The Missionary Society met, and devised liberal things. This made matters plainer, and I said again, 'If I *may* go, I *must* go.' It is much on my mind."

Shortly after this time (January, 1843), however, the Directors of the London Missionary Society arranged for two meetings on the claims of China; and, being pressed to take part in them, Dr. Reed had engaged to do so. Previously to this service, he conferred with his deacons as to the general duty of the church towards China at that crisis, and agreed on a special effort by his congregation to raise £500 for that year. He also felt "constrained" to open his mind confidentially to them on his own more immediate anxieties. "All,"

he says, "were affected, but all silent, not knowing what the will of the Lord might be." He assured them, that "he would not go without the affectionate concurrence of the church, and would not bring the subject before the church without their assent." He then excused himself from attending the public meeting of the Missionary Society, feeling it "impossible to speak heartily without unduly committing" himself. The secretary, knowing his state of mind, convened a few ministers for conference and prayer on the subject. They met on February the 17th; and there were present the Rev. Messrs. Lewis, G. Clayton, R. Philip, Morison, Collison, Burder, and Tidman. The deliberation lasted two hours and a half, when it was agreed to refer the matter to the Ministerial Examination Committee. About this time circumstances arose which appeared to make the way clear for Dr. Reed to release himself from some of his philanthropic efforts, so that he was unusually free to think of any great change as to his sphere of labour. Through all this suspense, he declares himself helped again and again by his first text for the year, "*From this day will I bless thee;*" and states that his supreme desire was to feel his true position, "as nothing more than a poor penitent at the foot of the Cross."

The committee of brethren, after anxious consideration, declined, as in the former case, to take the responsibility of advising his departure from existing home duties; and Dr. Reed, yielding to their decision, abandoned from that time all hope of foreign service. It was a time of severe trial to a spirit so resolved; but his mind was soothed by the sympathy of friends, and especially by the assurances which he had that his

motives and conduct were appreciated, and his sense of duty and spirit of self-sacrifice in the cause of Christ recognized. He was able to say with John Newton, "There is many a thing which the world calls a *disappointment*, but there is no such word in the Dictionary of Faith. What to others are disappointments, are to believers intimations of the will of God." And what he could neither say nor know, has been since truly uttered of himself by a competent witness: "It will be numbered among the very many good works with which his long life was studded, that he gave an impulse to missions in China which stamped him as among the stanchest and most sagacious friends of the grandest of modern religious enterprises."

The history of Dr. Reed's association with the missionary work reveals a man who had himself the soul of a missionary, and who would have devoted life to any service to which God appeared to call him. It is very true that, in later years, there were subjects connected with the practical working of the London Missionary Society on which Dr. Reed conscientiously came to conclusions very different from those of most of the directors, on account of which he retired from his seat at the Board. This difference led to painful controversy; and though time has shown the wisdom of some of Dr. Reed's suggestions, yet he came to be regarded by the hasty and the superficial in the light of an antagonist rather than of a friend. We shall find, however, that before the close of life, this personal feeling, raised in the heat of controversy, had entirely subsided, and that he was acknowledged to be, as he always remained, the true friend of the Society and its missionaries.

CHAPTER XII.

DEEPER TONE OF THE MINISTRY.

1834. 1839.

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will avail to make!

* * * *

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak,—we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?"—*Trench.*

THE chief anxiety which Mr. Reed felt in leaving his home duties for the tour in America, in 1834, related to the prosperous condition of his church and congregation. There seemed reason to fear lest his absence might unsettle many regular attendants, and occasion a general decline. This, however, was not the case. Consciousness of danger prompted prayer; and prayer was so remarkably answered, that on his return solicitude gave way to thankfulness. He himself came home with aspirations more ardent than before, and with his rich natural gifts largely de-

veloped by exercise and much enhanced by experience in a foreign field. He was concerned to put to the proof his fresh judgments and new observations, and to labour for a more striking and more considerable advance of true piety in the entire sphere of his ministerial duties. His desires were gratified; for, without disparagement to the American Church, it may be doubted whether any experiences of religious progress which came under his notice in that country, were sounder or more fruitful than that presently to be described as realized among the flock at Wycliffe Chapel.

At a time when much interest is felt about the revival of religion in the British Churches, it seems peculiarly desirable that Dr. Reed's private records of this singular visitation of the Divine Spirit should be made public. His ministry, from the first, was unusually blessed. As was remarked by some who had observed his ministerial career, the results might be called a *continuous revival.* The rich harvests hitherto gathered were, however, but "a handful of corn," compared with the ampler fruits which sprang from these special "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

Dr. Reed resumed his ordinary labours on Sunday, November 2, 1834. The services of the day were felt to be remarkably impressive. At the Communion, he reminded the church of his frequent request that each member would set apart an hour in the week for special prayer, and expressed an earnest hope, that, as they had received gracious answers, they would be dealt with more graciously still. In harmony with this conviction and this hope, he observed of his first

private meeting with the deacons—"There never was more of the spirit of prayer among us,—so humble, earnest, and comprehensive were the petitions. Oh! I am strong in the prayers of my people!" These auguries of coming good were confirmed on the return of his birth-day, when, from the text "Is it well with thee?" he preached a sermon which produced a very powerful effect. This was delivered when the young people, desirous of showing their pleasure at his return, invited him to meet them in the school-room, in order that they might offer him a valuable testimonial and an address of welcome. There, in a crowded assembly of friends, they presented the address, together with a handsome gift of silver plate. A fine tone was given to this meeting by Mr. Collison, who offered up an admirable prayer.

"All," writes Dr. Reed in his journal, "were deeply affected. It was not a mere ceremony; it was a means of grace. All about me is love and esteem. A full cup is put into my hands, and it is to be seen how I can carry it. I want eminent grace to use the additional power God has entrusted to my hands, wisely, faithfully, and wholly to His praise."

Some time, however, elapsed before Dr. Reed could get sufficiently free from engagements arising out of his visit to America, to throw himself heart and soul into the home-work to which these propitious tokens called him. More than a mere official report was expected from him and his companion. That winter and spring (1834-5) were inevitably taken up by the performance of this task, and by repaying to the American Deputation, who then returned the visit, the attentions which had been lavished upon our countrymen by the Transatlantic ministers.

In the summer, too, Dr. Reed betook himself for a while to the quiet of rural retirement, sweetened by unbroken intercourse with his family, who had "not been all together for two years and a half." Even when he had concluded his ramble among the lovely hills, woods, and parks which encircle the secluded town of Dorking, he was compelled to negative many applications for distant service, writing in three months "more than sixty letters of refusal."

"Though I have often been deeply engaged," he writes, "I know not that my devotional habits have ever suffered so much as during the past six months. Attention to friends, to my duties, and to the book, actually bore me down. If minutes were occasionally mine, they did not find me tranquil. Nothing is more injurious than excess of occupation, except it be want of occupation; and it hardly mends the case that one is occupied with the best and highest interests. It withdraws the man from himself. I sometimes fear lest I should give to the welfare of others, what is due to my personal salvation. I have brought darkness over my mind, and my spirit is disconsolate, like a child weaned from his mother. This has made duty harder, and temptation stronger. I must recollect myself."

Such faithful and affecting confessions may be serviceable, as a warning to those who are under similar temptations.

Notwithstanding the summer rest, the effects of physical exhaustion were apparent in September, from incipient relaxation of the palate and the uvula; symptoms which caused Dr. Reed, as a preacher, great anxiety. To him, however, rest seemed to be impossible at the beginning of "what he called his *season*." In eight days he preached seven sermons; and his sermons were both studiously composed and energetically delivered.

In October, he commenced the "season" of pastoral work by convening two meetings of a somewhat novel character. He invited his deacons to meet him for special conference and prayer; nor them alone, but their wives also; and he records the excellent effect attendant upon their matronly and Christian sympathy. He further summoned together all the men of the church whom he deemed qualified to offer prayer in public. It will strike even experienced Nonconformists, while it will probably astonish Churchmen, to learn that the number invited was above one hundred and twenty. These preliminaries being arranged, every subsidiary effort was put forth to draw out the hearts of all classes of the people in aspirations towards God, and towards holiness of heart and life; for, as Dr. Reed remarks, with a quaintness of expression in which he rarely indulged, "the clock always wants winding up."

The opening year (1836) found Dr. Reed at liberty as well as resolved to improve it to the utmost. He had been requested to preside at the New Year's morning meeting of the Board of Congregational Ministers, and to open, with an address, a conference on the subject of "The best means to promote the Spirituality of our Churches."

"I thought it well," he writes, "not to run into detail, and dwell on doubtful points, but to keep to one weighty thought. The position I took was, that to advance the spirituality of the churches, we most need spirituality in ourselves. I spoke for about half an hour, making the first disciples my example. In the after discussion, a few of the brethren diverted attention by breaking away into detail, dwelling on the evils sometimes attendant upon Bible-classes, the bad social habits of the people, the defective character of Sunday-schools and their teachers,

and the question whether the pious evangelical clergy of the National Church were superior to ourselves in spirituality. This led to a debate, by which much good time was consumed. We broke up abruptly, so that it hardly appeared as if we had met for personal edification. I have been deeply grieved about it ever since. It surely could not have happened, had I done my duty by the subject I introduced."

In his own congregation, however, he met with far more encouragement in his efforts for their religious improvement. He took occasion, at the turn of the year, to meet those members, in number one hundred and thirty, who had been received into the church since his return from America, in order to exhort them to continue in "their own stedfastness." On the first day of the year, he attended, at Wycliffe Chapel, a meeting of mothers, who, with their children, filled the vestry. In the evening of that day, at the church meeting, twenty candidates were received into fellowship. The next Monday was kept, for the first time, as a day of special prayer, in union with the more important churches of America. Dr. Reed says of it, "It was a day suited to ennoble the minds of the people, by raising them out of themselves and their little circles, and by teaching them to converse with the universal church of universal man." The day was observed by many English Christians.

Anxious as Dr. Reed was for earnestness and life in religion, he was no less sensible of the importance of order; and, therefore, he urged on his congregation some practical rules of worship on points which are too much neglected.

"On the first Sabbath of the year," he writes, "I pressed on my people some observations on the proprieties of Divine

service.—1st. As to *Time*. To be careful to be there *before* the time, so as not to *rush* into the presence of God; but to collect themselves, and privately implore a blessing. To stay *after* the time, that there may be no putting on of outer dress and hurrying away before the service closes, but a hallowed pause after the benediction.—2nd. As to *Posture*. To avoid a careless and lounging posture. In prayer, unless infirmity prevents, to stand or to kneel, but not to sit.—3rd. As to an audible recognition of the service. That, when the minister uses the *Amen*, they would use it likewise, since it was meant to be used by them rather than by him; so that all may solemnly adopt what is necessarily said by one only.—4th. So to act, as that, if a worldly person came in for the first time to witness their worship, he might be compelled to say, 'God is with you of a truth.'"

The congregation were not inattentive to the rules suggested by their pastor; and their reverent demeanour, together with the general response to the *Amen*, produce to this day, a striking and solemn effect.

The personal record at the beginning of this year is very touching.

"For myself," writes Dr. Reed, "'I am a worm, and no man;' a sinner, and no saint. My motto for the year is, 'Show me a token for good.' That token I should construe to be *health* and *holiness*. Both are indispensable. My *health* is weak; but God can 'renew my youth as the eagle's,' and He alone. As for *holiness*, I have it yet to seek. Everything seems to be inviting my efforts; but I am obliged to say, '*I* am not ready.' If I were dead to self and alive to God, who shall say how I might not bless my brethren, my charge, my family, and the world? *It breaks my heart to think of it!* I have sought to renew my covenant with God. I would covenant with my eyes, hands, feet, and heart, not to offend Him, but to please Him.—To please Him! That is the short way to every good. The sense of pleasing Him, is the most delicious and invigorating sense. And, when a man's ways please Him, he 'maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.'"

Wycliffe Chapel, it may be once more remarked, exerted a great influence for good on the district around it. Though no schismatic division rent the church's peace, yet many friendly offshoots were set in its neighbourhood. The sixth of these was formally planted in the Hackney Road on January 6th, 1836, in connexion with services conducted by Dr. Reed and Dr. Joseph Fletcher, his nearest colleague and brother minister. In the same week, the first of a series of lectures was delivered in Wycliffe Chapel, in which the pastor addressed, successively, parents, children (especially the baptized children of the church), young men, and the unconverted in general.

"I challenged the people," he writes, "to use every effort to bring the right classes to these services. The parents were much interested, and a prayer-meeting of fathers was held privately, to ask a blessing on the appeals to be made to their children. I took courage when I knew of their unostentatious co-operation. I invited such children as were old enough to meet me in the vestry. A flock of them filled the place. After a brief address, I begged those who were disposed to yield themselves to God, to kneel down, instead of standing, while I sought to commend them to the Divine blessing. They all sank on their knees, as did such of their parents as were with them. Many hearts were truly given to God. My people did their duty, so that I had crowded congregations when preaching to young men on the word 'Return;' and to the unconverted, on the text, 'Now, consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.' I begged those present to give at least half an hour that night to prayer, and that such as were concerned for their own souls' salvation, would meet me on the following Wednesday evening. There was a large attendance and a solemn service. I then offered those who desired more private conference, the opportunity of seeing me on Friday evening; and I was occupied from six till nine with these inquirers."

These assemblies will ever be remembered by those who attended them, as remarkable for the simplicity, reality, and directness of their influence, and for the tender and holy impressions they left upon the heart.

While the young were thus encouraged to devote themselves to a religious life, many of the elder members were being summoned to the heavenly rest. Dr. Reed mentions the decease of two of his deacons with all the affection suitable to that relation.

"Death," he writes, "has been busy with us lately. I have lost my excellent friend David French. He was with me from the beginning, and has acted as a deacon for many years. I feel the loss greatly. I could always lean upon him, and obtain help from him. For twenty-four years, we never exchanged an unpleasant word or look. He was one of the two who obeyed my summons to consider the formation of the Infant Orphan Asylum. Great were his sufferings; but his victory was greater. His last words were, 'I die in Christ.' Whether they shall be mine or not, only let the same be true of me."

Of Mr. Avila, another attached deacon, Dr. Reed says, "He died in the faith he preached, looking for the mercy of his Lord." This gentleman had built a chapel, in which he officiated, as a lay preacher, with the sanction of his pastor, and with considerable success.

The deacons of Wycliffe Chapel, ever anxious for the comfort of a minister whom they valued so highly, strongly urged Dr. Reed this year to accept a considerable increase of salary. The proposal was so delicately made, that it was not easy to refuse; and yet, to comply would have been to violate the resolution formed before building the new chapel. It was therefore affectionately declined by Dr. Reed, who, however, availed himself of part of the surplus funds of the

church, by suggesting charitable claims to which it might be given. "I would not have my people think," he writes, "that I am labouring for money. Oh! they deserve all that I can give them."

The winter of 1836 was spent by Dr. Reed in the midst of usual duty, but with more than usual weakness of bodily health and relaxation of mental elasticity.

"I feel," he writes, "as though I were doing nothing; and frequently, and literally, my heart seems to swell in my bosom nigh unto bursting, with desire to do something worthy of the times, and of the religion I profess. Nor is my desire less toward heaven, that I might be filled with all wisdom, strengthened with all might, and made fruitful in all good works,—in all these things pleasing to God, and in all to display 'patience, and long-suffering with *joyfulness*.'"

The close of the year 1836 and the opening of 1837 were connected with religious arrangements, similar in character and results to those already described. At Dr. Reed's proposal, Good Friday was again set apart by the Board of London Ministers as a day of special prayer. So pressing were the claims of his pastorate, that it was with difficulty he snatched time in the autumn for a short visit to Ireland; and his mind, while there, seems to have been too much occupied to allow of his usual notes of travel. He only refers to the visit by saying,—

"Ireland is now the battle-field on which we are called to fight for our common rights; and I thought I should like to make my observations there. We spent three weeks very pleasantly at Dublin, Cork, Killarney, and in County Wicklow. But the beauties and miseries of Ireland must pass without comment. Time holds my hand!"

On his return home, he feels deeply the need of a

"Special day for self-recollection, in order," as he writes, "to humble myself more truly before God, to commit my way and my wants to His special care, and to entreat Him, in the riches of His grace, to save me and my people, that we may not perish. My heart is far from Him. My mind sees Him but dimly. My affections have but slender hold on heaven; and I am bowed down by the weight of sin. Eminent holiness, assured faith, unbounded charity, humility that would level me with the dust, and joy that would lift me to heaven,—these are what I want. Alas! as I pursue these attainments, they seem to shun me. 'O wretched man that I am!' 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory!'"

Borne down by the weight of accumulated work, Dr. Reed was urged repeatedly to accept the services of an assistant; but this help he as steadily declined. He was confident in his own power, and looked for help to spring from his church. This help came in the form he most desired it, and in the accession to the church of an eminently godly man, Mr. Samuel Plumbe. This gentleman came from Tiverton to reside in London, and he at once took a prominent position in Dr. Reed's church. He possessed a cultivated mind, an amiable character, and ready gifts for Christian usefulness. He was a favourite alike with young and old, rich and poor. He had singular quickness and activity of body and of mind. He was in truth a most ready man. He could deliver a good religious address, prepare a scientific lecture, write a capital letter, compose an anniversary hymn, utter a good impromptu speech, visit acceptably the sick and dying, converse well with religious inquirers, bring harmony in place of strife by his tact and love, and fill with cheerfulness the dullest and most timid

society. Such qualities, crowned with sterling and devout piety, were a rare treasure to both pastor and church. With all these gifts to win the people, he was no rival to the minister, was never spoilt, but always to be trusted. This new association afforded Dr. Reed unspeakable relief and invaluable help.

The year 1837 brought round his personal jubilee.

"I am this day," he writes, "fifty years old. So long, the Lord, my precious Redeemer, has borne with me, and blessed me in the journey of life, that he may show me *His* pity, fidelity, and power, and that He may show me what is in *myself*. Oh! what a revelation has it been! I am filled with confusion and shame. I place myself low beneath His feet, and mourn for my sins,—my aggravated, ever-present sins. Like Ephraim, I bemoan myself, and say, 'Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised; but, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned.' If any voice of hope addresses me, it is in words like these: 'Then thou shalt remember thy ways; and I will establish my covenant with thee, that thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord.' Yes, this is what I want,—to be ashamed, and speechless, and broken-hearted, in penitential love and sorrow; to find the Lord my Saviour *pacified* towards me; to have His covenant renewed to me, by His promises of pardon and purity; and to renew it with Him, by the total surrender of my whole redeemed being joyfully to His praise. I wait to be converted still; 'as those who watch for the morning' do I wait. I am now entering the *winter* of life. I must reckon on short days and dark days, on cold and tempest. I must think that sense will fail, desire will fail, heart will faint and fail. I have need that, as the outward man fails, the inward man should show its superiority, by becoming stronger and brighter. I need to wrap my Saviour's righteousness closer round me, to make His name my refuge and dwelling-place, and to rest my weakness and weariness on His might. I have need, with new power of faith and

new elasticity of hope, to rise above all the accidents of life, and, rejoicing in its spirituality and immortality, to say, 'God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'"

After this affecting outburst of feeling on the conscious approach of age, he records the following resolutions :—

"Resolved," he writes, "by the grace of God,—

"1st. That I will redeem the time. Because it is short, I will use as much as strength will allow, and use it only for the most important ends. I will read only the most important books, study the most important subjects, and pursue only the most important objects.

"2nd. I will continue to resist sin, and labour for holiness, with greater determination and hope of victory. But, if I should have no sensible victory, still I will wrestle *till I die.*

"3rd. I will not suffer my means to increase beyond what I shall find them at the end of this year; and all we can spare shall be joyfully given to the cause of Christ.

"4th. I will watch, lest the pressure of serious duty destroy the play and elasticity of my spirits, which are essential to life.

"5th. I must look to it, that the variety of my engagements does not generate a desultory state of mind, and that their multitude does not irritate nerve and temper.

"6th. I must not add platform-speaking to pulpit-duty, or I shall break down suddenly.

"7th. I will carefully consider now what I had best do, and ask the aid by which *alone* I can do it. I would yet do something for my Saviour before I die.

"8th. I will engage myself to Him this evening with renewed consecration.

"9th. I will revive my former resolutions, and strive to keep them more fully."

With such prayers and resolves, even at fifty, life is still mature. He who reads them seems to stand with

him who recorded them, on the eve of some new era of devotedness and blessing; and, in fact, this expectation will not be disappointed. He was to do "*something yet*" in the service of his Saviour. This new period of his life he regarded with emotions like those of the Apostle, who, as he found himself growing older, exclaimed, "So much the more, as we see the day approaching."

Filled with the serious fervour of these thoughts, on the following Sabbath, Dr. Reed preached from the words, "When shall it once be?" He yearned afterwards to write out that sermon for public use; but the time was denied him.

"I want," he observes, "a more decided revival of religion in my congregation, and to connect with it a course of lectures on *the Advancement of Religion* as adapted to the present times. Most of all, I want to see the power of God in His sanctuary, and to feel it on my own spirit. '*When shall it once be?*' "

Many instances of usefulness beyond his own immediate sphere came under his notice. Such cases he met with at the re-opening of a chapel in Bethnal Green, and the opening of a new one at Poplar; while another is thus noticed:—

"A few weeks ago," he writes, "I was preaching at Coverdale Chapel, on Jacob's vow. A worthy man came to me after service, and said, 'Ah! sir, you have hit the right nail on the head. That sermon was for me. When I was a young man, Jacob's vow and prayer were mine; but I have forgotten my vows. I have not erected the stone for God's house. My mind is made up, sir. Before I die, I will lay out £600 for a house for my God.' "

This pledge, it is believed, was faithfully redeemed.

To this reminiscence Dr. Reed adds some others of a similar character.

"I have just received," he states, "a letter from the Rev. ——, who writes of benefits lately derived from some of my charges. He says that he read them again and again, with tears. My responsibility seems great; for many such cases have occurred. When opening the chapel in Exeter, I met with a brother minister who said to me, 'I have often longed to tell you what good I have derived from your sermons. How little Dr. Reed knows, I have said to myself, after reading them on Saturday evening, that his writings are preparing a fellow-labourer to enter, with an improved spirit, on the duties of the Sabbath!' Brother Knill," continues the journal, "has sent me word of two ministers in Lancashire who refer a revival of ministerial earnestness to the discourse on 'An efficient Ministry.' Several have referred to the *Missionary Sermon* as a new era in their ministry. Let me hope, my *taper* may kindle some *torches*. If others are stimulated by what I have written, may I be not less so!"

Another interesting case occurred about the same time in his own congregation:—

"I have just lost," he writes, "a member of my church who, though in humble life, was dear to me. His benevolence, piety, consistency, and his appetite for the word of life, made him so. He was a hackney-coachman. When religion arrested him, he began to redeem his Sabbaths; and no temptation could afterwards induce him to profane them. His conversion was remarkable. One evening I was to improve the death of a church member, and one of our tract distributors invited him to attend. He came, and brought four friends with him. The truth affected them all, more or less. They all continued to attend divine worship, gave early evidence of conversion, and came into fellowship with the church. Two are in heaven; and the rest, I hope, are on the way."

He continues these records of remarkable religious experiences, under date April 2nd, 1838:—

"Some striking instances," he writes, "occurred at our last church meeting. Two persons referred their conversion to the same sermon, which was preached eighteen months ago. One of these was sixteen; the other, between sixty and seventy years of age. The last was a person who had not attended worship for twenty or thirty years. He took lodgings in our neighbourhood, to be near the theatre and the billiard-room; and he spent the nights between these two. The things he *loved*, he now *hates*."

In May, 1838, Dr. Reed was compelled to yield himself to medical advice; and, with a mind overwrought, he obeyed the prescription of "complete rest" by making preparations for a lengthened Continental excursion with Mrs. Reed and a friend. His resolutions in starting for this journey are like himself; and they close with the following words:—

"Let me remember the uncertainty of return. Doddridge went forth as I do, but came not back. I do not think my work is done; unless, indeed, I am deemed too unworthy and faithless to continue it. I would not for the world *die now;* I would not for the world *live alway*."

This excursion extended to France, Switzerland, and Italy, and was very serviceable to the refreshment of health and spirits. From the numerous observations made by Dr. Reed on the way, one paragraph may be extracted regarding Italy and Papal power:—

"Every spot," he writes, "every stream, is consecrated by memories of the past. Rome is unspeakably interesting. It is the city of the dead, rather than of the living. Everything living and modern is insignificant, compared with the indications of the past, in painting, sculpture, and ruined architecture. One lovely evening, I walked on the terraces. The scene was exquisite. But, as I looked round on the seven hills on which the Queen of Cities once sat in her glory, and then turned to the little city at my feet, resting in the lap of one of those hills, I exclaimed involuntarily, 'True and faithful art Thou, King

of saints! Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!' Providence is silently working to this end."

He shows much sagacity in his remarks on the prospect before the Italian people.

"They would soon," he writes, "assert their liberty, did the nation retain its integrity. But they are weak and divided. Their salvation must be from without. The silent influence of England, and of the English people, is doing much everywhere."

Returning home, he resumed his pastoral labours, with the resolution to review his sphere and methods with "the freshness and independence given by a period of absence," and to revise his habits of preaching "under impressions received from examples both French and Italian." His labours at home and abroad at this time became very engrossing, as the following notices will prove:—

"Six extra services in one month." "Requested by ministers in Kent to reprint all my sermons in a volume" (the preparation of which he commences). "Ordination of two missionaries, who refer to me, as being brought to decide on missionary work, by the perusal of my speech at Exeter Hall." "Services connected with the departure of Mr. Parsons and his wife (a member of his church), leaving for India in the service of the Baptist Missionary Society." "Receiving eighteen members at a church meeting, and baptizing twenty-eight children on Sabbath."

Through all these duties, moreover, he was looking forward to a winter season which was to prove the most gloriously successful of his already fruitful pastorate.

That work was not to be entered upon without a course of preparation which the following records of deep and humiliating self-scrutiny and self-discipline

will make manifest to the reader. His first work was still with himself.

"I would have my heart," he writes, "purged from vanity, appetite, and earth, and derive from Heaven a heavenly temper. I am still panting for a *supplemental conversion.* I shall not be fitted without this for extra work. I set apart a day for reading, recollection, and prayer; but I had to contend with distraction and deep-rooted worldliness, and I did not find the state of mind I sought. Resolved, by the grace of God, I will still pursue it, day by day, till the blessing come. I am a poor, lost creature without it. 'This *kind*'—such darkness, depravity, and earthliness as mine—'goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting.'"

At this crisis, he was warned, by his medical adviser, that he might lose his voice if he did not rest for six weeks. Such a remission was not to be thought of. With this warning hanging like a sword above his head, therefore, he entered upon the long-desired "season." Moreover, he was inwardly troubled.

"It is," he writes, "a day of darkness and rebuke to me. I seem often on the margin of a world of light, love, and power, which, after all, I cannot enter. Earthliness and sin hang heavy on my soul; and I wait sometimes in agony for the salvation of God. Daily I waive some engagements, because I am not prepared for them. I want to know religion in the form, not merely of conflict, but of freedom and victory. My jubilee has *come*, but has not *passed*. Oh! that, before it pass, I may find mercy of the Lord!"

The first act of the "season" was the meeting for prayer with the deacons. The pastor begged them to pray "for the best of blessings, with all the faith they had." The ten persons present prayed briefly; and three hours were so spent, none regarding the service as too long.

One great burden was yet on the heart of the pastor;

namely, that his own state of feeling was far from satisfactory to himself.

"My salvation," he writes, "is still to come. I look for it, not in impression, impulse, or ecstasy, but in clearer light and faith, to see the truth; in deeper love, to engage my affections; in firmness of will, to make God and His service everything; and in readiness of hand, to do all His pleasure. Oh! 'when shall it once be?' I have waited, and delayed service, till it should come. The word now seems to be '*Go forward.*' I must hope, that, in my trying to obey, God will take pity on my feebleness, will make me strong, and will pardon my sin."

Thus did he wait on the verge of solemn duty, with prayer, as yet, to his apprehension, unanswered; yet advancing, in trembling hope that the long desire, the deep necessity, would not be utterly denied.

The very next entry in the journal proved the faithfulness of God, and the power of faith, since, at the last moment, a manifestation was vouchsafed to Dr. Reed, such as may be ranged beside the most extraordinary recorded by Edwards, Howe, or Brainerd, under the blessed influence of which he was made ready for unwonted labours and unexampled triumphs.

"Last Saturday," he writes on October 16th, 1838, "was to me a memorable day. In the morning I was preparing for my first lecture, with something of a heavy heart, because the work must be begun, and my spirit so unprepared. While reading, my eye was struck with that passage, 'No man saith, What have I done?' 'A good text,' I said to myself, 'for my people on some future occasion;' and I noted it down. No sooner was this done, than conscience added, '*A good text for my people!* Alas! it is ever thus—ever losing personal interest in my official duties.' I was touched. I closed my books. I rose, and walked my study. 'What have I done?' I said many times. A sense of my exceeding sinfulness, ingratitude, and unprofitableness,—a sense of the forbearance, pity, and good-

ness of God, were present to me. My heart was softened, and I wept. I was surprised. A state of perception and feeling which had not been mine for months and years, had come over me. I began to hope that the salvatoin I had almost despaired of was coming. I seemed on the verge of a better state of life and action. I trembled lest anything should prevent. I bolted the door, and cast myself at the mercy-seat, exclaiming, 'I cannot go on without God; I must surmount every obstacle, I must wrestle for the blessing!' I thought—I wept—I offered broken prayer. I placed myself in the hands of God. I submitted to His righteousness, felt I was the very chief of sinners, and confessed that the most extreme state of punishment was my desert.

"I looked to His mercy—His infinite and covenanted mercy, and entreated Him, in mercy, to look down on me. The solemn awe produced by the Divine Presence and Holiness gave me a yet deeper sense of my vileness; and my heart sank within me almost to despair. 'I see it—I feel it!' I exclaimed; 'I *would* not be the hateful thing, in Thy sight, that sin has made me!—I would not—I would not! If it be possible—if it be possible—if it be possible,—purify me—save me—bless me!'

"My doubt and fear were met by the suggestion of that passage, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' 'No—no!' I was forced to say; 'nothing is too hard for the Lord: if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole.' My salvation seemed within the limit of Omnipotence, and nothing more.

"I rose, and restrained myself, lest I should be physically unfit for the duties of the Sabbath; but I could not pursue my studies. I trembled to do anything which might divert my mind, when God seemed so near. I walked my room. I read the Scriptures, to feed thought and prayer; particularly the 32nd of Jeremiah, the 6th of Isaiah, and the 40th Psalm. I omitted my usual walk that morning; I sought only to walk with God. I felt as if the approach of my dearest friend would be interruption; and, happily, I suffered none all that morning. My studies were interrupted; but it was a blessed interruption. My mind remained tearful, though not sorrowful, through that day, the following night, and the Sabbath.

"On the Sabbath night, while awake, admiring thoughts of

God, low and penitent thoughts of myself, and breathing desires after the Spirit of God, as the Spirit of 'power, love, and of a sound mind,' possessed me. Jealousy of myself disinclined me from any particular resolution; but my feeling was one of hope that God might make this the 'beginning of days' to me. I was ready to say to everything earthly, 'Touch me not—I am God's.'

Little did Dr. Reed's nearest friends conjecture by what inward process he was now preparing for remarkable efficiency of service, or what solemn scenes were taking place in that closed study. These powerfully-awakened emotions appear to have maintained their hold upon his heart with unusual persistency.

"I have been looking over the last entry," he writes on October 26th, "hoping to revive the feeling recently experienced. On the whole, I trust it has produced considerable improvement; but I feel a continual and deplorable tendency to slip away from a higher to a lower state, as, when ascending Ben Nevis, I seemed to slip down nearly as far as I climbed, in the loose rubble of its steep slopes. I must go on. I must not forget the past. Still I wait upon God. I must have more retirement in prayer, in order that the demons of worldliness and pride may be cast out. 'Turn thou me, and I shall be turned.'"

Though he was somewhat disappointed that the effect of this singular communion with Heaven was not closer and more constant, every one else saw him greatly changed and elevated, though the spiritual exercise by which the change was wrought remained a perfect secret till his death. A private impulse so decided must needs have had a marked effect on the public services of that season; and thus, in fact, it proved to be.

The results of that winter of 1838 have already been published, in the "Narrative of a Revival of Religion at Wycliffe Chapel."

"I am solicitous," he writes, November 30th, 1839, "about the Narrative of the Revival of Religion in my church, because of its personal character; and I place it in His hand whose work it acknowledges."

He then touchingly adds,—

"I date it from my mother's birthday. My father! my mother! I cannot forget them. My father never recurs to my thoughts, but I think of him as a man of prayer. This is just as I would have it."

This Narrative of extraordinary usefulness was accordingly published, and had as wide a circulation as any of his works. In Scotland particularly, some Christian friends obtained his consent to circulate a cheap edition, "to which," he says, "I consented; but with the frowns of my publisher." Nor, after its publication, was there any cessation of the happy proofs of ministerial success at home, since he expressly records that, after the church meeting in which *seventy-one* members were admitted at one time, on the very next occasion as many as *forty* were received, and that those proposed and admitted to the end of the year 1839 numbered *two hundred and ten persons*, amongst whom he had the happiness of admitting his third son, and not one of these drawn from other churches. "Thanks, thanks, thanks!" he exclaims; "the work of grace is not stayed!"

A course of ten lectures on the Advancement of Religion was most successful in preparing the people for special efforts. Various assemblies were adapted to the close of the year, similar to those of former seasons, but far surpassing them in the results. It is not possible to recapitulate all Dr. Reed's engagements at that memorable time. He appears to have derived

much help and comfort from the preaching of his eldest son, and then records, that, at one church meeting, held April 5th, 1839, seventy-one members were received into the fellowship of the church.

"When on my return from America," he writes, "I proposed fifty candidates at one meeting; I said such an event would never recur in my pastoral life: this was my infirmity and unbelief. Besides the seventy-one now proposed, who have been most carefully selected, full twenty are standing over, of whom I have nearly as good an opinion. From *three to four hundred persons* have come to me, since the opening of the year, for religious advice. There are from fifty to sixty also in our schools under religious concern. If all my charge were awakened, as some have been, we should soon have five churches for one. Scarcely a fifth of my church are in right action."

Reports of this extraordinary religious movement created much interest in the country; and the Lancashire Association of Ministers specially requested Dr. Reed to meet them at Manchester, in order to explain his modes of procedure and their success. He accepted the invitation, and met about sixty or seventy brethren, under the presidency of Dr. Raffles. During the conference, Dr. Reed had an opportunity of delivering his statement.

"I was surprised," he writes, "at the feeling produced. When I finished, there was solemn silence. The stillness was broken by the Rev. Richard Fletcher, who quoted these apposite words: 'When they heard these things, they held their peace, and glorified God.' Our feelings were resolved into prayer and praise. Raffles took me by the hand, and addressed me affectionately in the name of the meeting, as did many others after it was over. Never were a body of brethren more completely one. We pledged each other to mutual remembrance on the Saturday evenings. I can never forget that meeting."

In the evening, Dr. Reed preached a sermon, afterwards published, on "the Pentecost;" and, at a public breakfast next morning, the impression was continued, by addresses from himself, Mr. William Milne, who accompanied him, and others. Some further observations regarding this memorable meeting may be extracted from the journal.

"The ministers," he writes, "made far too much of me; they seem resolved to look for better things. They were interested to find that the pastor alone, without foreign interference, may do such a work. One pastor remarked, that he had never known of a case of conversion, during thirty years' ministry, from his morning sermons. There must be something wrong here! Another pastor said, 'he had lately felt, that, having secured his place as an intellectual preacher, he now desired to *excel* as a *useful* preacher.' Alas! this desire to *excel* is the rock of preaching. We must get on a step above this to be right, and even to be eloquent."

In reference to preaching, he proceeds to say,—

"Read sermons and said prayers never warm the heart or touch the soul. Preparation first, and then freedom in the use of it. After all my preparation, I preach most by my people. I get on if they get on; and I cannot get on except I can take them with me, and sometimes one trifling person will put me out. I was for a long time troubled by a man with a stony face who sat before me; and thankful I was when he disappeared. He had no soul, and he took away mine.

"I was surprised to find Garrick making the same confession. He was fond of private dramatic readings. On one occasion he read with great success. He was entreated to come again. 'I will,' he said, 'on one condition.' 'To be sure; what is that?' 'Why, that you will not let that woman with a cold, formal face sit in front of me.'

"In preaching, I look to those who are most distant and most dull. If I can reach them and brighten them, the rest will

follow. In my efforts, I have always sought to do good to all, but with a preference to the lowest and the worst; and these are usually at the outermost ring of every circle."

Soon after his return home, Dr. Reed published in full the "Narrative" which, in a concise shape, had produced so good an effect at Manchester. None of his works were coldly received; yet few, if any, created an impression at once so immediate and so powerful as attended this. Its brief condensation, its lucid order, its practical tone, and the singularity of the recorded results, all being fused together by the genial glow of its heavenly spirit, tended as much to originate the feelings proper to revival, as to explain the methods most advisable in its pursuit. Pastors, deacons, and church members, from the perusal of this stirring account, began to yearn for larger results in connexion with the instituted means of grace, and to set in motion the requisite instrumentality with a holier desire and a more definite purpose.

In consequence of the arduous labours of this season of protracted work, Dr. Reed and his main helper, Mr. Plumbe, were laid aside before the summer; the latter never again to re-occupy the position to which he seemed specially sent at the precise time, and in which he had been invaluable. Mr. William Milne, who had been richly blessed in his labours among the young, was now about to take his departure as a missionary to China. Thus, as the pastor declared, his "two best hands were paralyzed."

"Dear William!" he continues, "what a comfort has he been to me—as a son with a father! It was delightful to notice how he profited, and to see his first efforts honoured with success. He acknowledged, with much feeling, that these

zealous practical efforts had done more for him than all his college preparations; and yet, he was not the man to despise these."

Although some useful associates were thus withdrawn, many were left on whom the pastor was accustomed to rely. Most of the deacons took their full share of the church labour, and were well qualified to do so. Mrs. Reed sustained her husband with much energy and wisdom, especially in conducting a Bible class of seventy or eighty young ladies, a large number of whom were early gathered into the church. His daughter filled a most important office in the Sabbath school, and undertook the management of the infant classes, numbering nearly two hundred, with the happiest results. Besides these assistants, the two elder of his sons, together with Mr. Robert Milne and several other students for the ministry, threw their youthful energies into the working of the institutions connected with the congregation. If ever there was a working church, it was the one meeting at that time within the walls of Wycliffe Chapel.

Pausing at this memorable juncture, let it be considered how richly blessed Dr. Reed's ministry had been, and in a ratio how rapidly advancing. At New Road Chapel, in seven years, as many as three hundred and fifty-four members were admitted to the church. At Wycliffe Chapel, during the year before the American visit, the number of admissions was one hundred and twenty-eight, fifty of whom were received on one occasion. Eight hundred members were present at the meeting to consider whether their pastor should accept the invitation to Toronto. Yet more recently, in the prosecution of this great work, we learn that seventy-

one persons were received into fellowship at one time. And all this fruitfulness, be it remembered, occurred in the due course of pastoral effort. This one church could muster at least one hundred and twenty persons capable of taking a leading part in free public prayer. Seven affiliated churches issuing from it had been planted in the district. And what a centre of power, amid this interesting scene, was the pastor himself! He gave the impulse and direction to all the active efforts of his people. Much as his duties called him away, he was seldom, throughout his ministry, absent from his weekly lecture; and Sabbath engagements away from home were almost invariably declined. The Sunday was literally spent in his chapel; for, from nine in the morning till nine at night, he remained within the walls of the sanctuary. It is not wonderful that a man so beloved and so highly honoured, should be urged, even by his own charge, to publish, for the benefit of neighbouring churches, and of the world at large, the moving narrative of his extraordinary success.

Now that his most private thoughts lie open to reverent inspection, what do we discern? A soul ever panting for higher Divine communications, prostrate before the mercy-seat in unaffected trouble from a sense of guilt, and even delaying to enter on new service until he should receive a "supplemental conversion" from on high. We gaze with awe upon the solemn series of events on that memorable Saturday morning, and seem to see, what God only did really witness, that persistent wrestling with the angel, that Jacob's contest and that Israel's victory. We catch something of the hallowed tenderness and sweet tran-

quillity of the following Sabbath, and of its rapturous night thoughts. There we detect the secret cause of the preacher's power with man for his salvation, in that he had power in secret with God, and prevailed. That personal revival in the pastor's own heart and experience, was the deep, rich well whence reviving waters sprang up and flowed forth to his church, and, through his ministry, to the churches of Christ at large. Nor can we help perceiving how, through searching and discipline, labour and conflict, the early prayer is constantly receiving new and more gracious answers,—"Lord, make me eminently useful."

CHAPTER XIII.

EVANGELISTIC LABOURS OF THE MINISTRY.

1835. 1844.

"E'en as this restless vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing;
And, though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and, flowing, keeps untainted:
So let me all my busie age
In Thy free services engage;
And, though (while here) of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
Yet, let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above:
So, when that day and hour shall come
For which Thyself shalt be the sun,
Thou'lt find me dressed, and on my way
Watching the break of Thy great day."—*Henry Vaughan.*

SOME Christian pastors whose influence is great within the sphere of their immediate charge, are but little known beyond it, and have small disposition or adaptation for the more extensive labours of the evangelist and of the apostle. It is well, both for the Church and for the world, that others of God's servants are qualified to make a much wider use of their talents. It is a special advantage when such men are solicited to come among strangers, because of the good they have done and the love they have gained at home. The power and importance of this extended ministry have been much increased by the facilities of locomotion,

and by the social communion thus established between distant places.

From the time of his return from America, Dr. Reed took a full share of such service; and the object of this chapter is to show how wisely and faithfully he employed his public influence among the churches of his denomination, while in the prime of his physical and mental energies. Nor, in the mean time, did Wycliffe Chapel suffer; since the pastor's absences from London were always so arranged as not to interfere with attentions essential to the welfare of his own people. On the contrary, their continuing prosperity and grateful attachment gave him confidence in offering wise and fervent counsels to other churches and their pastors.

Looking back to the year 1835, we find Dr. Reed preaching at the opening of a new Independent chapel at Hounslow. At the ordination of Mr. Atkinson, the minister of the place, he had given, three years before, the Charge, afterwards published under the title of "The Sacred Trust." On that occasion he complained of the limited space of the old chapel for a town so considerable, and promised, if the people would build a new and larger place, that he would preach at the opening, and present them with a donation towards the expense. They took him at his word, erected a chapel twice the size of the old one, and raised half the cost. Dr. Reed cheerfully redeemed his pledge, and incidentally mentions his being under a similar engagement to three other congregations. So numerous were these promises of conditional help, that, in 1837, we find him pledged for *four* separate sums of *one hundred guineas* each; also, for *three fifties*, to as many chapels; besides several smaller sums.

One of the preaching stations of Dr. Reed's student life was Woodford. When visiting the place some time after, he offered help towards raising a new chapel there. Several members of his church proposed to do the same. Ground was presented for the building; and, in the year 1836, he was called to preach the opening sermon.

In the spring of 1839, Dr. Reed took the opportunity of an early summer holiday in the West of England, to call on some rural churches in Devonshire. Visiting by the way his friend and deacon, Mr. Plumbe, who was lying ill at Aylesbury, he proceeded to Ilfracombe and Torquay. He was joined by Mrs. Reed; and, accompanied by his friends the Rookers, of Tavistock, the party proceeded to Dartmouth and Totness. He says,—

"At the former place, I sought out, as one of the first objects, the chapel in which Flavel preached and prayed with such unction. I was pained to think no advances had been made since his time. The people were contented with their old easy pews, and with giving their minister some seventy or eighty pounds per annum; and he was himself disposed to think that a change, however good, was not practicable. The words 'Let us try' were magical. We succeeded so well, that, with his promise of £50 to head the list, we called on eight or nine persons. At the first call we obtained £100, and the donor's consent to accompany us. Before ten o'clock that night, we had obtained promises for nearly £600 for a new chapel. I am pledged to come down to the opening. The good people were not a little astonished at themselves.

"At Totness we found out the little chapel, and worshipped with the people. Things here were both worse and better than at Dartmouth. The chapel was smaller; but the people had more ability. I saw the minister, and proposed to meet the principal men of his congregation next morning at breakfast. About ten

made their appearance; but, in the midst of an earnest conference in reference to a new chapel, my coach came galloping down the hill half an hour before time. I would have given much for half a day with them. There was an elderly gentleman to whom they all looked to lead the subscription. Had he named £100, we should at once have had £600 or £700. I silently prayed that the old man might receive a heart to do good. But close and cautious habits encased him, and we could not bring him to the point before I left. Yet I quite expect the thing will be done. The minister is aroused. I made the same promise for myself as at Dartmouth. I am very thankful that these occasions have been offered me. 'Stablish Thou the work of our hands! How much good these visits do my heart, and how much good the visit of a stranger may do! He sees things in a new light, and puts them in a new light before the people; and the impossible becomes easy."

On his return home earlier than he expected, Dr. Reed found a considerable interest awakened in the neighbourhood of his chapel by a special movement among the Jewish community. His deep sympathy in the object is shown by the following reference:—

"Yesterday," he writes, "was set apart by the Jewish people throughout the world as a day to afflict their souls before God for their great sins, and to pray for His favour. I was much touched by this. I visited some of their families in my immediate neighbourhood. I became as a Jew with the Jews, and set apart the day in like manner, and at night preached on the subject to my own people."

During this year Dr. Reed visited Leeds, and preached at the opening of the chapel in Lady Lane, erected for the use of the Free Methodist Church of that town. The sermon is distinctly remembered by persons who witnessed the powerful effect produced. Though Dr. Reed read the discourse, as he usually did

on special occasions, the force of his eloquence was such as deeply to move the people. Before half the sermon had been delivered, a large part of the assembly (as is related of Robert Hall's congregation) had risen from their seats; and, a general murmur of mingled praise and prayer filling the building, the preacher was compelled to pause till the strange excitement had in some degree subsided.

Many causes contributed to restrain Dr. Reed from continuing his visits to country churches for some time at this period. The state of religious inquiry in his own church was one of these causes; and then came the death of Mr. Plumbe, in anticipation of which he says, on the evening of the first Sunday of February, 1840, returning from the Communion service,—

"Came home, and was glad to be alone a couple of hours. My spirit groaned under heavy burdens of sin and care. I looked to the right hand and to the left, and panted for deliverance, but found it not. All I could do was, to lay myself down in silence at the footstool of the Divine mercy. I felt there was nothing in all creation that could help me. I was in the hand of God; and there was no good but I had deserved to lose it,—no evil but I had deserved to suffer it."

The dreaded event was at hand; and its effect may be judged of from the following entry, of February 14th:—

"Dear Samuel Plumbe is taken from us. I must not trust myself to add another word at present: 'Aaron held his peace.' How I shall fulfil the last duties to his memory, I know not. My prayer is, that it may be for the glory of God."

A greater loss than that of a fellow-helper at once so efficient and beloved, no pastor could suffer. The

distressing subject is more fully referred to under date March 3rd, as follows:—

"Dear Plumbe is gone! He endured great suffering for eight months. All that time I have felt bereaved; but the issue is a grievous stroke. We interred his remains on Friday. I improved the occasion on Sabbath evening. The chapel was crowded to the ceiling. My subject was, 'Weep not for me, but for yourselves.' We held a prayer-meeting afterwards, at which full two thousand persons remained. I have been much affected and humbled, in going over his papers, to discover the strength of his attachment to me."

This reference is to a letter, addressed by Mr. Plumbe to a friend, in which he says, "It has been a blessed thing to me, that I ever knew Dr. Reed. It was a blessed thing to do anything for him, and an equally blessed thing to do anything in conjunction with him."

Refreshing indeed is this illustration of a loving, trustful co-operation subsisting between pastor and deacon. It must be admitted, however, that Samuel Plumbe was one of a thousand.

Before entering again upon the evangelical work upon which his heart was set, Dr. Reed gathered fresh encouragement from hearing of the successful result of two important efforts nearer home.

"No effort," he exultingly exclaims, "is lost. Two years ago I laboured to get a new chapel at Poplar, and met the church and trustees. They concurred in the proposal; and, on the promise of some contributions, the old chapel was to be given up. Difficulties afterwards arose. The attention of Mr. Green [father of the late Mr. Richard Green, the eminent ship-builder] was called to the subject: he had then promised £25. He has just been with me; and, to my joy, I find him

prepared to erect a suitable chapel, and to set apart £4,000 for the purpose!"

Then follows a grateful record of the liberality of his own people in reference to their newly-erected place of worship. The entire debt remaining upon Wycliffe Chapel, amounting to £2,200, was wiped out; and he says,—

"I humbly thank God it is done. My people are now free, and possess a house of worship for generations to come. I too am free to listen to the will of God, and to do his bidding at any hour and at any place. I ask not change. I have no reason to ask it; but my spirit pants for greater usefulness."

Notwithstanding a serious loss which Dr. Reed had sustained, owing to the failure of the United States Bank, and to the depreciation of some other American securities in which he had been induced to invest, he contributed largely to an object so near his heart.

His only reference to pecuniary loss is of a nature suited to his unselfish and pious views.

"My loss," he remarks, "has not cost me an hour's sleep. I would fain *have*, that I may *give*. When I give, let me say, 'A debtor still;' and, when I lose, I will add, 'God is sufficient still.'"

It is not surprising, that, actuated by a spirit of self-sacrifice like this, he should occasionally have noted and rebuked the avidity of some, in seeking or accepting an augmentation of income, to the great burden of churches and of societies; though no man was more alive to the necessities of worthy men who had given their services to obscure communities unable to yield an adequate remuneration. It is beyond question, that,

for his own part, he felt it "more blessed to give than to receive;" and, "if my children, in consequence," he observes, "should receive a lighter purse, they may enjoy a weightier blessing."

In the autumn of 1840, Dr. Reed took his yearly vacation in Ireland, for the purpose of making inquiry as to the state of religion in the vicinities of Dublin and Belfast; thence, at the request of friends, crossing over to Scotland, to attend the sitting of the Committee of the General Assembly in Edinburgh. Great events were then impending over the Church of Scotland. "The spirit of their fathers," was his remark, "is not in them; and even Chalmers does not seem equal to the occasion." This was the feeling of many other by-standers who watched the progress of those discussions which eventually terminated in the great disruption, and secession of the Free Church. At a later date, some letters appear to have passed between the great Free Church leader and Dr. Reed upon this question, from which the latter derived more satisfaction.

Having pledged himself to visit some of the Home Mission stations in Cumberland, Dr. Reed returned by that route. For some days he was the guest of Sir Wilfred Lawson, at Brayton, and went with the worthy Baronet to several towns and villages in that part of the country.

"Sir Wilfred," he writes, "is a humble and pious man, and has much to sacrifice in the course he chooses. He is willing to give £150 a year in support of our enlarged operations, and £50 each to three new preaching stations."

Passing on to Carlisle, Dr. Reed preached in that city; and Sir Wilfred invited a conference in reference to a new chapel there.

"Present," writes Dr. Reed, "sixteen friends, but with little heart to give. Three men offered five pounds! Never saw anything weaker. All agreed that a new chapel was wanted. We resolved to try. Visited some leading men in the town, and soon saw our way to nearly £1,000. Left the people resolved to have a chapel in 1841, to cost not less than £2,000, and to hold a thousand people. Could I but spare a month in seeking the revival of religion here! Nothing is wanted so much as three or four of our active men, wholly or partially engaged to move over the land, to uphold the ministers, revive the life of the churches, and arrest the attention of the world."

But this, so far as Dr. Reed was concerned, could not then be. Nevertheless, he had done something. From the next entry in his journal, it appears that he had not simply travelled "1,500 miles," but had "opened six new chapels." Moreover, in this one tour he had been "exposed to three serious accidents by railway, in one of which four persons were killed and eight wounded."

"The last occurrence," he adds, "was very remarkable. A viaduct on the Midland Counties line fell in. One train had safely passed that morning. Ours was the next. We were going direct for it, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. A man was observed with the red flag. The engine was reversed, and we stopped, but not till we were near enough to see the ruin. It had not waited for a train to crush it, but fell before we arrived, with nothing on it. This was a great deliverance."

These occasional labours were often rewarded by gratifying instances of unexpected usefulness. At the opening of a chapel in Exeter, for example, a lady entered the vestry, and, addressing Dr. Reed under deep emotion, said, "Excuse me, sir; you do not know me; but, sixteen years ago, I was visiting in London and went once to hear you. I have never forgotten

that sermon. I came home changed, united myself to the people of God, and have been preserved till now to see and thank you."

On another occasion, while Dr. Reed was sitting at the Board of the London Orphan Asylum, a respectable widow appeared, to present a claim on behalf of her children. She happened to state that she had not known the power of true religion, until she heard *a* Mr. Reed, preach. On further inquiry in private, he found, to his satisfaction, that, though she had not recognized him, he was himself the preacher to whom she referred.

About the same time, a young lady was introduced to Mrs. Reed, for the purpose of offering herself to the Female Education Society in India and the East. Her pleasant surprise may be imagined when she found in the husband of that lady, the minister through whom, six years before, she not only received her first decisive religious impressions, but also, by whose recent discourse at Enfield Highway she had been led to make determinate choice of a missionary life.

The state of things at Wycliffe Chapel fully bears out the remark already recorded, that these occasional services in the country involved no neglect of home duties.

"It has been a good year," writes the grateful pastor. "Last church meeting, we proposed twenty-three candidates. Some were brought in who had been hearers for twenty years back. Four captains in the merchant service, much deprived of religious privileges through absence at sea, have publicly professed their faith in Christ."

Yet no proofs of success seemed able to overcome his own deep sense of spiritual need. "I lie at the

Cross," he writes, "praying for my own re-conversion."

On the opening of 1841, after recording the addition of twenty members to his church on New Year's Day, he says, "Robert [the Rev. Robert Milne, M.A., now of Tintwistle] has been dismissed, with our prayers and blessings, for Whitehaven. He has a fine prospect. Like his brother, he has much endeared himself to me." As the year proceeded, the note-book records work done on the widest scale of evangelistic effort, which might furnish a continuous record; but it must suffice to make a selection of instances. Hearing of a probable opening for a new chapel at Stratford, in Essex, Dr. Reed offered £50, and pledged his congregation to give a special contribution. In the March following, he was called to Norwich to take part in the ordination of his eldest son,* as minister of the ancient Congregational Church assembling in the Old Meeting, in that city.

"I always felt," he writes, "as though I could not give a charge to a son, or preach a funeral sermon for a relative. The place was crowded. My son's confession of faith was excellent. It was an occasion of deep and solemn feeling."

Leaving Norwich, Dr. Reed once more visited Cumberland, to finish his work. Again associated with Sir Wilfred Lawson, he went with him to Whitehaven, and assisted to "clear off a chapel debt of £400." They also visited Carlisle, "lest the people should forget their promises." Dr. Reed returned home by way of Tewkesbury, having heard of a religious awakening there. He gathered great encouragement from the facts, that the Narrative of the Revival had

* "Ordination Services of the Rev. Andrew Reed, B.A." 1841.

been publicly read by the Independent minister, and extensively circulated among his people; and that this resulted in the holding of special meetings and the addition of fifty-eight persons to the church.

In the autumn of this year, an accident occurred which caused the fracture of two ribs, and laid Dr. Reed aside for a short time from public work; but his restless energy would brook no check, and in the fruitful discharge of his home duties he reaped a bounteous harvest. "This season," he says, "we have received thirty-one new members, and our special services have been most cheering." The period of suffering and retirement, moreover, gave him the opportunity carefully to review his work.

"I want to consider," he remarks,—"I. What I can do more, or better, for my beloved charge, for the young, the aged, the forlorn and helpless, the unpromising, who are my sorrow, and the unconverted around us. II. Whether I have formed any habits which should be corrected. III. Whether I may improve in my methods of preaching, so as to get at *every* man's conscience and heart. IV. Whether the scope and character of my prayers may be amended, so as to become a means of conversion or quickening to the people. V. Whether I am doing quite as much as strength and circumstances allow for Christ and for the world. Whether there may not be some course of service in these times which has not occurred to me, limited as we all are by habit and the example of others. My thoughts often turn to the union of the Church, the revival of religion, and other objects of benevolence; and my spirit bounds toward them. But local claims grow in interest and in importance, and seem to bind me. At least, I must abide by my vocation. Oh! for help! help!"

Among these local claims, chapel building and chapel extension were neither forgotten nor long suspended.

"Just opened," he writes on October 8th, "two chapels,—one

for my friend Williams in the Hackney Road. Years ago I promised £50 whenever they should be able to build, but now I am so pledged as to make it difficult to spare the sum. I candidly told my people; and they kindly brought me nearly the whole sum, though I really expected only half."

November once more opens the usual "season" for winter work, by that anniversary which was ever a point of interest. "Another birthday gone," he muses, pen in hand. "I have been thirty years a pastor. How short the period seems! and yet, I have been longer with my people than was any one of my three predecessors. Lord! what is man? and what is life? and what is time?"

The year 1842 opened with cause for grateful acknowledgment. One hundred members had been received during the past year. The schools were as large and as flourishing as ever. Six preaching stations were served by three missionaries, whose labours were telling beneficially upon the neighbourhood. "We could manage, I think," writes Dr. Reed, "to fill another chapel, although the Bishop of London has planted six new churches around us. Let the people hear the Gospel!" Among the young men of his church, several were solemnly set apart to ministerial or missionary work. For example, William and Micaiah Hill (sons of the Rev. Micaiah Hill, late Missionary at Berhampore); and also Mr. Edward Price, and Mr. Lewis of Frampton-on-Severn.

Spring found Dr. Reed in Staffordshire preaching for the Wesleyans, and rousing the people to home missionary work. Hearing of the intention of a congregation to build a chapel at an extravagant cost, he entreated them to erect two chapels for the same outlay.

Though never wanting in sympathy with generous enterprise, he was wholly averse from imprudent and lavish expenditure. His wise advice was usually taken; but, in this instance, local ambition foiled him. "I did my best," he writes; "but what a fine opportunity was thrown away!"

A reference again made, in the summer of this year, to "straitened means," is referable to the shameful repudiation by which America broke faith with all the world: owing to which, he says, "I can have no recreation, since it not a little injures me in heart and pocket." Yet, though deprived of his holiday, he would not forego the desire to help his denomination in the effort to raise a new chapel at Rochester. "Hearing that the theatre was to be sold," he relates, "I went down, saw the building, met the minister and deacons at Chatham, and endeavoured to stimulate them to purchase it." Visits were also paid to Portsmouth, to open a new chapel; to Sheerness, to Bristol, and to Maiden Newton: so that, as he himself says, "if I could not have rest, at least I have had change."

Urged by many pastors of churches with whom he had come in contact, and still more by his own people, he found time this autumn to prepare for the press the lectures, already mentioned as delivered in 1838, on "The Advancement of Religion." They had been given without being written; and, although notes had been taken by a short-hand writer, the labour of revision was almost as great as the composition of a new work. Dr. Reed considered that volume the principal literary work of his life. The characteristic feature of the book is the eminently

practical nature of the subjects discussed. The ten lectures are entitled as follows:—1. The Advancement of Religion; 2. In the Person; 3. By Personal Effort; 4. In the Family; 5. By the Ministry; 6. In the Church; 7. By the Church; 8. In the Nation; 9. In the World; 10. On the Certainty and Glory of the Consummation.

The disposition of the writer, in setting himself to this work, was very different from that of one whose aim in authorship is mere literary success.

"I came under a conviction," he writes, "that, if my book was to be written at all, it must be done this year; so I began. In reviewing my notes, especially of the second lecture, I felt I was myself far below the sentiments I sought to impart to others, and fell under an overwhelming conviction of my great unfitness. Resolved to lay it aside for one month, and to seek another state of mind as the first preparation. Dwelt on my sinfulness, and sought to humble myself before God with tears. Put my commission as a minister in His hands, acknowledging that He might justly deprive one who had been so unworthy and unfruitful, and say, 'I have no more delight in thee.' Came under new engagements, with brokenness of heart and tenderness; laboured to reach a higher region of spiritual perception and grace, and communed much in thought with eternal things. Pleaded much, and with many tears, for the Divine mercy. Could not write. Could not preach again, without some assurance of better qualification. So the month passed—a memorable month,—and so I began to write, earnestly desiring that the very exercise might be the means of bringing grace to me. I finished the book on my birthday, and placed it at the feet of my Saviour, with thanksgiving and prayer."

The general and salutary impression produced by this volume is fully accounted for, when the secret is thus disclosed as to the peculiar preparation which the heart of the author underwent; and he carried the same spirit into his own work in the winter of that year.

The church at Wycliffe Chapel was charged to make the season one of "personal effort" for the salvation of men; and a little book with this title, containing the substance of one of the lectures on "The Advancement of Religion," was circulated freely among the congregation. The people, in consequence, were so thoroughly roused, that, when the minister announced a "Sermon to Young Men," the whole chapel was voluntarily yielded by the seat-holders to the youth who, being specially invited, crowded the place. On that memorable Sabbath evening, fifteen hundred young men were present; and the sermon, from the text, "Remember now thy Creator," produced a great effect, the influence and results of which were seen after many days. "The services of this winter season," states Dr. Reed, "were as good as in 1839, and the fruits promised to be in proportion. In one week, I had fifteen services; and five nights in the week I have usually been at my chapel."

The readers of this memoir know, what the people of Wycliffe Chapel were then ignorant of, that a proposal relative to missionary service was before their minister which might have separated him from them for the remainder of his life.

"On the first Sabbath," he writes in January, 1843, "at the Lord's table, I gave myself up to the Saviour, to be wholly at His disposal, too happy if he would accept any service from me. My people knew nothing of the action of my mind; and I wished that we should go through the special services with undivided attention."

With this object, he devoted himself steadily to his classes, and to the state of family religion in his church. Few entries occur in his journal except references to cases which, though of extreme interest to the

pastor, were altogether of a private nature. There is a special record, however, of two signal deliverances from danger during the summer of this year.

"There is but a step," he solemnly ejaculates, "between us and death. Returning from the Isle of Man, while in the dark, and passing from a small boat over the side of a steamer, I lost my footing, and hung for some minutes, by a rope, suspended over an angry sea; but the Lord saved me from the very jaws of death."

On the 28th of July, having visited Edinburgh to confer with some friends of the Free Church, he was on the point of starting for London; and, being inclined to go by sea, he went down to Leith to secure his passage to Hull. The ill-fated "Pegasus" was to start that same evening: he, however, could not go till the next day. She proceeded on her voyage, with both cabin and steerage full; and among the passengers was the noble-hearted John Morrell Mackenzie. The first news that met Dr. Reed, on reaching Hull by another conveyance, was, that the "Pegasus" had gone down off Fern Island; that every passenger was lost; and that the good Mackenzie was last seen, by the few survivors among the crew, kneeling on the deck of the sinking ship, surrounded by the stricken multitude, and praying for their salvation. "He is not lost," remarks Dr. Reed, touchingly; "but why am I saved?" He was saved, no doubt, for valuable labour, though not for the labour which his heart just then desired. Yet, with greater vigour than ever, he betakes himself to public work at home, seeking to confer upon the villages and hamlets of his own country those benefits which he would fain have carried to the heathen abroad.

Thus, he visits Rochester, according to his own ex-

pression, "to keep the good people up;" Milton (near Gravesend), "to open a chapel;" Perry Street, Northfleet, "to give support to another offshoot, the Wycliffe schools and chapel there, raised by good Mr. Willoughby and William Edwards;" Chishill, "to cheer my friend Dorrington;" and Royston, "to open a chapel."

"The latter," he writes, "was a noble effort. Only four years ago, I preached before the County Association in the old chapel, and cried shame upon them for being satisfied with such a place. My words were not forgotten. Now a good chapel is erected, £3,000 of the cost paid, and the people all the better for it."

Out of these visits arose two incidents, which furnished fresh illustrations of the earnestness and efficacy of Dr. Reed's ministry. In one place, a publican, who, with his wife, had been induced to hear the stranger, retired from the service, saying, "My dear, if this preacher is right, *we are wrong;*" the result being, that they gave up their business, and both became consistent Christians.

At another chapel, while waiting in the vestry for the announcement of the time of worship, Dr. Reed heard some of the deacons speak of a dying person just visited. "He is a dying man," it was observed; "it is only a question of time with him." Springing from his seat, he confronted the group, and, with sudden energy, said, "A question of time! so it is with us all: I shall preach from that text." He did so that night, and the effect was long remembered.

He records a fresh effort made in a village of Essex, where a poor little company of Christian people had for years been accustomed to meet and worship in a small room. A worthy tradesman joined them. He

was prosperous, and, as a thank-offering, promised £25 a year towards the support of the minister. This led to the building of a chapel; and it was Dr. Reed's privilege to aid, and to witness, the joy of the people at the opening.

"At Taunton," he says, "we had a brave day. A good man promised, that, if the whole chapel debt of £600 could be paid, he would give the last hundred. After the morning service, we collected £105; and, after dinner, nearly £300 was raised, by a great effort. That night the whole thing was done, and the people were happy."

A still more remarkable instance of congregational zeal and liberality is recorded in connexion with his visit to Market Harborough.

"The congregation had resolved," he writes, "upon having a new chapel. They met, and subscribed £1,500, which sum was deposited in the bank. Meantime, however, the bank failed, involving not only the loss of the sum contributed, but private losses to most of the people. Nothing daunted, they began the work again, and erected a beautiful chapel; but, on the day of opening, £1,100 was wanting. The burden seemed too heavy; but the Lord helped them, and that night we had cleared it all away."

By works of energy and love like those here described, Dr. Reed sought to give to the weakest as to the most powerful congregations who solicited his occasional services, not merely help in the pulpit, but practical illustrations of personal effort for the extension of his Master's kingdom. This chapter narrates only a few instances, selected from a diary crowded with similar facts, of wide and vigorous evangelic ministry. At home or abroad, by precept or by example—with tongue, pen, and purse, he was continually at work. Concurrently with his personal efforts, his "Narrative of the Revival of Religion" was still exciting a power-

ful influence. Dr. Reed notes a statement made by a Baptist minister near London, who referred the addition of fifty-seven members to his own church to the public reading of this "Narrative," and to the efforts and influence which resulted from it. A Wesleyan minister also reported that, in one circuit in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 1,600 members had been added to that communion: and this, he said, he attributed mainly to the stimulus given to the ministry by the perusal of that work.

Amidst all this usefulness, the entries in the journal at the close of the year 1843 show that there were times when he still panted for occupation in the great field of foreign service.

"Still my way," he writes, "is dark. I thought, by this time, I should be on the great ocean, separated, as by death, from every earthly tie, but attended by a band of some twenty young missionaries, prepared to realize my heart's desire for China. It is not to be. What is before me I see not. Be still, my heart! I am sure I am not worthy."

What he might have done as a Missionary to the heathen is a matter on which it would be futile to speculate: it is enough for us to rejoice in the great home work for the furtherance of the Gospel which the grace of God enabled him to accomplish.

Within the period embraced by this chapter, and springing very much from a great want felt by the country churches, Dr. Reed completed a work which had long occupied him,—to himself a labour of love, and to the religious public a considerable boon. It has been already noticed that he had, at the outset of his ministry, prepared for his congregation a selec-

tion of Hymns, many of which were original. This selection was used as a supplement to the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts. He now embraced the idea (which, if not altogether original, had never been so boldly and successfully executed,) of bringing together into one book psalms and hymns suitable for *public* worship. This compilation was published in 1841; and, as the inconvenience of supplements had been much felt, it rapidly attained a large sale both at home and abroad. It is not too much to say, that the favour with which it was received gave rise to publications on a similar plan, so that the use of one hymn-book has now become as general as it used to be uncommon. The Hymn Book thus prepared was meant for popular use, and is largely enriched by hymns on the subjects of Divine praise, Christian experience, and the Revival of Religion. Upon this latter subject, Dr. Reed says,—

"This end is most important; and yet it has been much overlooked. We have mostly regarded the Hymn Book as the fit medium of expressing the devout feeling of the Christian, and have not thought of it as calculated to carry conviction to the heart, and to convert the sinner to God. We expect the *sermon* may convert the ungodly; but who looks for this from the *hymn?* Yet the writer is now assured by experience in saying, that, in certain states of a congregation, nothing is so likely to subdue and sanctify the heart as a hymn well chosen, well read, and sung, not with display, but with earnest feeling. Now that we are zealously seeking for every means of usefulness, this must not be slighted."

It is right to state that, from the first, Dr. Reed reserved no pecuniary interest in the work; and whatever profit was realized was freely given, as indeed were all his earnings in the field of literature, to the cause of religion and philanthropy. Had we space to

quote some of the compositions marked "original," contained in this book, we feel sure that the reputation of Dr. Reed as a Christian poet would be regarded as of no mean order. In a recent review of the poetical works of James Montgomery, the following hymn was in error attributed to that poet, and quoted with great praise. Under these circumstances, it may be introduced here as one to which an able and impartial critic has adjudged so superior a rank :—

"Spirit divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come—Great Spirit—come!

Come as the *light*—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the *fire*—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the *dew*—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the *dove*—and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

Come as the *wind*—with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of thy face.

Spirit divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come—Great Spirit—come!

CHAPTER XIV.

PUBLIC WORK.

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."—*Longfellow.*

THE object of this chapter is, to gather up such references to general public work, as have been left unnoticed in the outline of labours hitherto presented; and, for that purpose, it is needful to carry the reader back some years from the last-recorded date.

Reference has been made already to Dr. Reed's life-long devotion to the cause of education. But, in addition to his special interest in Sunday and week-day schools for the children of the poor, he was found, so early as the year 1828, inquiring into the best means of establishing a superior middle-class Proprietary Grammar-School for the district in which he lived.

Among the numerous merchants and traders of London who made Hackney their retreat, he met with a ready acquiescence in his ideas, and he became pledged to attempt the establishment of a grammar-school in that populous village. His mind seems to have been directed to the plan ultimately adopted, by a letter of

Pliny the Younger to Cornelius Tacitus, from which he notes the following remarkable passage:—

"Being lately at Comum, the place of my nativity, a young lad, son to one of my neighbours, made me a visit. I asked him whether he studied oratory, and where? He told me he did, and at Mediolanum.* 'And why not here?' 'Because' (said his father, who came with him) 'we have no professors.' 'No!' said I; 'surely it nearly concerns you who are fathers (and very opportunely several of the company were so) that your sons should receive their education here, rather than anywhere else. For where can they be placed more agreeably than in their own country, or instructed with more safety and at less expense than *at home and under the eye of their parents?* Upon what very easy terms might you, by a general contribution, procure proper masters, if you would only apply, towards raising a salary for them, the extraordinary expense it costs you for your sons' journeys, lodgings, and whatever else you pay for upon account of their being from home!—as pay indeed you must, in such a case, for everything. Though I have no children myself, yet I shall willingly contribute to a design so beneficial to (what I look upon as a child, or a parent) my country; and, therefore, I will advance a third part of any sum you shall think proper to raise for this purpose. I would take upon myself the whole expense, were I not apprehensive that my benefaction might hereafter be abused and perverted to private ends; as I have observed to be the case in several places where public foundations of this nature have been established. The single means to prevent this mischief is, to leave the choice of the professors entirely in the breast of the parents, who will be so much the more careful to determine properly, as they shall be obliged to share the expense of maintaining them. For, though they may be careless in disposing of another's bounty, they will certainly be cautious how they apply their own; and will see that none but those who deserve it shall receive my money, when they must, at the same time, receive theirs too.'"

In the summer of 1829, Mr. Reed issued the preliminary address. "It may be expected," he says in it,

* Milan.

"that parents in the present day are not content to incur the ordinary cost of giving a merely nominal education; they are eager to know the qualifications of the teacher, and the methods of instruction employed." He proposes, therefore, to raise a subscription grammar-school, securing the highest order of education preparatory to the Universities, and at the lowest expense; the parents, by an equal subscription, bearing equally all needful charges. He urges the advantages of blending together the benefits peculiar to public and to domestic education, the bracing excitement and stimulus of school with the tender influence and gentle restraints of home.

According to his habit, he guided himself by experience, and, not trusting to correspondence, sought by personal observation to collect materials for the formation of a sound opinion. For this purpose, he visited Edinburgh and Glasgow, communicated freely with Leonard Horner and others of the Edinburgh Academy; saw Thomas Campbell, then Lord Rector of Glasgow; came home to draw up the plans and issue the shares; and then threw his full vigour into the work. Through this energetic preparation, his project was launched with incredible success.

"I have just now," he says in 1829, "been occupied with the affair of the grammar-school. We have arranged for the immediate erection of the building. It is to be finished on the 25th of December, and the first session will commence on the 1st of February. What with meetings, committees, arranging shares, summoning proprietors, debating and re-debating, securing ground, forming contracts, and engaging suitable masters, there has been enough to do. In the course of three weeks, seven hundred letters came on the subject of the masterships alone;

and, of course, most of the candidates made a pilgrimage to my house. My study is but a poor refuge, and Cambridge Heath is very different from Cheshunt Gate in many ways; but it is close to my daily work. The liberal Churchmen united in the scheme; but the Rector of South Hackney set his face against us, and started a Church-of-England school, where the Catechism is to be taught.* We have been preached at and prayed against; and now we are threatened with exclusion from the benefits of King's College. But we go on all the better. We have originated the school; the public have been awakened to the advantages of improved education; and other suburban districts are following the lead in a more catholic spirit. How much I lament all this intolerance, for the sake of the Church herself! This overweening jealousy of Dissenters, even when they are prepared to make every possible concession, tends more than anything besides to impress the public favourably to the cause of Dissent. A day, too, is coming, when, I believe, the Church will need the support of every good Dissenter; and, possibly, she will then wonder that she does not receive it. But, if that day arrives, I trust we shall show that we can be generous to an oppressor in distress."

The school, however, had at that time nothing to fear. Sustained by the Hanburys, the Hensleys, and the Kennards, who, as avowed Churchmen, co-operated with the Hankeys, the Oldings, the Burders, the Charleses, and the Powells, as Dissenters, Mr. Reed

* This gentleman, the late Rev. H. H. Norris, had already placed himself in antagonism to Mr. Reed on the Bible Society question; but, though publicly opposed, they were in other respects good neighbours. The following incident is remembered in the family, as affording Mr. Reed some amusement. The worthy Rector sent in a note one Saturday evening, politely requesting that Mr. Reed would contribute towards the erection of his schools, for which there was to be a collection at church the next day. Mr. Reed, for once, broke through his rule not to answer letters so received till the Monday, and sent the following, which met with no response:—"Mr. Reed presents his Christian regards to Dr. Norris, and, in reference to his application, has to say, that, being engaged in building schools adjoining Wycliffe Chapel, he can ill afford to contribute to others. Yet, whatever Dr. Norris will give to the Wycliffe schools, Mr. Reed will be happy to give to the school in Well Street."

pursued his way without heeding the tumult of excited feeling the experiment was causing around him. The excitement was, for a time, intense. The whole village seemed to partake in it. The walls were placarded with accusations of heterodoxy and infidelity against the governing body; and, there being then no local newspapers, the great press of the metropolis mingled in the fray. Pamphlet followed pamphlet; replies were met by rejoinders; the spirit of strife reigned paramount; and, pending the issue, there was a total suspension of neighbourly hospitalities, and, in some cases, even an estrangement between members of the same families. The boys of the rival schools, it will be readily conceived, could not resist the infection. Pitched battles were fought daily between the elder ones, and the younger and more timid had to be guarded in their passage to and fro. The local authorities were compelled to interfere; for the aristocratic village was for a time absolutely frighted from its propriety. Moreover, while the turmoil was at its height, Dr. Norris was led to believe that a clever lampoon upon himself was the production of Mr. Reed, and this added fuel to the flame. The lines opened thus:—

> "Arms and the man I sing, whose life
> Has been a scene of constant fretting strife."

The authorship was afterwards acknowledged by a young clergyman of another parish.

In spite of all hindrances, an edifice which was confessed to be an ornament to the parish was speedily raised. The applications for admission were so numerous, that a selection had to be made; and the only drawback was found in a demand, on the part of

some parents, for the exercise of an option in favour of commercial to the exclusion of classical education. But on this point Mr. Reed was firm as a rock. He knew the value of such studies as Virgil and Cicero, Homer and Thucydides; and he published an able defence of his position, urging the appointment of masters whose names would be a guarantee for excellence of training in these departments. Oxford, in the person of the refined and learned Robert Eden, and Cambridge, in the accomplished Thomas Dry, furnished the requisite instruments; and the wisdom of the choice was attested by a long course of continued prosperity.

In 1833, Mr. Reed, having seen the experiment fairly tried and completely successful, and having a desire to accomplish a new work then before him, resigned his official connexion with the school.

"I felt," he says, "that the secretaryship should not be held either for honour or for gratification, but only for service. Indeed, I never meant to hold office after the school was fairly established. Now it is in smooth water, and there are several men about it well able to do all that is to be done. May it prosper!"

Prosper it did, for a time; but, in 1844, the journal tells another tale. "Alas!" exclaims the founder, "the school is no more. Division crept in, and the property is sold. I mourn over the ruin of a work that cost so much labour, and was intended to do permanent good."

The new work to which Mr. Reed alluded as the proximate cause of his resignation of office in the Hackney School, was one which presents itself next in order of date. Repeated references occur, between the years 1815 and 1833, to the great need in

the East of London of a Savings Bank; "principally," Mr. Reed says, "for my people, but not confined to them. We have nothing of the kind. It would be a blessing in the midst of 100,000 people." At the close of 1833 he refers to this subject again, saying that he hoped to attempt it that season. The accomplishment of this purpose was delayed, however, for two or three years, till he found time to prepare his scheme and commence operations. Having obtained the patronage of all the leading mercantile firms in the great manufacturing and shipping districts of the Tower Hamlets, he skilfully united all parties, political and religious, on the Board of Management, and prevailed on two well-qualified members of his own congregation to take upon themselves the burden of the work. Foregoing his summer holiday, he tarried in town to put this business in train.

"None," he adds, June, 1837, "require such attention at this time as our poor. Improvidence is the parent of half their vices. The Bank, I hope, may contribute to abate it. There is nothing I shun more than pecuniary liability; but in this case it was necessary to take some measure of responsibility, in order to induce others to unite."

The address issued on this occasion to the working classes is highly characteristic. It opens by saying,—

"The advantages of the Bank are these:—

"1. ANY SUM, not less than ONE SHILLING, is received.

"2. The money is SAFE; it is in the BANK OF ENGLAND.

"3. It is PRODUCTIVE; interest is allowed.

"4. It may easily be withdrawn, if necessary.

"5. There are no deductions, on any account.

"6. It is managed GRATUITOUSLY."

Upon the depositor's book he placed these wholesome maxims:—"A penny saved is a penny earned;"

"Small savings make great gains;" "Would you know the worth of money, try to borrow some;" "What maintains one vice, would support two children;" "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

Dr. Reed took care to be himself one of the earliest depositors, setting an example by himself, and by his children, the influence of which upon others placed the institution, in the first year of its existence, in a position of unquestioned security.

In common with most Christian ministers, he was often consulted upon family arrangements, and was frequently pressed to accept trusts and executorships, which, however, he invariably declined. His congregation being to a great extent connected with seafaring life, this difficulty grew in proportion to their attachment to him. At length he resolved to connect with the Bank a provision for the deposit of documentary treasures.

"We have succeeded," he notes, "in opening two fresh departments,—annuities, and deposits of wills and deeds. This last thing is new; but the Port of London is the place to try it. There are thousands of persons leaving home and country, and in advanced years, who, having no friends, know not what to do with such property, and are often defrauded of it."

The rules of these new agencies are in Dr. Reed's own hand; and the rough calculations, checked by the actuary, show that the whole framework of this local but most useful institution was constructed under his care.

The success of the effort exceeded the expectations of the founder, whose aim in applying to its interests so much of his personal attention, was to prove to the labouring classes, that Christian people, acting upon

business principles, could undertake and carry out with fidelity an institution whose trivial working expenses should form a striking contrast to the heavily-charged banks for savings and the ruinous money-clubs which even now too much abound in the country.

Some notion of the position of the East London Savings Bank may be gathered from the following figures:—

	1839.	1856.	1862.*
Receipts . . .	£15,168	£403,959	£622,478
Invested . . .	8,646	67,953	80,625
Open Acccounts.	791	3,534	3,679

Springing from this, and yet a tributary to it, was a Penny Bank for children's savings, conducted gratuitously for many years by Mr. John Fraser, an officer of Dr. Reed's church, and furnishing by its plans an example which has been extensively followed all over the land.

Of the great political movements of the day, Dr. Reed was something more than an interested observer. He found time, while planning the day's work or taking his morning meal, to read or hear the leaders of the "Times." He also looked with eagerness for the periodical arrival of the Quarterlies; which, he called for evening after evening, never wearying of the good writing which the "Edinburgh," the "Quarterly," and, latterly, the "British Quarterly" of Dr. Vaughan, afforded. The "Eclectic Review" of John Foster's day was likewise a favourite; and both American and German literature were in great request.

* Extracted from the "Times" of January 3, 1863, where the figures are quoted in proof of "sound principles and successful working."

He was in the habit of conversing freely in his family upon the leading topics of political and social debate, taking a comprehensive view of cardinal questions, and marking boldly points which struck him as indicative of doubt or danger to the nation. The popular resistance offered to the "Six Acts" of 1820 is referred to in his journal, with a note of warning "that the restrictions of the right of holding public meetings would go far to prevent the carrying of great measures for which the country waits." Here he showed the foresight of one expecting large reforms, as well as a patriotic jealousy for the constitutional liberty of opinion.

Though a severe economist of time, he seems, in 1828, to have been frequently in the Houses of Parliament. As a young Nonconformist minister, he followed with close attention the discussions on the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; and, for years afterwards, when Mr. Byng had secured him from delay in getting a special seat, he enjoyed a place below the gangway, where he could hear in comfort

> "the grand debate,
> The popular harangue."

But no questions discussed in Parliament engaged the mind and called out the influence of Andrew Reed so completely as those of Negro Emancipation and Free Trade. Brought in early life, through the friendship of Mr. Butterworth, into association with William Wilberforce, and subsequently becoming acquainted with Buxton and Clarkson, Mr. Reed was thoroughly conversant with the subjects which occupied those devoted men, although he did not take an active part in

the earlier anti-slavery movements. In the final struggle for Emancipation in 1833, however, he was found in earnest conference at the Mile End Brewery on a proposed organization in the East of London. Though it cost him the friendships of some men who had a deep stake in the West Indies, he urged his friends at New Road to petition the House of Commons for immediate freedom, at whatever sacrifice, protesting against the proposed twelve years' continued servitude as inhuman and iniquitous;—"twelve years to be spent in slavery, till the freedom of a wasted body and crushed spirit was worked out."

"Again," he says, "the force of public opinion led to the amendment of the terms. Seven years' apprenticeship was fixed; and the degradation of slavery was lifted from humanity."

After referring to the death of Wilberforce, which took place on the eve of Emancipation, he says,—

"At last the slave is free, and Britain has cast the chain from her hand with sorrow and shame. Thank God! our highest national crime is blotted out. May it be blotted out of the Book of Remembrance, and our repentance, though late, be accepted! Were I asked for the noblest act in the history of any people, I should say, 'It is to be found in the fact that England willingly paid twenty millions of money, an absolute gift, as some atonement for having ever forgotten the claims of man on man.' I speak not of the policy of the act, but of its morality."

Mr. Reed's interest in the great question of humanity did not rest here. Going out to America in 1834, one of his chief desires was to be of some service to the cause of freedom; and here it need only be said, that his services were recognized as of the greatest value. He was in the very seat of the abomination, and he

spoke of its iniquities, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear; one day denouncing the slave auction, and another noting how his heart bounded with joy at the sight of a fugitive escaped from his pursuers. After all he had witnessed there of grandeur and beauty, he says,—"The finest sight in the world is to see a poor hunted fugitive slave leap on British soil from the States."

Notwithstanding these published opinions upon the subject of slavery, at the great Anti-slavery Convention in this country, which was held, in the year 1840, under the immediate presidency of the Prince Albert, with the Duke of Sussex, and a host of foreign notables, an American delegate accused the members of the Deputation to the United States of unfaithfulness to anti-slavery principles. The accusation was repeated in yet stronger language by Mr. Lloyd Garrison, of New York, and Mr. George Thompson, of London. To this charge, made in Freemasons' Hall during their temporary absence, Dr. Matheson replied at a meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, held in Bristol in the following autumn. Dr. Reed, not being present, took the opportunity of entering his protest against the misrepresentation of a small section of American abolitionists, in a letter addressed to one of the periodicals of the day.

In the present stage of the Slavery question in America, it is thought well to give that portion of this letter in which Dr. Reed explains his views on the practical part of the subject, since it possesses a revived interest, as showing how the whole matter was regarded by a man who, while a thorough abolitionist

in principle, had surveyed the institution on the spot, and from habit of mind gave due consideration to all the elements involved in any practical settlement.

"From my known sentiments," writes Dr. Reed, Dec. 10, 1840, "on this as well as other subjects, I was urged to be one of a deputation to America, but without pledges of any kind. So soon as I arrived there, I accepted an invitation to the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, and was only prevented being present by illness. I was eager to offer compensation for this; and, within three days, I think at the largest meeting held at that period—the Missionary meeting,—I denounced slavery as a sin and a curse, and appealed to the people to follow in the course of British Christians. It would have required little resolution to do this in an anti-slavery meeting, where all were supposed to be friendly; but it required something more to do it where, certainly, the majority were unprepared for it. I travelled across the Slave States (what, I believe, no other deputy or agent has done), for the purpose of acquainting myself with the question. Everywhere I sought to raise occasions for discussing it, and never did I plead for less than its utter condemnation. I arrived at Cincinnati when the question was critical. I took a decided part in it, and left with a hope that I had succeeded in preventing measures which afterwards broke up the college. I hastened to Boston, chiefly for the purpose of meeting some select friends, at the head of whom was Mr. J. Tappan, on the question; and these conferences led to the formation of an anti-slavery society, which, I believe, was the first that had existence in Boston. I returned home, first making a verbal report to my brethren, and afterwards placing my opinions distinctly on record in two chapters devoted to that subject, to which, I think, objection has not been taken. The Union, at its annual sitting, passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the Deputation for the manner in which they had fulfilled their commission; and, in the review, of nothing am I more conscious than that, if every other object had failed, the service rendered to this great question was a sufficient return for the trouble and the sacrifice. Is it quite right, that, seven years afterwards, in

the same Union, anything like a vindication should be thought necessary?

"Lest I should give a wrong impression by this statement, I will candidly admit, that I have lamented, and do still lament, some measures of anti-slavery societies as unfavourable to the object pursued,—the utter annihilation of slavery. I think, for instance, it is a great mistake to have two societies in this country, as it fosters jealousies, perplexes the common mind, and prevents that consolidation of power which would be felt by the Governments of this and of other nations. I question, if there was to be a Convention, the propriety of lady delegates being deputed with a claim to speak and vote at the session. I think it alike unwise to refuse to consider the questions of compensation and time, and to insist on that of amalgamation. I demur to the course of denouncing all slave-owners as 'thieves, bloodhounds, infidels, and traitors,' as not likely to expedite their conversion, and as not quite Christian. I condemn the assertion which has been so often repeated lately over the length and breadth of the land, that *no man who holds a slave can be a Christian*, as monstrous and false. I know I should unchristianize better men than myself if I adopted it. I object to the policy and the right of making the slave question a test and term of communion. If a slave pledge is to be adopted, why not a peace pledge, and a temperance pledge, and a host of other pledges? I denounce all terms of communion but the one term of our salvation,—faith in Christ. These and similar extravagances, I am satisfied, have greatly obstructed our course to the one object which in common we have sought to pursue. I speak advisedly when I say, that I fully believe, by this time, two if not three Slave States in America would have been free, if the measures adopted had been as well chosen as they were certainly well-intentioned. This would have given a majority to the Free States in Congress; and that circumstance alone would have operated mightily on the question.

"If it is thought, that, when so many exceptions exist, they must generate some degree of lukewarmness to the object, my conscience says 'No' to the allegation. I would gladly, indeed, see the machinery for effecting so great and difficult a work approach as near perfection as may be; but I will readily work

with such as is found to exist. The cause is too sacred, too urgent, too mighty, to allow of fastidiousness. If my heart has always bled for the condition of the slave, it does so more freely now that all the horrors of slavery are increased after the labours and the prayers of half a century. If there is any service in which I could freely offer up life itself, it is in that service which professes to find its consummation and its reward in the rupture of the last fetter of the last slave, that all men may be alike free, and for ever free!"

Dr. Reed has left behind him a considerable correspondence with the late Dr. Philip, of Cape Town, which shows that the visit of Jan Tzatzoe and Andries Stoffles to this country, after the invasion of Graham's Town in 1831, was the result of strong representations made to the Government of the day, that these men should be allowed to give evidence as to the wrongs of the Caffres and of the negro population before a Committee of the British House of Commons. The history of this negotiation has never been written; but these letters prove Dr. Philip to have been a man of high moral courage in dealing with a difficult question. He was, without doubt, the fearless assertor of the rights of those who at that crisis needed a powerful advocate in this country, and in urging their claims before the Government he did much to insure them the redress they sought.

One of the most able advocates of the negro's cause was John Burnet, formerly of Cork, and afterwards, till his death, minister of the Independent Chapel at Camberwell. His great ability as a speaker marked him out as very suitable for a representative of the people in Parliament at this crisis. It was understood that he was prepared to adopt that public position provided only that he could be duly sustained; and

Dr. Reed was foremost in his endeavours to secure this point. He says, March 6, 1837,—

"Meeting called to consider whether it was desirable and practicable to provide for Mr. Burnet's going into Parliament. Stated that Mr. Wilson, Dr. Philip, and myself were responsible for calling the meeting, to which we had invited Messrs. Waymouth, Challis, Lee, Hankey, Mills, Peek, Tooke, Cunliffe, and others."

Those present agreed to raise a guarantee fund: Messrs. Wilson, Challis, Dr. Philip, and Dr. Reed, became responsible for £1,000 each, while Mr. Joseph Sturge and other members of the Society of Friends answered for a fifth thousand. The meeting was adjourned: circumstances eventually arose which led Mr. Burnet to decide, that "he could not accept a position which would fetter him as a public man;" and the scheme was reluctantly abandoned.

In May, 1840, when the Free-trade movement confronted its old and powerful antagonist, and the monopoly in bread was threatened with repeal of the Corn Laws, Dr. Reed appeared in the fore-front of the battle, and avowedly as a Christian minister. "This," he says, "is a crisis with our nation: I would do what I can." The first petition ever sent up by the associated bodies of the Protestant Dissenting Ministers of London and Westminster was drawn up by his hand. The way in which the case was put, was considered to be most clear and forcible.

"Although," ran the petition, "we have long suffered from such cause, it is now that the evils are more fearfully developing themselves. Our industrious poor are threatened with low wages and dear food; the craving children in myriads of families look up and are not fed; the parent asks to purchase his bread

in the cheapest market, and he is denied, and he resents the denial; our artisans, our capital, and our trade are forsaking our shores; the spirit of commerce is prostrated by the dead weight of monopoly; and, as the value of our lands is sustained only by the extent of our commercial relations, we are threatened as a people with one common ruin.

"Especially this body, as composed of Christian ministers, do deprecate and deplore the immoral and irreligious tendency of the restrictions complained of. That they contribute to reduce masses of the poor to such deep poverty as to deprive them of all independence and self-respect, since nothing is more withering to every virtue than the conviction, that, after a man has put out his best efforts to provide for his family, they must fail. Education, public worship, and respect for others, in such circumstances, are out of the question: the bonds of society are broken; and suspicion and enmity are cherished where only love should dwell. That, besides such evils, the method by which the present restrictions on food are regulated, while it acts generally as a prohibition, offers just that temptation to the rash speculator, which converts an honest course of trade into a gambling transaction. As ministers of religion, they must solemnly denounce a system which originates such complicated evil; and must fear, that, if persisted in, it must fall under the malediction of Heaven. 'He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be on the head of him that selleth it.'"

After discussing the state of the country in 1841, Dr. Reed says,—

"Four bad harvests have had a terrible effect on the social condition of the people. I am much afflicted at the state of the poor and of the country. Our one great evil is, that the governors and the governed have not a common interest: the result is oppression. The bread tax is the root of the evil, and must be swept away. Last year's movement had a good effect. It led to the meeting at Manchester,*—a great fact;

* A national conference of ministers of all religious denominations, on the subject of the laws respecting the food of the community, when 620 delegates were present.

and this, again, led to the meeting at Edinburgh. The battle is still raging; but I see no hope, unless the people rise in mass, and decree that that shall not be, which ought never to have been. When shall we be wise? When will great statesmen learn, that protection to one class is robbery of all other classes? When will they know the proper limits of equalization? When will they know, especially, that a small island like England, must find her wealth and her greatness, not within herself, but in her relations to other peoples?"

In 1842, he again drew up a petition against the tax, as "unjust in principle, and most injurious, in all its effects, to commerce, to education, to morals, and to religion," praying the House of Commons, "as they pitied the poor, as they loved their country, as they feared the Judge of the whole earth, to take prompt measures for its total extinction." He spoke as an eye-witness of the state of the poor.

"I have just," he writes in August, 1842, "made a visit to the distressed parts. It occupied six days. In London, we heard of suffering, unexampled suffering, in Lancashire. I was weary of hearing, and thinking, and doing nothing. I feared the result of feeling much and doing little in the hardening of my heart: resolved, therefore, to do something. My people responded to my call as they ever do. They brought me £123. I resolved to be my own almoner. My object was, to visit the most distressed spots in England, and to relieve, not by gifts alone, but by sympathy also. I think I did so by extending relief to above 700 persons, at a cost of £150. I fell sick in the midst of it, but was enabled to work on; and now my own bread is the sweeter. No man is sufficiently thankful for daily bread. Humbly I thank God for the opportunity."

Many grateful hearts are still beating which remember the merciful visit of Andrew Reed. From private memoranda, it appears that the sum distributed was larger than that stated; and that Dr. Reed went

to other towns besides Manchester, Bury, and Bolton, visiting the poor sufferers, calling on clergy and laity, giving away bread in their schoolhouses and vestries, and leaving his almoners behind, with power to expend on his account. In Bolton, an excellent and long-tried friend to the people speaks with lively interest of the happy effect of this well-timed visitation; and this instance of individual help is looked back upon with thankfulness at the present moment, in the midst of that wide-spread and deeper want which has been borne so heroically by the sufferers, and has been met by such an outburst of benevolence on the part of the true-hearted British people.

When the great triumph over monopoly was achieved, Dr. Reed received the news with deep thankfulness, under the influence of which he exclaims,—

"There is hope for my country! Sir Robert Peel has declared himself for Free Trade. He has been thirty years, as a statesman, making his way to this. Why so long? What have Governments to do with either protection or prohibition? It is folly and injustice. My chief fear was, that the two Houses, being composed of the landed interest, would never yield to the reasonable demands of the people. The original convictions of Sir Robert have been acted on by the loss of the potato crop in Ireland, and the work is done. Thanks be to God, a difficulty all but insuperable has been overcome, and an advantage is secured to the country, which, though it should have come before, is perhaps not too late. It is a great act of justice to the poor, and so may free us from the curse of oppression."

Another reference is in the following terms:—

"June 26, 1846: a memorable day in our history. Sir Robert Peel presented the Act for the Repeal of the Corn Laws with the sign-manual of the Queen. How long the people

have been duped and robbed, and how easily! How hard to undo what has been done, even though the work of folly and selfishness!" It has taken thirty years to remove this curse. The wonder is, that it is now rolled away. Sir Robert said, it was not the Whigs or the Tories, but Richard Cobden. I must say, that Providence did it with an outstretched hand, and used Peel as the unwilling instrument, as plainly as it did Cyrus in more ancient time. Would that our people had eyes to see it! The League, it is dissolved: it is well. Honour be to the men who, for seven years, have wrought so bravely! By the bye, they are making rather a *mercantile* close. Of the moneys subscribed for general uses, they are voting £10,000 to Wilson, the chairman! who already had £300 a year. They propose to give Cobden £100,000. He deserves it, for he has sacrificed more than the people know; and I believe he will go clean-handed through life, to save his honest independence. Place will not buy *him* off."

While abroad in 1850, Dr. Reed hears the news of the premature death of Sir Robert Peel; and he says,—

"Sir Robert Peel, too, is removed!—of my age, and by a fracture similar to my own. The manner of death, though most distressing, favourable to his reputation. All difference of feeling melted down into universal sympathy. He is now proclaimed as the greatest statesman of the day. In that verdict I cannot unite. I think he was an upright, useful, and laborious servant of the public, and equal to the men he was accustomed to meet on the floor of the House of Commons,—but not a statesman. A statesman is a far-seeing man, who anticipates what is wanted, and who devotes himself to its accomplishment, whether weal or woe betide him. This was not Peel's character. His habits, temper, and associations were aristocratic. His convictions were free and liberal; but he had not firmness to assert them, and remained most of his life trammelled and undecided. He disappointed equally friend and foe. Most of the important measures that he carried, he had resisted so long as resistance was possible or available. The currency question was the only one really his own. The battles of Emancipation, of Reform, and of Freedom in Trade and Policy, were fought by

others, with him for an antagonist; and he changed sides when victory was certain, and claimed the honours. For the moment, they are conceded; but, I think, posterity will correct the judgment."

London being the place of his nativity, Dr. Reed naturally loved the city of his birth, and took an interest in the concerns of his fellow-citizens. In 1854, while in Paris, and writing in the gardens of the Luxembourg, he says,—

"London is my *workshop;* Paris is my *garden.* Whatever my passion for the country, I could not now do without London. I was born there. I have grown up there. My field of service and influence is there. While I *may* occupy, I *must.* London is a centre of action from which everything one does vibrates over the round world."

Public convenience was a matter to which Dr. Reed's practical mind was frequently turned. He often watched with pain the vain attempts of timid people to cross the crowded thoroughfare in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House. On one occasion he invited a City magistrate to look at the thronging crowd from his point of view, the office of the Asylum for Idiots, in the Poultry, and, when asked for a remedy, replied,—"If it were left to me, I would take a frontage on each side of the street, run a light bridge across at the height of the first-floor windows, leaving headway for the carriages, and securing an easy viaduct for the fearful, aged, and infirm." This hint was never taken; and, to this day, at all the great crossings in the City, accumulated crowds of foot-passengers run headlong against each other in the middle of the road, while vehicles on both sides are charging upon them, to the imminent peril of life and limb.

But, although the simple, effectual, and inexpensive contrivance which Dr. Reed proposed remains a desideratum, another hint of his was adopted, of which, as reduced to practice, every one approves, though few are aware of its leading cause. Riding one day in a cab together, Sir George Carroll and Dr. Reed were twice blocked up on their way to the London Bridge Station,—once at the junction of the five roads at Gracechurch Street, and again by Monument Yard. The second delay lasted so long, that they lost the train which was to have carried them to the Asylum at Earlswood. The block had been caused by a van of Pickford's, a costermonger's donkey-barrow, a disabled dust-cart, and a brewer's dray. "Well, Doctor," said Sir George, "we must go back; there's no help for it." "Right, Sir George," he answered; "but, (still eyeing the entangled group of vehicles,) if I were a City alderman, I would take good care that there should be some help for it to-morrow." "What would you suggest?" "I would order things differently on this bridge. I'd make Pickford follow the donkey, and Barclay follow Pickford, keeping close to the left-hand kerb; and the right-hand kerb should be kept clear on the Surrey side for the incoming slow traffic. The mid-way would then be open for us to proceed after that omnibus at a trot; four lines of traffic would thus be secured,—a luggage-train on each side, and two express lines in the middle." The thing was done; is done now every day; and countless thousands have saved time and caught trains by help of the simple thought of a man who was accustomed to cross the bridge four times a week, and knew the value of every minute.

It would be easy to multiply, from jottings in Dr. Reed's note-book, the proofs of his thoughtful solicitude about everything that might exalt the honour and enhance the safety of his country. The following entry is selected as affording an impressive picture of the Christian politician, calmly surveying through his loop-hole of retreat the fear and perplexity of an excited multitude:—

"Panic of invasion makes the people tremble like children. I believe in a Providence, and that, by a thousand influences, too subtle for man to discover, as well as too mighty for man to resist, it may save or may destroy a people. I believe it looks with complacency upon a nation in which righteousness and mercy are exalted; and therefore I see our best and surest defences in those institutions of considerate piety and charity which adorn the skirts and acclivities of our great metropolis."

Another quotation bearing upon the same subject may be allowed.

"Ask not for the civilization of a people in splendid palaces and stupendous monuments; seek it more surely in the love of science, the prevalence of education, the domestic arts; public walks and gardens for health, exercise, and amusement; sympathy with the virtuous poor, and universal and parental care of all who suffer from the inflictions of nature or of Providence. As far as my country is concerned, I would certainly have a handsome margin for galleries, statues, and temples; but I would express the highest refinement where it is seldom sought, and has never yet been found,—in good pavements, good thoroughfares, good dwellings, good sewerage, good water, good public conveniences; and these brought home to the full and free enjoyment of the lowest of the people. Were I a sovereign, I would seek to make the country and the metropolis celebrated for some one thing: be it palace, university, or temple for the illustrious dead, I would have some one thing which should excel every thing else of its kind."

Though specially trained to the work of the ministry, Dr. Reed has been said to have been the model of a business-man. Decisive in all his acts, punctual to all engagements, and methodical in the conduct of his many great enterprises, he performed with comparative ease, as those who knew him best are well aware, a daily pressure of work wonderful to contemplate. His family were specially cognizant of the regularity with which, on the morning of Saturday, his only quiet day, the duty of the coming week was planned. He seemed to comprehend at a glance the nature and bearing of each greater work, and of every smaller detail; noting with ever-ready pencil the chief points for attention and consideration, and then, as each day came, bending his thoughts to his allotted task as entirely as though no other day were to follow. Thus on each morning, day by day, he was at liberty to receive visits from the principal officers of the different institutions, to act promptly in cases of sudden emergency, to decide at once in matters of discipline, and to give suitable instruction upon a multiplicity of lesser points which the government of these dependent families continually presented. "At our Board meeting," says an observer of many years, "he was familiar with detail to such a degree, that architect, well-sinker, builder, and cattle-dealer, each in turn felt convinced that Dr. Reed must in early life have had an apprenticeship in his particular line of business; and thus endowed, each committee's agenda glided through his hands with remarkable smoothness."

With this admitted skill for planning and executing, no wonder if he was sometimes inclined to go forward in advance of most of his colleagues. The

fact was, that he saw the end from the beginning: the whole work was in his mind; and, happily freed from that slavery of fear, the next quarter's salary, which checks and fetters some noble spirits, he gave his gratuitous service more in the spirit of a father and a founder than in that of a secretary and an officer. At the same time, he was inspired with so strong a faith in the success of his undertakings, that, as he said, "I would sooner win the confidence of benevolence in action, than ask the world to help me while I was doing nothing."

His administrative ability struck every one, high and low, who was brought into contact with him. His mind was one which took the broad and comprehensive view; which is the great characteristic of true statesmanship. His governing power was always felt; and, where small jealousies did not stand in the way, it was so far admitted as to be willingly yielded to, though this was a process sometimes calling for no little self-denial. It has been said justly of him, that, "in any work he espoused, he was in the habit of leading the way, not more from his own act than from the deference of those around him." Conscious of his powers, he was prepared to work with any one who gave him credit for simple disinterestedness of purpose, and who was willing to risk something with him in the success of the undertaking. At the same time, he was thought by some not to be sufficiently amenable to regulations. In his strong zeal and brave-hearted courage, he sometimes brushed aside with too little ceremony those who lingered in the way, pausing and asking for proof and precedent, authority and instruction. When he saw that a thing wanted doing,

he did not always wait for the next monthly meeting, but often did it at once. When he had an idea, he worked it out. The cost was a secondary consideration; for that he was prepared, and, even if he had to bear it himself, at the right time the right thing was done.

This habit, nevertheless, sometimes produced the impression that Dr. Reed preferred to work alone. His diary shows, that he knew his constitutional tendency, that he tried to overcome it, and that he cherished the names of "singularly noble men, who," he writes, "having borne with my faults and taken part in my risks, have never yet, I believe, had to share in regrets on account of the ill-success of any of my schemes. I thank God for that. I feel sure that not half the work I have done could have been accomplished but for the generous confidence reposed in me by my committees." This persuasion was abundantly sustained by the avowals of the managers of the institutions for which he lived and laboured, when at length death deprived them of his energy and experience.*

A gentleman who first knew Dr. Reed thirty-two years ago, and during fifteen years heard him constantly, being a member of his church, thus describes him:—

"His taciturnity was marked, the more particularly as it arose from no deficiency of power; for no man was more fluent in speech, and I remember no instance of his being at fault for one moment. This reserve, combined with self-reliance, gave him great power over individuals and in committees. Under all circumstances, his countenance seemed imperturbable. When consulted, he did not give an opinion, but pronounced a judgment, seldom assigning reasons. This practice, being sustained

* Appendix.

by great sagacity and breadth of view, gained him immense influence. I was always struck with his control over his own feelings. Under intense excitements caused by his preaching during special services connected with the revival in his church, he remained master of himself, and was enabled to restore a calm. As a young man, I was at a loss to reconcile a tranquillity almost stoical in appearance, with a philanthropy which I knew to be, nevertheless, the most striking of his characteristics. He once gave me a leaf out of his own book, in the form of an instruction how to carry myself in an official position so as to avail myself of the utmost means of being useful. 'Comparatively little,' he said, 'could be done by one head and one pair of hands; whereas, by a wise enlistment and prudent management of the energies of others, an individual might become fifty or a thousand handed.' A wise man, he intimated, would subordinate all persons over whom he had influence to his own designs; not allowing them, as a rule, to know more than might be necessary to secure effective co-operation. He seemed to look upon the mass of men as made to be ruled, and, indeed, as more ready to be ruled than to rule. Like the present Premier, he was faithful to those who stood by him, and never doubted them; but then, it was on the condition that he possessed their unwavering confidence and commanded their co-operation. When the current sometimes set against him, he trusted to the action of time for tiding over the difficulty, and found it was to him according to his faith. I loved him, I reverence his memory, and I shall not see his like again; but, now he is gone to his reward, I feel at liberty to write thus freely about him in the interest of society."

A gentleman officially connected with Dr. Reed through many years, says,—

"Perfect reliance and freedom from suspicion were among his most prominent traits. He placed implicit confidence in those about him, and treated all as honest and truthful until he discovered the contrary. I must also allude to his unshrinking perseverance, and his strong faith in the accomplishment of his various undertakings, and the full assurance that the public would respond to his appeals. His proceedings were not so much

experiments as positive calculations. His perfect command of himself in mind and temper was marked: he was neither ruffled by unforeseen opposition or sudden attack, nor discouraged by the multiplicity of duties or the magnitude of his responsibilities. 'One thing at a time,' was his invariable motto."

An officer of one of the Asylums, referring to the same subject, says,—

"I am bound to refer to Dr. Reed's conscientious regard to the property of the charity, carefully and scrupulously avoiding all charges for personal expenses,—even paying the postage of his own letters. However long he may have been engaged at the office, (and I have been with him as late as ten at night,) he never had refreshment at the Society's expense; nor did he ever allow the Board to reimburse him the cost of his daily private conveyance from and to his own house."

Dr. Reed's great and ever self-denying benefactions receive notice elsewhere. Let it here be said, however, that, considerable as they were in themselves, they were the more important because of the stimulus to others, who could not refuse the request of one who gave as well as begged.

But Dr. Reed valued confidence more than money, as he was never slow to prove. At the very outset of one of his undertakings, and when the whole pecuniary risk was resting upon the promise of a friend to give a thousand pounds, he received, the day after he had publicly committed himself to the work, a letter from that friend coupling the gift with certain conditions as to its appropriation. His instant remark was, "We want that money; but I can only take it unconditionally. It is needed to make our first step secure, and to sustain the first objects of our charity. It must be given with confidence, or not at all." Declining the

conditions and providing a third of the amount from his own purse, he forthwith found friends to make up the rest, without a word being publicly uttered.

Every one, old and young, felt and enjoyed his friendship; while, to all in subordinate positions, his bearing was equally dignified and courteous. In the institutions themselves he was completely at home. As years came on, and his visits were fewer and less regular, the utmost consideration was paid to his failing strength, and the greatest attention was shown to his requirements. Whether at Reedham, Earlswood, Colchester, or Putney, he was received with profound reverence and respect. As a father to the fatherless, as a deliverer to the poor idiot, as a friend and comforter to the hopelessly diseased, so he went to his asylums and hospitals. He was watched for at the distant window. Busy hands made ready for his arrival. His footstep was known upon the stair. His voice made music in the dwelling. His sympathizing visit was longed for in the sick-chamber. His presence brought fresh glee into the play-ground and the nursery. On one occasion he refers touchingly to such a welcome by the family at Earlswood, and says,—

> "'Tis sweet to know
> There is an eye that marks our coming,
> And looks brighter when we come.'

So has it ever been with me. Cheerful, happy contentment always greets me; and, in view of this, a peace which passeth all understanding fills up my heart." He was loved as a father, and venerated as a benefactor; and to him these words of holy writ may not inappropriately be applied: "He was eyes to the blind, and feet was he to the lame. When the ear

heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him: because he delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish, came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. Yea, he was a father to the poor; and the cause which he knew not he searched out."

CHAPTER XV.

MINISTERIAL CONSTANCY.

1844. 1851.

"Though much is taken, much abides; and, though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."—*Tennyson.*

"The physical nature says, by many little signs, we are going down-hill; the spiritual nature testifies, by many noble gains and acquirements, *we are going onward and upward.*"—*Country Parson's Recreations.*

THE course of a "burning and shining light" has been followed to the point of its meridian brightness; but, the clearest orbs are subject to a universal law: after "the shining more and more," then must come the shadow that declineth,—the lengthening shadow of evening; and, lastly, the deep cold shade of night. To the buoyancy of youth and the vigour of manhood, difficulties are but incentives. Cares are then soon shaken off, and do not keep their hold; the stress and anxiety of effort find nerve enough to bear them; and, amid fresh objects of interest and new successes, sorrows and troubles are as if they were not.

But there comes a time, if human life be protracted, when a gradual decline of strength is perceptible to others, if not to the subject of it; when recurring obstacles weary and harass; when anxious judgments perplex; when fatigue does not easily repair itself by rest; when new calls to exertion occasion tremor and suspense, and are less and less readily encountered. At such an age, there is little freshness of pursuit, or of attainment; for all this life affords has been experienced. Growing infirmity within then begins to exaggerate the trials without, and dimness of vision to deepen the shadows around. Some temperaments battle with such infirmity and with its consequences longer than others; but all who live long enough, must be exposed to this ordeal. The thoughtful Christian finds instruction and encouragement from observing how faith and prayer can give fortitude for such experiences, and how the consciousness of pursuing noble objects of benevolence to man, and of service to God, will lift up the heart devoted to them; so that, though "our outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed day by day." Yet, the holiest and the most earnest will keenly feel the change. The anguish and bitterness of the soul will be secretly poured out before God; and the cry will go up to Him, "My flesh and my heart faileth; but Thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

The subsequent part of this narrative will show how Andrew Reed was enabled to submit to the frailties of age, while still bearing the heavy burden which he had assumed, and still pursuing, with his accustomed energy, the arduous course of a good soldier of Christ. He begins the period of advancing

age cheerfully exclaiming, "I must now look for life behind me; but immortality is still before."

Having now attained (November, 1844) the fifty-seventh year of his age, and the thirty-third of his pastorate, he indulges in an elaborate and careful retrospect, which is so autobiographical in its nature as to be peculiarly suitable for these pages.

"Began another year," he writes, "in sickness and weakness. It is a period of *review*.

"I. The first sentiment is *thankfulness*.

"1. That I live, while so many have fallen around me.

"2. That so much of life is left at fifty-seven, to one who has suffered so much from the wear and tear of life.

"3. That I was blessed with pious parents and education.

"4. That I was early the subject of religious conversion.

"5. That my tastes have been awakened, chiefly by religion, for the beautiful, the good, and the great, in nature, life, and redemption.

"6. That all the members of my father's family and of my own are united either to the church in heaven, or to the church on earth.

"7. That I have been permitted to utter the Gospel, and to sustain the pastoral relation. That I still retain my maiden charge over the church in which I first received the truth, professed the truth, and pledged myself to its faithful ministration. That I have never trifled with the affections of my people, nor with those of any other congregation.

"8. That I have been mostly preserved at work, so that I have not been absent from the Lord's table, or from a church meeting, except when in America. I have never been late for any public service, have usually had five or six services a week, and have made from seven hundred to a thousand visits a year, chiefly to the sick. I have never encroached on the liberties of the church, and never had a turbulent church meeting.

"9. That I have never had one angry word with any of my charge, from the lowest to the highest.

"10. That we have never had a church meeting without admissions; and that God has been pleased so mercifully to visit his people, that I suppose about 2,500 persons have been admitted by my hand into fellowship. Of these, 300 perhaps were by certificate from other churches.

"11. That my people have not quarrelled with that style of ministry which I greatly connect with this work of grace, although there is much in their nature and in the false taste around them to dispose them to this; and that I am resolved still to pursue it, and to become foolishness to all men if so it must be. If I had laboured to preach *great sermons*, I had doubtless had my reward; but *a very different one it would have been.*

"12. That so much of life has been made happy to me, especially by my early engagement in the interests of benevolence and in the utterance of the Gospel. I have been exempted from low and petty affairs.

"13. That I have been permitted to do something, by labour and by authorship, for the good of the Church Universal. That what I have written has not been wholly despised; and that, since it lives, it may perhaps not be suffered to die.

"14. That I have visited France, Holland, Germany, Italy, and America, with advantage to myself, and perhaps with profit to others. But where shall I end?

"14. That I am disposed, at this period, to recur to those things with grateful recollections and a tender heart.

"II. The measure of *mercy* is the measure of *obligation.* What, then, must be mine? No creature was ever so indebted, so wofully sinful. Before God, my doings and myself, apart from my Saviour, are only an *utter abomination.* What faculty of my mind, what affection of my heart, what action of my life, has been fully his? Alas! alas! (and with bitter tears I record it) not one, not one. My best thoughts have been distracted and childish, my best affections selfish, my best motives mixed, my very soul divided, and the ruling propensity nearly always in the wrong direction. I have misconceived God by my carnality, offended Him by my impurity, and mocked Him by my hypocrisy; forgotten Him in the idolatrous contemplation of

my GREATER SELF. And if, in the midst of these very confessions, and all the shame and sorrow they produce, I be called to the same exercises, they will be marked by the same deficiency and selfishness. Where, then, is my hope? Oh! Lamb of God, where shall I find it but at Thy feet? In what should Thy lost creature hope, if not in Thy one sacrifice alone? Oh! Lamb of God! oh! Lamb of God! it were a lost world without Thy vicarious atonement and Thy renewing Spirit. The hope of the universe is my hope. I wait not till I can come more worthily: I come now,—come as I am, and cast myself on Thee. Breathe Thy forgiveness, Thy Spirit, on me. I crave a universal *pardon:* for my vices, *pardon;* for my virtues, *pardon;* for my tears, *pardon;* for my whole life, *pardon, pardon.*

"III. What, then, remains for my remnant of life? What remains! *Dedication*, if such a being may speak of it. Yes, *dedication;* and, though I should fail a thousand times, a thousand times it must be repeated. Again I must strive to trust with less care, to hope with less fear, to love with less conflict, to labour with less weariness; struggling up into life, till, perhaps, in the day of my mortality, it may be given, even to me, to arise to a full, blessed, and everlasting devotedness. Of the course it should take, at present I see nothing. China, which I thought was my course, is gone. The movement for the freedom of the one Church is gone. The asylums, as a sacrifice to conscience, are gone. It is dark. But I place my hand on my mouth, and both in the dust. Glorify Thy great name! Save Thy people, come what may to me! Perhaps I was ambitious of a larger field, forgetting the advance of life and infirmity; or I was to learn that what is left is sufficient, if well regarded: only I would know my Saviour's will, and then *pray* to say, 'Thy will be done!' Ah! it is hard, if that will should include my shame, my sorrow, my annihilation, to give it welcome!

"Let me remember,—

"1. I have done almost nothing.

"2. My time is short.

"3. There is much to be done in my church and neighbourhood.

"4. Some 500 yet to be converted.

"5. My active people need to be renewed.

"6. Many of the pious young need a second conversion to raise them to eminent piety.

"7. Religion is lower, I think, around me, and in ther chuches of the Metropolis, than it was five years ago. When all is cold about us, we must take care not to catch cold."

Such was the attitude,—such were the grateful, humble, and yet ardent thoughts,—such was the devout spirit, in which Dr. Reed stood upon the threshold of another year, accounting all that he had done as nothing, and still thirsting, as of old, for "eminent usefulness."

The first entry of the year 1845 seems to be of an answer to his prayers.

"On the 3rd of January," he writes, "at our church meeting, twenty-one persons were received. Among them Howard, with great joy. All my family have now professed religion. God bless the children! Give them sound heads, warm hearts, gracious impulses, useful lives and deaths, and make them happy, if that may be! Chiefly we have sought for them true and earnest piety, and a good and liberal education. We have made little of circumstance, and much of character; little of ambitious attainment, and much of moral effort. And for all we have to give thanks."

The winter's work had been severe; and, driven from home early in the summer, Dr. Reed says,—

"Strange that I should seek solitude in Paris! Yet, in the gardens of the Tuilleries, of St. Cloud, Versailles, and even in the cloisters of Nôtre Dame, I found it, deep and uninterrupted. 'He meeteth us in His ways.' If ever I saw the Eternal, it was in Nôtre Dame, on Friday, the 15th June. It was High Mass, and the Archbishop was officiating with much pomp. As I marked the petty artistical process of the service, I was affected, not by sympathy, but by revulsion. I felt as if God could not

be in such a service, and my soul breathed after God, the living God. 'If Thou art,' I said with agony, 'show Thyself to me in the grandeur of Thy perfections, of Thy government, and of the methods of Thy mercy to sinful man.' Sweet were the tears I shed in Notre Dame. As the bread went round, it was offered to me. I could not partake, but many were serious; and, if there were any who had fellowship with Christ, my soul had fellowship with them. I cannot, indeed, speak of enjoyment; but tenderness came, and tears, and revived desires after God. My soul thirsted for God. It mattered not where I was or what I did: in the gardens, the streets, the church, the hotel, it was still the same. Next to the enjoyment of God, is it not something, with a great and swelling heart, to desire Him? Oh, God! oh, God! do not turn from me, as I have turned from Thee. The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee."

On returning home, he found public attention directed to news of extraordinary events in China.

"The name of China," he writes exultingly, "is again made to thrill my heart. The Emperor has decreed that no man shall suffer for his religious opinions. What an event is this! The Sultan of Turkey has done the same thing. Here, then, are the two great potentates who respectively represent the Pagan and the Mahometan world, making concession to Christianity. What times we live in! I see nothing but the hand of God in motion."

This season, which opened the thirty-fifth year of Dr. Reed's pastoral labours, was ushered in by the same spiritual and personal desires and prayers with which he had observed each preceding anniversary of his birth and ordination. On one Sabbath evening he preached from the text, "And the door was shut." The sermon produced a remarkable sensation. One particular appeal seemed to make the congregation quiver: many were so peculiarly affected, that they could not sing when the hymn was announced, and retained their seats in silence.

Soon after this, Dr. Reed was laid aside by a severe attack of influenza. He speaks in his journal of the extreme feebleness which he experienced; adding,—

"I am better, but warned that I must take more nourishment, do less work, and avoid night air. I will, if I can; but I cannot live for the mere purpose of taking care of life. Life does not seem worth keeping on such terms; and I have a hope I shall not be called to that. Oh! arm of the Lord, help me! Oh! Lamb of God, who didst come to save the lost, help me! There is nothing worth living for but the salvation of my fellow-men. Resolved to do my utmost, and to be very jealous that small engagements and cares do not break up my attention to great objects,—to the *one* great object, the salvation of men."

All this prayer and these earnest exertions were not to prove vain, as subsequent entries abundantly testify.

"Feb. 16, 1846.—Why have I been so sorely tried? Did I encourage the pride of my heart, by referring more distinctly than ever before to any good I had been permittted to do? I was, indeed, somewhat surprised; yet, I trust, not elated. I seemed to need some recognition of good in life to make being acceptable. Oh! Thou most Holy One, remember Thy mercy, and look on me in my weakness, errors, and tears. Enter not into judgment with Thy servant. Whoever pleads at Thy bar, I am dumb. I will not ask less trouble; only, my Saviour, let it be light towards Heaven." "Our services," he continues at a somewhat later date, "have been solemn and refreshing. Fruit is coming. We proposed thirty at the last church meeting. Our admissions last year were a full average. I checked the list, and take the number of members at present to be 1,100. I find four-fifths were at the Lord's table. Two admissions last year were remarkable; one a child of ten years, a grandchild of Dr. Philip. I think she must have been pious at the age of seven. She had been kept back from fellowship because of her youth. When she came into our neighbourhood, her first inquiry was, 'Papa, are there any churches here which receive little children?' I was

glad to think that ours did, joyfully. This is the youngest I have admitted. I do not write this apologetically; far from it. The other admission was that of a person whose conversion was owing to a dream. He was accustomed to go nowhere to worship, and had never been to a Dissenting chapel. He dreamt that he came to ours. Everything rested on his memory, and he resolved to see if he could realize the images on his mind. He sought the chapel, and knew it instantly. He entered. 'The very place!' he said. He raised his eyes to the pulpit. 'The very man!' he said. He was amazed, heard everything as if from God, and became a new creature by the faith of Christ. Many such things are with Him."—"'Oh! Lord, revive Thy work!' I have been trying to prepare a tract on this motto, but time fails me. I must do *one* thing. One thing I wait for, and am jealous of everything else. When shall it come? There is the *sound* as of abundance of rain; but where is the rain? There is the promise of the Spirit; but where is the Spirit? Christ is passing by; but He 'maketh as if he would go further.' My heart trembles with fear and hope, and my desires consume me. '"Oh! when wilt Thou come unto me?'"

Shortly after these yearning prayers, he says,—

"Above 170 persons have seen me, under concern for their salvation, and many are delightful cases. Last Friday, thirty-three were proposed for fellowship. There is just now a pause, and the question is, whether the standard is to advance or to retrograde. That pause seems to call for prayer. We must take hold of the arm of God. He will not forsake us, if we cleave to Him. Oh! may my people have a heart to test His faithfulness and His power!"

The pause here referred to was one of which Dr. Reed was more conscious than were those about him. His power for usefulness seemed at its height, when he was called off from his delightful work by a discussion just then opened up in reference to the treatment

of Mr. Pritchard, the English consul at Tahiti, who also sustained the office of an agent of the London Missionary Society. In this discussion Dr. Reed felt himself impelled to take a prominent part.

In November of this year, the Directors of the Society issued a circular on the subject of their Mission in Tahiti, which led to a controversy, first carried on between Dr. Reed and Dr. John Morison, in the columns of the "Patriot," and then in several pamphlets between Dr. Reed and the Directors. Dr. Reed had for some years entertained strong views as to the necessity for certain changes in the constitution and internal conduct of the Society; and he was led to give publicity to these points, that he might once for all deliver his conscientious judgment. The Board of Directors defended their management, and blamed their censurer for carrying his appeal before the public, instead of aiming by more private means to effect any improvements which he thought desirable in a Society to which he personally belonged. Painful and vehement disputations ensued. To the Society, indeed, the discussion, embittered though it was by personal animosity, probably did more good than harm; but Dr. Reed had to bear the brunt of the storm. Misapprehension of his motives and aims was propagated both in town and in country; and, for a time, he seemed to be severed by proscription from an association to which he had given more and ampler pledges of devotion than most men. In his vindication, however, it is not necessary to review the points in dispute; much less is it needful to say one word which could be construed to the reproach of a Society than which no nobler or more useful exists. Anything in the shape of defence

is superseded by the subsequent adoption of some of Dr. Reed's chief suggestions,—the best proof of their wisdom and of his uprightness.

Yet it seems not only natural, but right, to present such evidence as, now for the first time, lies open, of the integrity and earnestness of his spirit at the time. It may suffice to show, even to those who disapproved of his course, how true his heart was through the whole of that trying season to the great Missionary cause.

"I have counted the cost," he writes. "If all should abandon me, and I should stand alone, I will not shrink. The appeal was written in the spirit of prayer and truthfulness. I meant it to be telling; I felt it to be unanswerable."

Again, after further experience of painful results, he writes,—

"I said I had counted the cost; but I confess I did not calculate on all the forms of opposition to which I was subjected. I almost shrank from walking the streets, or meeting a friend. I was denounced without scruple, as seeking to take the bread from the lips of the children of Missionaries, and to ruin the best and holiest of causes. Long and much as I have lived in public, I never saw anything to equal it. Had it been an enemy, I could have borne it."

Certainly, whether Dr. Reed was fairly responsible or not, the temporary effects to himself were very serious. The matter was brought before the Board of the Orphan Asylum, and into the London Board of Congregational Ministers; and some provincial writers did not scruple to impeach his conduct in severe terms.

"Never," he writes, "was I in a position which brought such a sense of desolation. Yet I was mostly calm, and often possessed

of an assurance that some unthought-of good must spring from the whole. Oh! that it may!"

Looking back over this stormy period, at a later and calmer time, he touchingly says,—

"In my early dedication, when I hope I sincerely gave up my ease, my time, my talents, my life, to my Saviour, I think I did not conscientiously and distinctly include *my reputation.* I confounded it with *character,* and thought *that* sacrifice would never be required of me. I was mistaken. A Christian must learn to part with everything that he is reputed to be, and to content himself with what he is in the sight of God, and God alone. Till then, he is not free."

His attention was turned at this time, as will be seen at large in the next chapter, to the claims of the Idiot, into the advocacy of which he plunged deeply, no doubt, as a congenial effort; but, alas! in some degree as a solace under misconception, and a diversion from unwelcome matters of debate: and surely there was something noble in the spirit whose rebound from slight and censure could take a direction so purely benevolent.

"Before God," he writes, "only a sinner; but, before the Church and the world, in this matter upright. I have done my duty, and I give it time to take effect. Concerning my accusers, I am dumb and speak not,—deaf, and hear not. I said, I will look unto God, and unto the Most High will I commit my cause."

"Away then," he proceeds, in August, "for the Hospitals, chiefly the Lunatic and the Idiot, the lowest and the worst.

"1. It becomes me, who am the lowest and the most undeserving.

"2. It becomes my profession. My lowest does not reach the condescension of my Saviour to me.

"Because of injury I would do it. Even in quiet walks of

benevolence, I have been maligned. I would do the more good; that is my revenge!"

In this spirit Dr. Reed turned from troubles and cares in his own land, to take refuge for a while in Paris and in Brussels.

"I still feel," he writes, "upright before man, but under a deep prostration before God, as a man who has been in a long conflict and who needs to take breath. I would look on the great sea and the great heavens, and, through all, to the Great World-Maker. I must see His face in His Son, or it will trouble me. I would think, prepare for the field of life and service,—think as Thou wouldst have me, do as thou wouldst have me, suffer and be what thou wouldst. Oh! that my mind might apprehend Thee,—my heart rest on Thee, be full of Thee, satisfied in Thee, exult in Thee! I lie like a will-less thing on the great waters, drifted hither and thither. Yet not by chance. I am a poor atom; but not in a fatherless world."

On his return he remarks,—

"After all, places have power. My first visit to my vestry brought tears and prayers. Chiefly one prayer,—that the Spirit of God might rest upon me. Pleaded boundless necessity and boundless unworthiness."

This emotion of sympathy between pastor and people was heightened by the fact, that, in his absence, his congregation, in token of their respect and love for him, had generously subscribed towards the striking of a gold medal, which he found laid on his desk to tell its own tale of confidence and attachment.

Another birthday arriving, he remarks, "I am now entering the last decade of life: God grant it may be the best!" At the usual anniversary prayer-meeting, he deeply felt the absence of Mr. Collison, who had died during the year, after having for thirty-six years been

always there, and always the firm, wise, friend and counsellor of the Wycliffe pastor. The mind of his surviving pupil was thus naturally thrown back upon the past. "At the beginning of these services," he writes, "it was the old praying for the young: now it is the young praying for the old."

The year 1848 opened with the reception of twenty new members at the first church meeting, and with some special services, as in former times. Though events had severed Dr. Reed from participating in the work of the London Missionary Board, he never ceased to be the friend of missionaries in general, and of that Society in particular. Of this his journal contains many proofs.

"We had a farewell service," he writes, January 19th, "for William Hill. Dear fellow! no son could be more attached. He received the gospel among us. He desired to follow his father as a missionary. The Wycliffe people and I were pleased to associate him with ourselves during his studies. At the end of his college term, he was accepted. He has gone forth with excellent certificates. I have joy in him!"

Dr. Reed's labours during this season were considerably interrupted by indisposition, and weakness in the right arm was a constant impediment. He could only write with pencil and upon his knee, and was compelled to devolve upon an amanuensis a great part of his ordinary correspondence. He could not use his arm in the pulpit without severe pain; yet he says, "May I be thankful even for a painful use of it! What should I do without it?"

While on a tour in the North in the summer, he heard of the death of Dr. Richard Winter Hamilton, at whose baptism he had been present when a boy; and

he says, "I remember my mother saying, as the infant passed our pew, 'God make him a Richard Winter indeed!'"

Passing down through Yorkshire on his way home, he says,—

"I have been struck with the memorials of death over the places I have been visiting:—Manchester, Roby, M'All; Liverpool, Spencer, Charrier; Edinburgh, Chalmers, Innes; Glasgow, Ewing, and Wardlaw dying; Leeds, Parsons, Ely, and now Hamilton. York, Hull, Selby, all changed. What a mighty empire is thine, O Death!"

On a visit to Bedford about this time, he thus writes:—

"Bedford, Olney, Kettering, what associations!—Fuller, Toller, Newton, Howard, Cowper, Bunyan. Oh! for their inspiration! My eyes have been riveted half the day on the beautiful river, as the thing least changed. I have been dreaming with Bunyan,—not like him: he was the happiest of dreamers. Listening to Nature, stretched under the hawthorn by Bedford Bridge, with the birds, the bees, and the butterflies for companions; the meadows before me, with their verdant trees, and the bright heaven above me, curtained with clouds. How still it is! The very sounds only announce the quiet of the place. How the breezes come and go, swell and die!—so loving, refreshing, and musical, bearing on them the incense of the flowers, and, while visiting earth, connecting us with heaven. Nature speaks. She seems to say, 'There is good for the present, and for the future more. God is good, and God is near. Revive, hope! What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know *hereafter*. God is near.' Yes, I feel it; He *is* near. *Hereafter!* Yes. There is more to come. The good I taste, the beautiful I see, must have an essence. The mystery by which I am surrounded, must have an interpreter. The frequent instances of profound wisdom must come from *some One* infinitely wise. The unfinished state of things must be travelling on to a glorious conclusion. It cannot be that I am always to see only in part, love only at intervals, yearn for a perfection of

state and being which retires from me. No. God is perfect. His works are perfect. I shall be perfect in my kind, or should be less than the worm at my feet. God is near. A revelation awaits me. Worship—pray—wait, expectant wait."

Having provided for his pulpit, he comes home late on a Saturday night, that he may keep a quiet Sabbath in his own study, and thus writes :—

"July 30th.—Sabbath alone—quiet—stretch out my hands, and lift up my heart, unto God. My prayer is, 'Heal me of the sickness of body and soul. Hide me from the effects of my own folly and sins, and from the strife of tongues and the pride of men. Help me; for I have neither wisdom, grace, nor energy without Thee.'"

So he returned to work; and, though with enfeebled physical vigour, and with considerable and unwonted depression, through the troubles and conflicts around him, yet to endure sorrow, and, in the strength of God, to rise above all the difficulties encompassing him.

"My first concern is," he says, "to get myself *right*. I must begin with myself, with prayer and with God; or all will go wrong. Retired to rest in sadness and disquiet. Dreamt that I was hardened with sorrow, and that there were revealed to me in glowing characters these words: 'Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.' I awoke under this cheering influence. When realities do not comfort, God can make even dreams to do so. Now, then, away with sloth and softness, and the fear which hath torment, and bravely run another course."

In October, however, he was driven away to Brighton by severe illness.

"Plans and purposes," he writes, lamentingly, "all broken down, made nothing; obliged to get away to wrestle in privacy and prayer. Oh! Lord, great and gracious! what dost Thou mean? What wilt Thou do? Wilt Thou destroy me? Thou canst; for I am nothing. Thou mayest; for I am guilty in my

own sight, and far more in Thine. I have no plea, no hope; but, oh! Lord, where is Thy great name? I have trusted in that name. Lord, shall it be said that the veriest sinner that ever lived perished trusting in Thy name? The winds are up, the billows roar, the heavens lour, and I am half a wreck. O Lord, save, that I perish not! Thou delightest in saving. O Lord, save Thy creature that trusteth in Thee."

In answer—who can doubt it?—to these prayers, strength was given him to re-enter on pastoral duty, and to find comfort and refreshment in his work.

At the close of this eventful year, filled with revolutions throughout Europe, he says,—

"Strange that such a year of political revolutions should have died out with so little notice! I fear for my country: she has been startled, alarmed, and delivered; but she has not humbled herself under the mighty and marvellous hand of God."

The opening of 1849 is marked by Dr. Reed's usual earnestness to improve the state of his congregation; but there were much trial, sickness, and death among them, with cholera approaching. In May, he says,—

"The season is stealing by, and I have little to record. My health is very uncertain. Weather trying. Colds renewed daily from December."

The first half of the year having been spent in work, in August Dr. Reed went for rest to Scotland, spending some time at Melrose, amid the beauties of nature and the ruins of antiquity.

"I seek," he says, "the shady grove; spread myself on the grassy bank, and am at rest. Everything seems to minister to me. The breezes fan me. The purling brook soothes me. The sweet flowers refresh me with their fragrance. The sun, with his glancing lights, glorifies my couch. The happy, happy

birds bear in their songs my swelling gratitude to Heaven. Besides which, there are the venerable abbey, the coursing river, and the changeless hills, speaking to my inmost nature of the ages which are past, and of an eternity to come."

Arriving in London, in September, he found the cholera still raging, as many as 432 persons having been reported as dying on one day.

"The whole people," he notes, "seem to be in mourning, and my helpers are falling at my side.

"The weather is very sultry. Sabbath-day very close. The sheet-lightning in the evening so strong as to eclipse the gas-lights. Think it right to move quietly; keep down fear; not expose the people to long services in crowded places and an exhausted atmosphere. The care of the body is mine, as well as of the soul."

The fluctuations of London residence caused the removal, about this time, of valuable members of the congregation. The death of some attached friends was a yet more serious trial. Circumstances also arose which somewhat tried the harmony of those who remained. These saddening events caused Dr. Reed much pastoral anxiety, as appears from many expressions.

"I had to mourn some things," he writes, "and to meet others with a steady hand. We gathered for counsel and prayer; and things are now greatly better. I was sadly affected by these occurrences. Season after season we had been crossed in our plans for special services, and I came home yearning for an open course and a full blessing. I know not how it shall be; but I wait and watch."

The terrible scourge at last passed by, having slain little fewer than 15,000 victims.

"We seemed at one time," observes Dr. Reed, "like a people

hedged in as in a preserve, to be shot down by an invisible hand without notice or distinction. The day of thanksgiving, on the removal of the plague, was exceedingly well observed. My congregation escapëd wonderfully as compared with many."

The Asylum for Idiots claimed much attention through the early part of 1850; and, in July, Dr. Reed writes from St. Cloud,—

"At last the word is 'Stand at ease.' Day after day for the last twelve months it has been 'Attention,' 'Eyes right,' 'Quick march,' till my poor eyes were beginning to ache; and, as for 'Quick time,' I was losing the power to march at all."

This was the brief restless time of the second French Republic, with "*Liberté*, *Egalité*, *Fraternité*, everywhere, and everywhere also the soldier,—400,000 soldiers to uphold the Government of the people's choice!" After a few weeks' stay amidst these exciting scenes, he exclaims,—

"Farewell to France, still under chastisement, and still like the bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. I have seen her under six different Governments, and yet she is not at rest. I thought I saw the last change looming in the distance, and still I think I see change at hand."

At the beginning of the winter season he remarks, "Attention is directed just now towards Rome. The Pope has been pleased to send us a Bull by the hand of a Cardinal, to create a batch of Roman Catholic Sees and Lord Bishops. The people are up against it. I hope we may do our duty on the strange and great occasion." Dr. Reed preached on this subject; and, at his people's desire, the sermon was published, the first edition being exhausted in three days. The title of the discourse was, "The Pope and his Pretensions."

At the threshold of 1851 stands the following entry:—

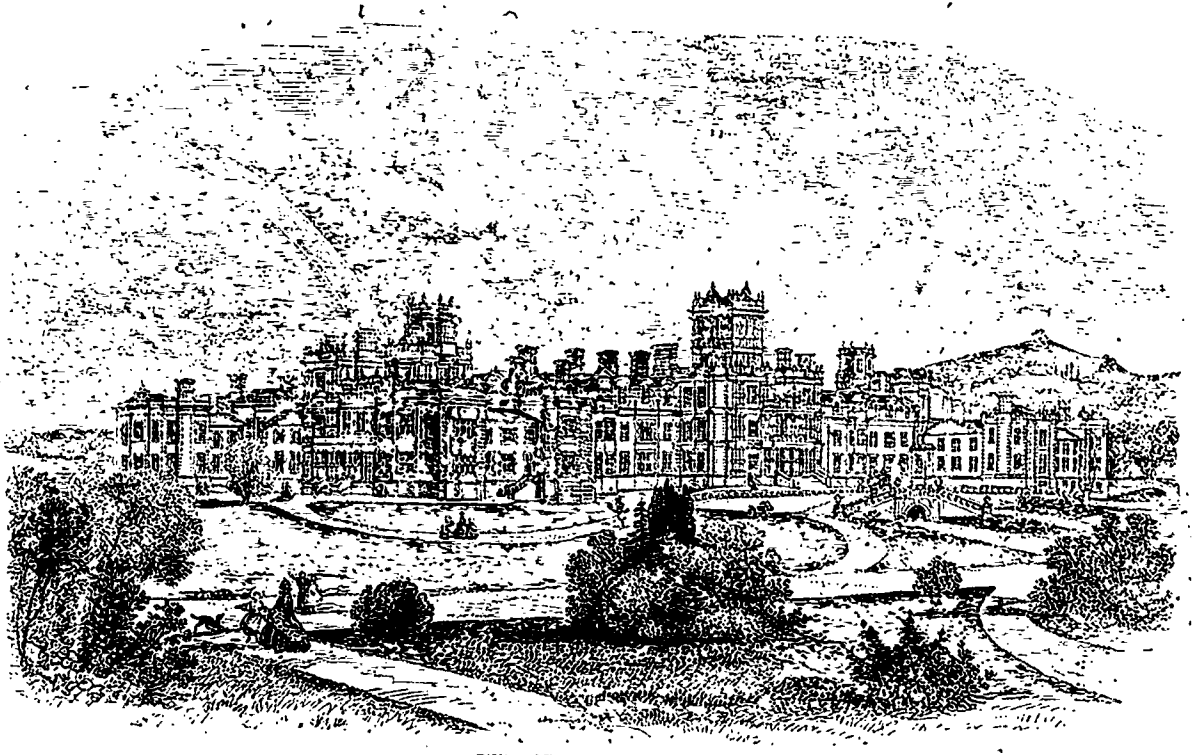
"Jan. 1, 1851.—O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works. Now also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have showed Thy strength to this generation, and Thy power to every one that is to come."

During this season, the health of Dr. Reed was much broken, and once a slight sensation as of paralysis on the right side much alarmed him.

"Submissively," he pathetically prays, "I plead, that I would not fail and die just now. I know it is common to object to the present time, come when it may; but I have other reasons. Thou dost not need me, but perhaps Thou wilt condescend to use me. I will endeavour to be more diligent in my work, more faithful in my trust, and more cheerful beneath the burdens and trials of my service."

Thus undaunted by advancing infirmity and multiplying hindrances, he was still nobly conscious of great and useful purposes to which the remnant of life, however short, should be dedicated; and with unswerving fidelity he sought to prove himself "such an one as Paul the aged."

This period of life-work he closes with the following brave utterance of strong faith in Him who has promised to make "strength perfect in weakness:"—"There remains before me, if God will, the *Triumph* of the *Pulpit;* the *Triumph* of *Benevolence;* and the *Triumph of Grace* over flesh, sense, and time, to a glorious immortality."



THE ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS

Earlswood, Surrey.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS.

1846. 1861.

"Rouse thee, heart!
Bow of my life, thou yet art full of spring:
My quiver still hath many purposes."—*Bailey's "Festus."*

Oh, 'twas a spectacle for angels, bound
On embassies of mercy to this earth,
To gaze on with compassion and delight;
Yea, with desire that they might be his helpers.
To see a dark, endungeoned spirit roused,
And struggling into glorious liberty."—*Montgomery.*

"Now I will go to the lowest!" Such were the words with which in 1846, in a spirit of conscious integrity before men, though of deep humility before God, Dr. Reed turned away from what he felt to be misconception of his motives, and even personal injury, to open up for himself a new course of benefaction by laying the foundation of an Asylum which now stands out as one of the crowning achievements in a long life of self-denying charity.

The idea of succouring the poor Idiot was not new to him: long had he pondered it; but a ceaseless round of public religious services consumed his time,

and obliged him to keep his project in abeyance. So early as his birthday, November 27, 1837, he is discovered in secret meditation on the wants of the most afflicted class in the human family. Both in Wales and in Cornwall, he had seen the wretched idiot, chained, like a felon or a maniac, in the common pound or lock-up house of the village green, or chased hither and thither, the scoff and the outcast of the whole hamlet; and, in a pitiful moment, he quoted on a page of his pocket-book the following lines, the authorship of which is unknown:—

> "Ye mauna scathe the feckless—they're God's peculiar care:
> The sma'est things in nature are feckless as they're sma';
> They tak up unco little space—there's room enough for a';
> And this puir witless wanderer, I'm sure, ye'd miss him sair:
> Ye mauna scathe the feckless—they're God's peculiar care."

"I think," he writes, "from the observation I have made, that an Asylum is greatly wanted for indigent Idiots. Inquiry must yet be made; and, if needful, action must follow." Again, on the same anniversary in 1840, his heart turns to the subject, if only to say,—

"Not yet; I can only hope. The pleasure of hope!—Hope to do something for a fellow-creature who, though human, is separate, alone, knows nothing, can do nothing, and wishes nothing. Some are better, some worse; this is the maximum of incapacity; but the Divine image is stamped upon all."

Some opportunity appears to have been afforded to Dr. Reed about this time to consult the Duke of Wellington on the subject; and there seems reason to think that the Duke's interest was aroused by seeing, at Strathfieldsaye, a poor helpless creature whose wretched state had excited the commiseration of

some humane persons in the village. The following characteristic note was sent in reply to one reminding him of an appointment, conditionally made, for a further conference on the same subject, and at which a plan of the proposed institution was to be submitted in detail:—

"London, March 3, 1843.

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Dr. Reed. He is very desirous of attending; but, begging Dr. Reed's pardon, 'the devotion of two hours' is not exactly the question: it is the devotion of two hours of the day, during which same hours, on a certain number of days in the week, the Duke's attendance in the House of Parliament of which he is a member, is *necessary;* as it is on other days in the Queen's Council or elsewhere. All that the Duke can now say is, that he will attend if it should be in his power. More he cannot say."

The Duke did not attend. No other appointment was made at the time; but the subject was fully discussed over the table at the London Orphan dinner during the same month. But years pass, and it is not till 1846, when Dr. Reed's birthday came round again, —that red-lettered day upon which most of his works were brought into being,—that, being comparatively free from other claims, he bursts out with the exclamation which opens this chapter; adding,—

"The measure of mercy is the measure of obligation. Of the course I should take at present, I see nothing. All is dark,—very dark. Work which I had thought to do is now abandoned. This one thing is left me, and I will do it. For discipline I will do it. I have naturally a love for the beautiful, and a shrinking, almost a loathing, of infirmity and deformity. The thing I would not do, is the very thing I am now resolved to do. Alas! poor Idiot! while he is the greater sufferer, I am the greater sinner."

Thus resolved, Dr. Reed went forward. Proof enough was at hand of the need; but faith was weak as to the proposed experiment. The ground was untrodden in England; and he could not go to the Continent before the spring of 1847. He therefore opened a correspondence with medical men in different foreign cities who had made the treatment of idiocy their study, and informed himself as to the efforts of Itard of Paris and Saegert of Berlin, who concur with M. Seguin in the assurance that the poor idiot may be rescued from the doom of a life of utter vacuity. Dr. Reed spent much time in studying the works of Seguin and Scott; and, falling in with Dr. Conolly's admirable report of a visit to the Bicêtre, he at once sought counsel of that accomplished and remarkable man, with whom he formed a friendship which he highly prized, and which, like their joint official connexion with the Asylum for Idiots, remained unbroken till the day of his own death.

In 1847, he had an opportunity of making personal observations abroad. In going, the cause of the idiot was his object; and, returning, he gained the confidence of friends by the conclusive nature of the testimony he presented. He brought home maps* which show the extent of the malady in some districts, and upon these are marked the new efforts of Dr. Hern, of Eisenach, at Leipsic; and, subsequently, a new institution at Gohlis is noted, showing the continuous interest which Dr. Reed took in the progressive efforts on the Continent. With America he also put himself in communication, observing, in the early part

* The most elaborate of these is "Skizze von der Verbreitung des Cretinismus im Candon Aargau, entworfen von F. H. Michaelis, Aarau."

of the year, that Judge Bydington, of Massachusetts, had promised to obtain a Public Commission on the condition of the idiot in that State.

The result of these several inquiries showed, that, in Massachusetts, the proportion of idiots was as one to six hundred; in France, Denmark, and Sweden, one to one thousand; and that Jutland was yet higher than these. In Savoy, and in the Lower Alps of France, the goître was found to be unusually prevalent; and the children of those who were thus afflicted were themselves also usually cretins. In four departments, out of a population of 958,000, no less than 54,000 were of this latter class; and, in one hamlet of 1,472 inhabitants, no fewer than 1,011 were afflicted with various forms of this frightful malady. From Sardinia, Bavaria, Prussia, and Saxony, Dr. Reed obtained the reports of institutions for the idiot, and subsequently he visited the principal establishment in Switzerland, under the care of Dr. Guggenbühl, a physician of Zurich, and a follower of Franke. This asylum, the Abendberg, stands upon an open space, 3,500 feet above the level of the sea, between the lakes of Thun and Brientz, overhanging the towns of Interlachen and Unterseen. Below it is a forest-covered mountain, and opposite the giant form of the glorious Jungfrau, queen of the Alps. With ready command of pencil, and in the true spirit of an artist, Mr. Reed sketched one of the grandest landscapes of Switzerland, and the first seat of this class of benevolent effort.

In the summer of 1847, a letter from Mr. F. S. Gervis, of Tiverton, appeared in the "Patriot" newspaper, drawing attention to the report of the Bicêtre, and calling for an effort to be made in England to

afford a refuge for this most helpless and degraded class of sufferers. Dr. Reed saw this letter, placed himself in communication with its author, and gained strength for new effort by the counsel of so experienced a professional authority.

Fairly enlisted in the new movement, he prosecuted his inquiries as to the actual condition of the idiot in the workhouses and the lunatic asylums of his own land. In this effort he was greatly indebted to the humane co-operation of the late Right Honourable Matthew Talbot Baines, M.P. for Leeds, and at that time President of the Poor Law Board. The important statistics thus secured left no doubt, that, if there were not, as had been stated, upwards of 50,000 idiots and imbeciles in England and Wales, yet, in 1847, the cases of lunacy and idiocy bore very nearly the proportion of 14,000 of the former to 19,000 of the latter, in England and Wales; and that no special means were adopted in relation to the idiot as distinguishable from the lunatic and the imbecile.

While Dr. Reed was making these discoveries, the "Eclectic Review," and the "Edinburgh Journal" of the Messrs. Chambers, directed his attention to a private establishment at Bath, under the benevolent care of some ladies, for the protection of idiots and children of weak mind; but no attempt, so far as was known, had been made for the redemption of the helpless sufferer from the utter darkness of mind and of soul which had been hitherto regarded as his irremediable doom.

The way was now clear; and, with a bounding heart, Dr. Reed pressed forward to the accomplishment of the work. He had done with theorizing; and,

having satisfied the just claims of caution and inquiry, he was now prepared heart and soul for practice. Writing in 1847, he says,—

"In the midst of all, my attention has been drawn more closely to the case of the poor idiot. A great deal has been reported from the Continent of late which has gratified me. Added to this, a member of my church came to me about her idiot child, to ask my advice as to placing him either here or abroad for training. The Principal of the Crichton Institution (at Dumfries) gave no hope of admission there; and, advising the anxious mother to apply at the Bicêtre, he said, 'Failing this, you have no remedy; for, even were philanthropists to take the matter in hand, years must elapse before your son could be received.' The expenses of the Bicêtre were too great, £15 a year for *teachers* alone; and then, the child was a foreigner. The mother continued her application to me, and the matter still rested on my thought. I resolved to look at it practically in June, if no one else had undertaken the work. June came, and no one appeared. It seemed like the voice of Providence. I set apart a whole month to prepare and to gather around me a provisional committee."

On the 20th of July, 1847, the first meeting was held, at the King's Head, in the Poultry. This meeting was adjourned till September, in order that Dr. Reed might once more visit Paris and Berlin. He says,—

"My report of this tour was received on the 10th of September, by Mr. Peto, Mr. Cubitt, Mr. John Wilks, Mr. W. Howitt, the Rev. W. W. Champneys, Mr. James Nisbet, Mr. Lush, Dr. Little, the Rev. James Hamilton, Mr. Dobinson, Mr. Gay, and Mr. Monk; and a resolution was taken to adopt the scheme submitted for the new Asylum. The declared object of the institution is, to take care of, and, by skilful and earnest application of the best means, to prepare, as far as possible, for the duties and enjoyments of life, the IDIOT, who, not being a mere pauper, was likely to derive benefit from the treatment; and this without restriction as to age, sex, or country."

Dr. Reed had the great honour of becoming the first benefactor to his infant charity, the second subscriber being the widowed mother of the idiot child before referred to, who, in gratitude, contributed her ten guineas.

From this preparatory step, Dr. Reed threw himself into all the active responsibilities of the toilsome work of educating and enlisting the sympathies of the public, and securing a good launch for his novel craft. Once more he was in his element. Visiting and writing day by day, he assailed men of all ranks. The medical profession were especially invited; but, with them, clergy and laity, merchant, banker, and capitalist, were summoned to a fresh enterprise; while, through the press, the whole country, before the close of autumn, was fully advised of the advent of the latest triumph of charity.

The 27th of October, 1847, witnessed the formation of the Asylum for Idiots. The meeting was presided over by the Lord Mayor, Sir George Carroll; the decisions were unanimous. The original address was prepared by Dr. Reed, and read by Mr. Charles Gilpin; and, like other appeals from the same pen, it was characterized by great force and vigour, as one or two sentences will testify:—

"England, our beloved country, is greatly distinguished amongst the nations by the Divine Providence. On her head there rest many crowns; but the fairest and the brightest is that of charity!" After showing that every other form of evil by which humanity suffers has been searched out and relieved, he declares that the idiot has been uncared for; that experiments on the Continent prove THE IDIOT MAY BE EDUCATED; and, therefore, he calls for an effort in England, "which is urged with the more earnestness because, of all the spheres of charity,

it supplies the least aliment to vapid sentiment, and demands that it be fulfilled under a rigid and extraordinary sense of duty,—the duty which man owes to man. Something, however, must be done: in charity it must be done, in consistency it must be done, unless we would allow other nations to outrun us in the noblest cause of man,—that of benevolence. Those," then, concludes the address, "who make this appeal, do it with confidence,—the confidence of those who have before challenged public benevolence, and not in vain. Can it be in vain now? It is for the poor, poor idiot they plead!—for the idiot, the lowest of all the objects of Christian sympathy—for the idiot, most needing charity, and for whom charity has done nothing. We ask that he may be elevated from existence to life,—from animal being to manhood,—from vacancy and unconsciousness to reason and reflection. We ask that his soul may be disimprisoned; that he may look forth from the body with meaning and intelligence on a world full of expression; that he may, as a fellow, discourse with his fellows; that he may cease to be a burden on society, and become a blessing; that he may be qualified to know his Maker, and look beyond our present imperfect modes of being to perfected life in a glorious and everlasting future!"

This eloquent address Dr. Reed sent forth headed by the forcible motto, "We plead for those who cannot plead for themselves." The name of the Rev. Dr. Holloway was associated with his own, as the joint gratuitous secretary; and to him, as was his custom, he gave honourable precedence.

To this interesting event Dr. Reed refers on the next recurrence of his own birthday.

"I am now," he writes, "entering on the last decade of life: God grant that it may be the best! Since my return, much engaged for the idiot. The times became very bad, as bad as in 1835. There was fear in proceeding, but more, it seemed to me, in delay; and so we pressed on. Held a meeting in October; better than we expected, and much promise for the future. Thank God, I have no satisfaction in labouring, even for the

idiot, on mere temporal grounds. I must look at the soul, assist its development, point it to God, and hope for its salvation."

He records with gratitude the accession of new friends in Dr. Forbes, Sir James Clarke, Dr. Sutherland, and Dr. Twining, who all became his zealous coadjutors in the early preparations for the treatment and care of the first objects of their charity.

The first home provided for this interesting family was a mansion of large dimensions, standing on the crown of Highgate Hill, in the centre of sixteen acres of pleasure and garden ground. Here Dr. Reed spent the greater part of many weeks, preparing for the reception of the first inmates, who entered April 26, 1848.

The gathering of the inmates and the experience of the early period of their residence is thus described:—

"It was a spectacle unique in itself, sufficiently discouraging to the most resolved, and not to be forgotten in after-time by any. It was a period of distraction, disorder, and noise of the most unnatural character. Some had defective sight; most had no power of articulation; many were lame in limb or in muscle; and all were of weak and perverted mind. Some had been spoiled, some neglected, some ill-used. Some were clamorous without speech, and rebellious without mind; some were sullen and perverse, and some unconscious and inert. Some were constantly making involuntary noises from nervous irritation, and others hid themselves in corners from the face of man as from the face of an enemy. Windows were smashed, wainscoting broken, boundaries defied, and the spirit of lawlessness was triumphant. It seemed to me as though nothing less than the accommodations of a prison would meet the wants of such a family. Some who witnessed the scene retired from it in disgust, and others in despair; but from the very outset my young friend Millard was a faithful coadjutor."

The history of the institution from this point may be traced by the aid of frequently-occurring references in note-books and diary.

"Already," he says, in 1849, "the charity has taken a position. It continues to excite the attention of scientific men. Prince Albert, unsolicited, has visited us. Macaulay and Lord Morpeth approve our effort; and Talfourd, my old friend, has promised me £50."

It is remembered by the writer of this chapter, that, on one occasion, while Dr. Reed was in the play-room with the boys, the late Duke of Cambridge, unannounced, walked in. The children grouped round him, and heard him addressed by Dr. Reed as "Your Royal Highness." Retreating with all speed, at the suggestion of one of the attendants, they obtained the musical instruments, formed into a band, and marched at the head of the whole family, playing the National Anthem. One boy, of gentle birth, admitted there on payment, had been observed to stand aside, as though disloyal in the midst of such demonstrative allegiance. As the Duke lifted his hat at the close of the ovation, the boy approached him, and said, "Sir, who are you?" "My name," replied the visitor, goodnaturedly, "is Adolphus, and I am the Duke of Cambridge." "And I," rejoined the boy, his cheek flushing with excitement, "am a prince's son;" for such he always chose to consider himself. He seized the Duke's extended hand, and walked at his side as long as he remained. The Duke never forgot to ask after "the young Prince."

On another occasion Dr. Reed notes,—

"The Duke took great interest in the career of a boy who had a wonderful talent of self-instruction; the remarkable thing

being, that, while no one taught him anything, he was the most clever in learning everything: and, on going away to-day, His Royal Highness said, 'Well, I shall begin to believe with Dogberry, that reading and writing come by nature.'"

After the fourth election, Dr. Reed says,—

"Already we have a household of fifty persons. We had our first anniversary. The Duke of Cambridge sent word that he would dine with us. When he came, he asked if any of the poor creatures were to be present. I said, 'No; we cannot have them at elections; and we cannot display them as we did our orphans at our festivals; though, when trained, I hope they will be no disgrace to us; but this is not their place.' He made a good point of this in his speech."

At the opening of another year, he says,—

"Never has anything within my observation grown so rapidly. Never have I participated in such grave responsibilities. Never was the public more disposed to sympathize in a benevolent object. The times could hardly have been worse than when we sought to institute the charity; and yet we have advanced steadily. I will do what I can for it, by the help of God. It satisfies my heart: the one link of charity that was wanting, seems to be supplied at last; we have got down to the lowest and most abandoned of the human family, and that comforts me. Whatever comes of the effort, this good will follow:—ENGLAND NEVER AGAIN CAN NEGLECT, SCORN, AND INCARCERATE THE POOR IDIOT."

But an institution which attracted the notice of the world at large, could not fail to be observed by Her Majesty's Commissioners of Lunacy; and deep are the lamentations over delays and obstructions arising from requirements and conditions now imposed by them. Dr. Reed strove most earnestly to preserve the Asylum from coming so early under a central control and governmental inspection; but, though the evil day

was postponed, the exemption sought was denied: idiots were held to be lunatics within the meaning of the Act, and their home was in due time formally registered.

No expense had been spared in adapting and furnishing the new abode; and Dr. Reed interested himself, as of old, in the innumerable details of management. He busied himself in the selection of masters, nurses, and servants; in the ordinary contracts for supply; in the fitting of baths of all kinds,—shower, douche, and aromatic; in the preparation of a gymnasium, and of garden allotments; at the same time framing a code of rules for the well-ordering of the strange community. Mr. Millard, the first superintendent, was an enthusiast in his devotion to the work; and, observing with delight the first signs of improvement under the kind and judicious treatment of doctor and nurses, Dr. Reed says,—"I am convinced that, with such tending, one out of every three of the children may be greatly restored: and," he adds, "if my good-will may avail, they shall be the merriest family in green England."

At a later period of the year, 1849, he says,—

"I have just spent my holiday in a run to Edinburgh, taking the two lines and visiting lunatic asylums from Hanwell to Lancaster, and back by York and Northampton. What sights have I seen! Indeed, poor humanity may sink below the brutes that perish. Much has been done for the lunatic in comfort and freedom; not enough in occupation and education; —for the idiot, nothing! Learnt something, and saw some excellent men."

Everything went on smoothly till a reference is made to the fact that a subordinate in the London Office had grievously failed in his duty, and brought the weight of many smaller cares upon shoulders

already overloaded. "The funds, too," writes Dr. Reed, "were low; but, by a vigorous effort, in one round of calls I and a friend brought in £330; and others of our Board made it up £700. We want it all, and more; for we have a full house, and need a second."

So great was the improvement in some cases, that it soon became evident that other arrangements beyond dormitories and sick-wards would be requisite for the successful progress of the remedial work, and that both moral and physical training must be employed in all their variety of adaptation to a much greater extent than was at first supposed. To this end, recourse was had to pictorial teaching; the children capable of walking alone or with help were induced to join in the march, and sing to the music played in rough fashion by a volunteer band. Swings and poles enticed the weakly ones to encounter the open air, from which they had involuntarily shrunk. While Dr. Foreman,* the resident medical officer, was constantly engaged in promoting and watching these exercises, Dr. Reed was often to be seen quietly making his own observations upon each new development of dormant power of mind, and each advancement in physical and moral capacity.

He notes freely, case by case, the newly-acquired power of certain children. In one instance, he says,—

"He literally began his new life by creeping. As muscular power increased, the little fellow stood, walked, and now he runs. At first he had no notion of holding, but that he might steady himself, he opened the palm of the hand and seized the nearest object. He then learnt to lift a weight, first with one

* This gentleman is now at the head of an important private institution.

hand, afterwards with both; and every week I found him delighted to prove his strength. And with the physical came the intellectual power; and ideas, once formed, were not long in finding some kind of expression."

Attracted one day by the cries of a boy, Dr. Reed found the little fellow crying piteously over a dead bird discovered in the garden. The child had never before been known to show any emotion; but this was a favourite robin, and now that his feathered companion did not pick up the scattered crumbs, he understood that it was dead, and his grief was inconsolable. Dr. Reed noted the fact, as furnishing him with a new thought. On reaching home, he put the case to his own grandchildren, whose pigeon-house, with all its inmates, was at once offered, and the next day transferred from Hackney to Highgate, where he was himself present to introduce the favourite birds to their new and overjoyed friends. In course of time, other birds and animals were added; and, with the new life thus brought into the establishment, the sentiment of love was enkindled in many a poor, brooding, morbid, and unlovely spirit.

The principle upon which Dr. Reed acted, was to spare nothing which could fairly be supposed likely to contribute to the great object of the foundation; namely, the care and comfort of these unhappy creatures.

In his instructions as to diet, this is the guiding rule, laid down in most emphatic terms:—

"While care is to be taken that the stomach is not overloaded with food, the children are not to be allowanced by weight and measure; but the matron and attendants shall most carefully see that each one is satisfied, and especially that the food is well cooked, well cut, and well masticated."

Reporting progress to the subscribers in 1849, at the close Dr. Reed says,—

"If any one, looking at all this labour and expenditure, asks where are the results; I can only say, the Board would respectfully deprecate an impatience of results. If those are wrong who think that nothing can be done for the idiot, those are not less wrong who think that everything may be done in a few weeks or months. It should be borne in mind, that the faculty we seek to train may have been dormant or perverted for years, and that we have to contend with the power of habit as well as the weakness of nature. It would not be the work of reasonable men to expect sudden results in such a case: in fact, it would be empirical and dangerous to seek them. The Board have counted the cost; and they are more than ever persuaded, that the fruits they anticipate must be sought, through many changeful seasons, by a patience of labour, and an energy of benevolence, which know no weariness and refuse to be discouraged. Yet it is their privilege to speak of effects partially realized, and in some instances of a marked and delightful character. It has been their happiness to observe the eye that had no useful sight, begin to see; the ear to relish sweet sounds; the tongue that was dumb, begin to articulate the language of men; and the limb that was crippled or inert, put forth to useful and active service. In some cases, bad habits have been overcome; power has been created for the care of the person; the body has been brought under the control of the will; and both have become subject to a mild authority. The power of imitation has been fostered; music and drawing are beginning to find their place in the school; reading, writing, and even figures,—which are the severest test to the weak mind,—are now claiming general attention. Above all, the moral affections have been exercised; and the effects are found in the harmony of the family, and the greater readiness of the mind to recognize and worship an invisible and gracious Presence."

With such encouragements, no wonder that the friends of the charity were willing to enlarge on their experiment. By the liberal arrangements of Sir Samuel Morton Peto, they were put into possession, at

the end of the year, and on the most favourable terms, of Essex Hall, at Colchester; into which it was proposed to draft off the younger portion of the family. Of this branch establishment and its preparation, Dr. Reed thus writes, January 1, 1850:—

"Very busy, taking possession of Essex Hall, and moving a division of the family down. The work has increased at Highgate; it has now commenced at Colchester."

Again, writing on May 3rd, he says,—

"Few infant charities have had so much to contend with. In two years, we have been burnt out, blown down, and robbed: besides which, our whole course was on untrodden ground. We had not been at Colchester a month, when the terrible storm of the 7th of February occurred. It shattered the windows and doors, blew down two stacks of chimneys, crushing in roofs and floors. The poor people were up all night, and were safe from harm. What evil we were spared! I arrived in the morning to find the place a ruin. We first thanked God the Preserver; and then, the country side was scoured for plumbers, glaziers, carpenters, and builders. As to Colchester, I proposed that we should take the house, knowing, of course, the difficulty of distance; but I had another object. I have never allowed myself to regard it as a final step for us. My hope is, to nurse it up to independence, and, in the mean time, to teach the Eastern Counties their duty. My eye, too, is upon Edinburgh, Dublin, and Bristol, as other centres.

"But our difficulties have arisen mainly from our success. The charity has advanced so rapidly, that one is fairly out of breath in keeping up with it. Our last Report has been in such demand as to go through four editions. We had in our list for the last election 170 cases, and we have now under our care 145 persons. Our expenses were increasing so fast, as to require caution and resolution. For nine months we had real difficulty with the financial claims, and an uneasy feeling crept in among us. However, the dinner and the election were in view; and we took care to make the best of them. At the dinner we announced £2,700, the larger part being for a build-

ing fund. This startled not a few of our good helpers. 'What!' they said, 'not only look our present difficulties in the face, but venture upon a new responsibility!' I believe my eagerness anticipated the step by a year or two; but we had all begun to feel that the idiot must have a HOME and an INHERITANCE in the land; and my own heart said, 'Make haste; every year is as two!'"

"Besides," he adds, "look at our claim on the country. We have established a principle, uplifted our degraded brother, and restored some to society healed and in their right mind. We can educate, and we can cure. How different the scene now at Highgate! There is order; obedience to authority; classification, improvement, and cheerful occupation. Every hour has its duties; and these duties are steadily fulfilled. Windows are now safe; boundaries are observed without walls; and doors are safe without locks. The desire now is, not to get away, but to stay. They are essentially, not only an improving, but a *happy family*. And all this is secured without the aid of *correction* or *coercion*. The principle which rules in the house, is LOVE."

The generous testimony of Lord Carlisle gave great help to the effort to obtain aid from the wealthy of the land. His eloquent argument is so complete in itself, that we cannot resist the temptation to give it a permanent record in these pages:—

"Few descriptions of persons can be conceived more entitled to our generous sympathy and our active assistance. Without being invested with the more solemn and picturesque drapery of tragic dignity, they are exposed, perhaps beyond all others, to the cold neglect, the coarse gibes, the brutal merriment of a callous and unfeeling world; they are the butt and scarecrow of the village green,—often the drudge sent out from the domestic hearth. Take it that they meet with no ill-treatment; nay, that family decencies and family affections gather round them, guide their path, and smooth their pillow; yet, what a life of negatives is theirs, at the very best! Nature spreads in vain her witchery of hues, her golden sunsets and starry firmaments; to their untutored ears, music has no melody; to their stagnant

minds, literature and science, and art, and the sacred muse, utter no varied voice; to their torpid souls, devotion points no God. I am sure those benevolent and devoted men who are most anxious for its success, and who have laboured most for it, will have no wish to exaggerate its effects or its capacities. They will not tell you, that they hope to convert the patients whom they receive within this institution, into philosophers, orators, poets, statesmen. The instantaneous cure, the entire change of the possessed mind, were the work of Him alone, whose voice the demons heard, and at once came out: but the officers of this institution will tell you, that much may be done; that, by judiciously ministering to the requirements of both the physical and the moral organization, orderly habits, steady employment, rational tastes, kindly feelings, just sensibilities of the affections and the conscience, the sense of right and wrong, the fear and love of God, may be introduced and fostered and developed into all their multiplied and goodly results: in fact, the soul may, as it were, be re-created, so that, in the best instances, the idiot may be converted into a decent and creditable member of society; in the worst, his existence may be surrounded with an atmosphere of comfort and tenderness. Are not such results worth struggling for? We are erecting this year a vast edifice, which I am disposed to think we may take a just pride in as a model of modern enterprise and mechanism, directed to an enlightened and philanthropic purpose. But the glories of the Crystal Palace would be dim by the side of an adequate house of shelter and of cure for all the idiots of our land; and it would be a more honourable spectacle, if it could only be achieved by your large-hearted liberality, than the display of the world's goods amid the alleys of the gigantic show-room. And when the foreigners who throng to our shores shall tell us, as they may with partial truth, that some of them excel us in their monumental buildings, the palaces of their kings, their public walks and gardens, their sparkling fountains, and their galleries of art, we shall not feel abashed if we can tell them, that there is in our wide metropolis scarcely a human want which does not find its remedy, a human disease which has not its hospital, a human sorrow which may not seek for its refuge; and, amid that goodly assemblage, AN ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS OUGHT TO BE NO LONGER WANTING."

The public needed no other assurance, and yet others were most helpful. The Rev. Edward Sidney, of Cornard Parva, visited Essex Hall in April, 1851, and reported in the public press what he witnessed :—

"It is a happy discovery," he says, "that the neglected idiot has a mind capable of improvement in its degree, and of a knowledge of a hope beyond this world." And he adds this emphatic testimony :—"Of all the wondrous projects of the present age, there is not one more worthy of Christian love, or with more encouraging prospects of success. I saw more than enough fully to convince me that it is worthy of the most cordial support."

About the same time, Dr. Conolly, speaking at Cambridge before the Vice-Chancellor of the University, testified, that the advance was so great that he could hardly suppose the persons to be the same; and, with a generous enthusiasm worthy of the man, he added his special testimony to the value of the labours performed by the subject of this memoir. "It may truly be said," are his words, "that the attempt now making in this country is wholly to be ascribed to Dr. Andrew Reed."

Others, however, had much to do with it, and laboured no less heartily for its success. Dr. Conolly, among the number, rendered essential service to the charity, as one of its gratuitous physicians. From the first, nevertheless, Dr. Reed became mainly responsible for the management of Essex Hall. At so great a distance from town, few could give the regular attendance that he did. His time for coming was well known, and he was always as punctual as the much-maligned Eastern Counties Line would permit. His name was familiar to the children, even when their own names were utterly unknown to them. He was felt to be their guardian, and he made himself their friend. He

was with them at their mid-day meal, and among them in their sports. Nor was he neglectful of such as, being unable to leave their rooms, beckoned at the open window that he would not forget to visit them before he left. His entrance everywhere shed a glimmer of affection, if not of intelligence, over

> "that saddest sight of earth,
> The vacant face of idiocy."

He might be seen watching and encouraging, with sustaining hand, the improved movements of a boy once destitute of voluntary muscular power, to walk across a room; or helping a little one, supported by a wheeled frame, to propel himself along the garden-walk; or listening to the gallant cry of a merry-hearted boy who had reached the summit of the climbing-pole; or encouraging the oft-failing, but as oft-renewed, attempts at running, leaping, and vaulting. Seized by the hand, he would yield himself to the impetuous urgency of a child to notice the seeds in his bit of garden ground just shooting into green life above the soil, or to look at the last new bird in the aviary, or at the rabbits in their hutch. Copy-books, slate-exercises, even needlework, all passed beneath his interested eye. He had a kind look for each, some gentle word for all; and, when he left them, the very train, which they could see from their windows, was watched as it bore him away, and loudly reproached by the affectionate objects of his self-rewarding care.

Efforts such as this do not, when well approved by public opinion, wait long for Royal approbation.

"In the midst," writes Dr. Reed, "of all my planning for the building, I received a command to attend at Buckingham

Palace, to explain our position, and to receive an intimation that Her Majesty was prepared to honour us with her patronage."

The Queen subscribed 250 guineas, entitling the Prince of Wales to a life-presentation; and the first nomination made was, the son of a humble but exemplary minister among the Dissenters in Wales.

During the summer of 1850, Dr. Reed had written to Dr. Guggenbühl to express his delight at the success of the experiment in England, and that gentleman's reply contains this passage:—"I rejoice that Providence has committed such important work to such worthy hands. I hope that a Christian legislature will revoke the laws of Lycurgus, which enjoined the exposure of children of weak minds." Anxious to see Abendberg again, Dr. Reed intended to visit Germany during the summer; but he found it impossible to be away so long a time.

"So much," he writes, "is yet to be done, and all is experiment. Many of the staff have to be educated for their duties. The day I left, the Duke of Cambridge died,—a most unexpected event, and to the Idiot Asylum a great loss. How lately he was with us, and with what an exuberance of spirits! He was among the earliest to appreciate our object, and he corresponded about it like a friend. I owe him much, and so does charity. I first knew him at the opening of the London Orphan Asylum. Kent, Sussex, York, and Cambridge, all of whom have helped me on my way, are all gone. What is man!"

He had judged wisely in deciding not to be long absent from his charge; for, on his return in August, work of all sorts pressed upon him heavily. On September 24, writing at Colchester, he says,—

"Home two months, and my plans are not yet laid. The Pope must answer for all this.* He has been pleased to send

* Dr. Reed seized the question then before the public; preached and lectured, and also issued a pamphlet, on "The Pope and his Pretensions;" of which he says "I uplifted my testimony, and there I left it."

us a Bull by the hand of a Cardinal, and the people are up. All this broke in upon my time; but the expenditure of £10,000 last year quickens our wits. I feel at this season that I must either conquer the idiot, or the idiot will conquer me."

On the heel of this delay, and at the time of the annual dinner, came a serious epidemic. Nevertheless, as he writes, "spite of the influenza, which robbed us of many friends at the festival, we had £2,400. Thank God!"

In 1851, a vacancy occurred in the secretariat by the death of Dr. Holloway. Dr. Reed was very solicitous to enjoy the association of the Rev. W. W. Champneys, M.A., then Rector of Whitechapel, partly to secure efficient help, and still more to give another proof of his strong desire to remove from charity the least semblance of sectarian or party spirit. Mr. Champneys felt himself constrained to decline official service; but, as a member of the Board, he co-operated closely with Dr. Reed, and is at the present time one of the most valued supporters of the institution. Ultimately, Dr. Conolly was induced, greatly to Dr. Reed's delight, to accept the vacant post.

Indeed, help was much needed; for, at this juncture, the surviving secretary found the unremitting toil of the year telling on his strength.

"Just now," he writes, "I had a strong intimation of my frailty and dependence. As I was going to Coulsden,* I had an attack on my left side. I found suddenly that I could not button my coat; my arm and hand became disobedient, and a general numbness crept about me. I made my way to the Asylum; stood straight up, and resolved to be well; did my work; went to the Idiot Office in the Poultry for two hours; put things in train for a fortnight; and then hurried home to

* The Asylum for Fatherless Children.

seek advice and medicine. But, most of all, I gave myself to dependence and prayer. Submissively, I pleaded that, just now, I would not faint and die. Just now, the two Asylums seem to have a special claim upon me." He adds, in his private pocket-book, "Had I passed into another world, and become an angel of light, I think I could joyfully make a mission to the world again, to secure a home for the orphan and the idiot, and see them safe and happy." And, with this, he breaks out into pious ejaculation,—"Thou didst not need me; but, perhaps, thou wilt condescend to use me. I will endeavour to be more diligent in my work, more faithful in my trust, and more cheerful beneath the burdens and trials of my service!"

After nursing and rest, he was ordered abroad, and prohibited from engaging in any public service before departure.

"The hospitalities of this season," he remarks, "must have kept me at home; and the world's fair* forbids rest for months to come. I go abroad because I wish to visit the hospitals on the Continent, which I was prevented doing last year. Resolved, first, to direct my course only in the interests of the idiot; second, to take things easily, to suffer slight impositions, and to recruit my health for future and merciful work. There is yet before me, if God will, the triumph of benevolence."

Furnished with introductions of the most useful kind, he made the tour of Germany, Denmark, and Sweden. At Copenhagen he notes, "Dr. Christenson says, in reference to an effort for the idiot, 'Yes, it would be well to do it; but there is little hope. The King would not at present listen to it; and the people will do nothing without the King.'" † Upon which Dr. Reed says, "How like the Prussian doctrine,—'To do everything *for* the people, but nothing *by*

* The Exhibition of 1851.

† In 1853, a Danish Commissioner was sent over to England by the King to examine and report; and it is believed that an experimental institution has been established.

them!'" Passing from Gottenberg to Stockholm, he was received by the King of Sweden. In this city he enjoyed the society of the Professors of Medical Science and Natural Philosophy, gathered together to meet him in the little laboratory of Ritzius, who spontaneously lectured for the entertainment of the company for an hour and a half on objects in his anatomical museum, the cherished object of his life. "Literary and scientific men of different countries," remarks the English member of the group, "come sooner into fellowship than any others, especially if their interests are not in opposition." The rough notes of this extended tour are full of entertainment; but he closes his reference to Sweden with the following remark:—"No; Sweden shall not be my home. There is not much religion in it: I fear there is no religious liberty."

On returning home, Dr. Reed found waiting for him a letter from the Honourable Abbott Lawrence, which gave him reason to hope that the slip planted in America in 1850 would live and flourish. "You have added," wrote his distinguished correspondent, "to the list of charitable institutions in this great metropolis, perhaps the last in the catalogue of the healing all manner of diseases." He then more particularly indicated a movement in the United States where Mr. Seguin and Dr. Howe, who had visited England in 1850 for the purpose of obtaining information, had followed up the work. This intelligence gave Dr. Reed fresh heart, and he continued his labours with renewed ardour. Yet he could not forget that he had heard the warning voice, and had broken down twice during that very autumn.

"I am sixty-four," he says: "I must be cautious. It is better to run than to walk, better to walk than to creep, but better to creep than to stand still. The concerns of the idiot press heavily upon me. The institution seems as if it would sink under its own weight, and I should sink with it. Yet, I have faith not to precipitate anything, but to believe that in the steady use of means God will help us. We want a few men who are really able to give us decided assistance. Their hearts, O Lord, are in Thy hand. Thou canst open, and Thou canst shut. Let it not seem little to Thee, O Lord, the work of mercy which we do."

Nor was this prayer unheard. The next time he opens his book, he writes thus:—

"Dec. 22.—Again I must gratefully acknowledge the good hand of God. A stranger, Mr. Dickenson, has just left us £2,000. He called at the office to see me during my absence, took away the Appeal and the Report of 1851, read them, altered his will in our favour, and died. Now may we move on."

With a gladdened heart, and with a promise of speedy return, Dr. Reed left his family circle on the Christmas Eve to visit Essex Hall.

"So then," he says on the 28th, "my Christmas has passed with my adopted ones at Colchester. Much to regulate and rectify, and something to enjoy. We have few of those fearful screams and cries now, and are tolerably free from other discomforts. The house is one of order, cheerfulness, and melody. Christmas Day was a high day at Essex Hall. The poor creatures had taken great interest in decorating their rooms for the occasion; and it was with great glee that they appeared in their best to demolish the roast beef and plum-pudding. The cleverest folk could hardly do it better. It was pleasing to see, during the five minutes occupied in getting seventy or eighty of them in their places, with oranges, apples, and figs temptingly in view, not one of them thought of touching anything till grace was sung; and, even then, the dessert remained undisturbed till its turn arrived. After dinner came the violin, the piano, and the song. Who better could sing 'God save our gracious

Queen,' and what band was better than theirs? I saw with great joy twenty-two of the boys (Samuel among the number) play out a game at cricket without guidance and most cleverly. Then came tea, and then the grand event of the night,—the magic lanthorn. It was delightful to see how it awakened their faculties to enjoyment, and quickened their dull perceptions to almost boisterous mirth. The scene changed. The children of the principal dormitory moved off as cheerfully as possible. They found their beds, and each one stood by his basket in perfect order. One of their own number raised a tune, and they sang together the Evening Hymn. At a movement of the hand, they all fell upon their knees and offered, mostly in silence, their own simple form of prayer. Shortly they had undressed themselves, or were helped to do so, depositing their clothes in order and themselves upon their beds; and, in five minutes, peaceful slumber came down upon them. They slept without a care for the past or a thought for the future."

It was really a touching sight; and those that stood by him who drew the picture, were witnesses to tears of joy which the poor afflicted ones may not have seen, or, seeing, could not appreciate. The Samuel alluded to was an adult idiot who had formed a great attachment to Dr. Reed. He died in 1859; when, hearing of the fact, Dr. Reed wrote to Mr. Millard, "Poor Samuel! He is gone home. May we be as safe! I have lost a friend!"

Before the close of the year 1851, Dr. Reed prepared a plea for help to the Corporation of London.

"We plead for those who, though most unhappy, are innocent,—who, though despised, are capable of generous affections,—that they may be restored to the intercourse and comforted on the bosom of society; that the light of intelligence and the joy of life may beam forth on the vacant and distressed countenance; and that the poor forlorn heart may yet beat with the warm sentiments of grateful love towards its acknowledged benefactors."

The Board of Management, headed by Mr. Alderman Abbiss, the present Chairman, presented this memorial, and the City led the way by a contribution of two hundred guineas; other public bodies soon following the example.

The first entry of the year 1852 is as follows:—

"I have had a great desire that the internal arrangements should be perfected as the institution grew externally, so that the growth might be sound and lasting. But success has overmatched us, the growth has been so rapid. The whole is too much for me. However, we must go on. God has relieved us of one burden. In September, it seemed hardly possible that we should meet our claims; and that oppressed me. But help came; and now another £400, and two gifts of £100 each. It is really remarkable. Thanks be unto God!"

No time had been lost in following up the first great object before him. After careful inquiry, Earlswood, an estate belonging to Mr. Justice Talfourd, had been purchased; and building operations forthwith commenced. Mr. Talfourd had just become possessed of the property, and was about to build a mansion for his own use, when, hearing that it was thought suitable for this charity, he at once relinquished it at a sacrifice, and became a subscriber to the Fund.

"We are now committed by advertisement," he writes on the 12th of February, "to invite plans for the erection of the Asylum and for 400 beds; and that with the unanimous voice of the Board. Steady! ready! are the words. Thanks! thanks! this is the crowning word."

In order that he might be near at hand whenever he desired, and with a view, at the same time, to protect Earlswood from speculative builders as neighbours, Dr. Reed bought Earlsmead, a small estate

adjoining; and here, while the works were in progress, he was frequently in the habit of staying.

Fairly in work both at Earlswood and in the Poultry, he says, March 11th,—

"A fine to-do we have had, what with circulars, appeals, memorials, and advertisements for the two institutions! Our dinner is over: announced £3,760; pretty well exhausted. It does seem, indeed, as if Divine Providence, while reminding me of the brevity of life and of time, will condescend to increase my blessings at the close. Else why this rapid and remarkable success? Make me worthy!"

With the avowed intention of awakening a spirit of emulation in the country, and of starting fresh organizations in the great provincial centres, from which branch institutions might spring, Dr. Reed released himself from town-work for the month of April; and then says,—

"I have prepared the way for separate action. Saw Mr. Fernley and Mr. Schwabe, at Manchester; and Milne, who will work for it; the Bensons; and the Baineses, of Leeds; the Bishop of Norwich, and a crowd of good men elsewhere.

Meantime, the results of the experiment were becoming apparent. The Bishop of Manchester visited Highgate, and, delighted with what he had witnessed, reported publicly, "that he saw there the most admirable care extended to a large number of idiots." In addition to his lordship's valuable testimony, Mr. Sydney, the excellent clergyman already referred to, and who has greatly aided the charity, published an interesting report of his visit to Essex Hall, containing the following passages:—

"From a tour of the upper rooms, I proceeded to the schoolroom, where the pupils were arranged on benches in front of

the patient and gentle master. To the eye, the group appeared most extraordinary; the countenances, the forms of these poor creatures, are so different from all one ever sees of human beings collected together. Some are of very large size, others excessively small for their ages; a few have no proper use of their limbs, while every one has a distinct expression, some of drollery, others of vacancy, with here and there an example of almost stupor. The greater part, however, seemed quite alive to a singing lesson that was going on, a perception of the time and of the air; but the voice was throughout characteristic,—the voice of imbecility, which must be heard to be understood. They took the various signals, in most instances, with as much quickness as in an ordinary school, and were equally obedient to them, only often responding with a laugh or sound of vacancy, or an odd and often quaint remark.

"Four of the most promising boys were, by my request, brought to the table to read in the New Testament. They answered simple questions with much propriety. There was a certain obscuration evident enough; the answers could not be said to indicate much exact perception nor feeling; yet it was a comfort to be convinced, that these forlorn persons may be raised, in most instances, to a higher condition than has hitherto been supposed, and that this improvement of their limited faculties is attended with an unquestionable increase of happiness.

"Teaching them numbers, arithmetic in a small way, addition, multiplication, is now and then possible; but I only heard one boy count, and that with difficulty. They delight in drawings. Some have lost, to a surprising degree, not only the miserably vacant look, but the slouching air that they had when the mischievous boys of their native place used to tease them in the streets, and stand erect as soldiers. No one could suppose, at first sight, that they had ever been such mournful specimens of intellectual weakness; though they still indicate their sad condition; but the revolting appearances are greatly diminished. No one can mistake what they are; yet many of them who have had the longest advantages, seem, at first sight, more eccentric than idiotic, until they are addressed more particularly. Seven or eight marched and went through their drill quite as well as most recruits; but there were those whose movements were

rather grotesque. Yet, all seemed to enjoy it, though the visit was an encroachment on a holiday; and so they did the swings, the ladders, and the gymnastic exercises, which tend so greatly to their health, and to that transformation in manner and carriage which is so marked a result. The writing in the copy-books I saw, was quite as good as is generally seen in any beginners; and the way in which certain of them learn trades, is beyond what might be expected. One boy, who could not speak plainly, could not tell where he came from, and in all his replies to questions manifested what he was, had, nevertheless, just put a large pane into one of the windows as perfectly as a regular glazier.

"The majority of idiots, though the dumb and a few distinct cases cannot have much effected in them, except the gaining of their confidence and causing them to be orderly, have some faculty capable of being elicited for good; and this is now quickly discovered by the experienced eyes of the worthy people to whose charge this new family is committed, and whom it is manifest, for they have no concealment, they love.

"Such an Asylum as this is a study of human nature in one of its most humiliating forms, and a sphere for the exercise, as its result, of a philanthropy of, we may be ashamed to say, a novel kind. Its erection was an experiment, but it is one that has succeeded; and it shows us, that the darkest spots of human existence have still some beams of mercy and goodness; for the most deplorable examples of idiocy, if not capable of instruction, are capable of being made clean, comfortable, and of higher enjoyment of life.

"Of all the wondrous projects of the present age, there is not one more truly a work of Christian love, or with more encouraging prospects of success, than this newly-formed but effective institution for the idiot. We saw more than enough to convince us that it is worthy of most cordial support."

With such evidence as this before him, and with a large proportion of the 250 children belonging to the Eastern Counties, Dr. Reed felt that it would be a great wrong to think of abandoning Essex Hall, even when the new Asylum should be prepared. Having a tolerably accurate knowledge, therefore, of the extent

to which idiocy prevailed in the four counties, he announced to the Bishop of Norwich and the local personages of importance, his intention to advocate the maintenance of Essex Hall as a separate institution, to receive the East Anglian cases, and to rest upon that district for its support.

But this measure, though proposed from simple trust in God, and in the local resources of benevolence, was open to misconception. Some worthy persons, whose reliance on public sympathy was not so full as his, deprecated the establishment of district asylums, saying, "All we do there, will be so much undoing here. Every separate effort will weaken the centre one,—drawing off subscriptions, breaking up interest, and endangering our hold on public confidence." In the exercise of a mighty faith, however, Dr. Reed could say,—

"None of these things move me. I know the powerful influence of local over central claims,—the love the country has for local government, rather than for delegated government. We shall lose nothing; the cause will gain immeasurably; and the wretched idiot, in all our great counties,* will be befriended."

The time had now arrived for laying the first stone at Earlswood; and the Prince Consort having seen and approved the plans, early in 1852, consented to attend the ceremony on the 16th of June. The day was a joyous one: the contributions were munificent, and the company was numerous and brilliant. A hymn composed by Dr. Reed was sung. To the Prince, one thing only was wanting, the objects of the charity, "whom, if it had been suitable," he said, "I should

*. Already, as the result of this example, Asylums for the Idiot have been established in Scotland and in Devonshire.

have liked to welcome here. But I will come again, and they shall see the Queen, when you are ready to receive us."

Lord Wodehouse presided at the dinner in the City the same evening; and the cause of the idiot that night rejoiced in the accession of powerful friends.

Through this year, Dr. Reed's time was much given to Earlswood, while his customary visits to Coulsden and Colchester were kept up with almost unvarying regularity. Towards the end of December, a pressing invitation came for him to keep Christmas Day at Essex Hall; and, against the entreaties of his family, who feared the consequences of exposure, he went on an inclement morning to spend the afternoon with the poor children, and did not reach home till after midnight.

"Home," he says, "at 1 p.m., through fields of snow; a bitter night. Four hours coming up; but my heart was warm within me."

This was the well-remembered snow-storm. When the benighted traveller reached the Shoreditch Station, no conveyance was at hand. Indeed, all roads were impassable for horses; so that, at that hour, he had to walk two miles in the teeth of a biting north-east wind. On his arrival at home, he shook with ague; but the warmth at his heart seemed to keep him from any more serious injury than a somewhat obstinate cold.

In the midst of the greater works at Earlswood, Dr. Reed's heart turned continually with great anxiety to Essex Hall. He had announced his design; he had, in furtherance of his views, opened up a communication with Scotland through Dr. Coldstream, of Edinburgh,

and saw the way clear to the establishment of an Asylum for North Britain; and he was also in correspondence with friends in the West of England. But the movement in favour of the Eastern Counties met with strong and difficult opposition; and he could not endure the thought of bringing division into the councils of his colleagues. Still, was that noble institution, secured with so much difficulty, to be abandoned when the new Asylum should be completed? He had never meant it; on the contrary, he had always declined to accept the suggestion. Accordingly, he resolved to take the decision of the gentlemen of the Eastern Counties; and a meeting of the more influential residents was convened in Colchester on the 23rd of May, 1854. He found there men prepared to share the responsibility of the undertaking; and, taking courage from these welcome proofs of sympathy, he resolved to hold to his project, and to go forward—when the proper time should come for its execution.

In this spirit he gives the signal to go on, and writes to his faithful co-worker, Mr. Millard, "Give thanks, and work hard. When the circulars are ready, make a pause for prayer; and let me know when it is:" adding, "God, who has given the mind to plan, and the will to resolve, will not now withhold the hands to do, and the courage to dare!"

At Earlswood much good time was lost; the works had been far too long in the hands of architect and builder, and Dr. Reed looked with dismay at the prospect of a delay extending into 1855; but he says, "With Wren at Cambridge, I will say, 'There I have fixed the stone, and I will finish the building.'"

It should be mentioned, that Dr. Reed was just at this time preparing to start a new institution, the Hospital for Incurables; and all this excess of work was looked upon with great anxiety by his family, who entreated him, but in vain, to spare himself. On the 7th of July the Royal Hospital was established; and, shortly afterwards, toiling under the burden of official duty, he writes in playful mood,—

"We have just taken another house for the idiot: this is the fourth, and Earlswood is going up. Hard work this. The Fatherless, the Idiot, the Royal, and Wycliffe! 'Tis as fine as driving a coach-and-four, and not the easiest thing to keep all well in hand, and drawing kindly and equally."

The promise of the Prince in reference to the Queen had not been forgotten. On April 15, 1855, Dr. Reed endeavoured to win for his completed work the honour of a visit from Royalty on the occasion of the opening. This, however, was a thing not quite in accordance with the established custom of the Court; and the Prince Consort kindly came down as the representative of Her Majesty, from whom, though restricted by the rigours of etiquette from personal presence, His Royal Highness brought proofs of the truest sympathy. The noble edifice, capable of receiving five hundred inmates, and erected at a cost of £30,000, was declared open by the voice of her Royal Consort; and it was devoted to charity and to the God of charity in a religious service conducted by the Bishop of Oxford.

As a memorial of this event, Dr. Reed sent to the Prince a drawing which had been given to himself by a boy, who, very soon after his admission, showed great skill in copying, with chalk or pencil, objects around him. Many of these early productions, rough

as they might be, were carefully preserved by Dr. Reed, and have now been found among his papers duly marked and dated as proofs of progress. His commendations led to yet greater diligence and higher ambition; till, at last, the lad produced, without help, a copy of one of Landseer's celebrated pictures, which Sir Edwin himself having admired, he offered, as his best performance, to his friend the founder.

This drawing was presented at Windsor Castle, and was there graciously received, a present being sent by way of encouragement to the artist, who, not willing that his original intentions should be frustrated, soon produced a second sketch as good as the first to supply its place in Dr. Reed's collection. This same youth constructed, from a print on a cotton handkerchief, the model of a man-of-war fully equipped for sea; and it was one of Dr. Reed's latest acts to seek admission for this beautiful "work of art, by an idiot," to the International Exhibition of 1862.

Immediately after the opening of Earlswood, came the arduous labour of removing the families from Highgate and Colchester, and the endless variety of work connected with the occupancy of the new home. Dr. Reed's parting from Highgate is thus referred to:—

"September, 1855.—Took farewell of Highgate [Park House]. Regretted the place as the cradle of the idiot, the beautiful garden as improved under our care, and the fine old chesnut, our roof-tree, in all its glory. My cradle also. There I spent the days of childhood. Well I remember playing with my sister,—finding for her the prettiest place, smothering ourselves with the leaves, and then lying entranced, listening to the birds, and looking up through the foliage into heaven. And there, too, my early vow was recorded, that I would serve my God and love my neighbour."

On the last day of this eventful year, Dr. Reed looked with delight on an entire family in the full possession of a building perfectly furnished, and pleading daily to thousands of travellers on the line of the Brighton Railway. He says,—

"In the last four years, I have been four hundred times to Earlswood. Each time has consumed the best part of a day; so that I may fairly say that it has cost me a whole year. I have received much honour and many congratulations; but my chief reward is, that God has permitted us to secure, for ages to come, a permanent home for the wretched and persecuted idiot.

'Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world!'"

Time wore on; but, with it, came fresh hopes for the independence of Essex Hall. Dr. Reed saw clearly, that, of the subscriptions derived from the neighbourhood of the branch asylum, amounting to £1,000, a full half would be withdrawn when the object of local interest was removed; and he had the amplest evidence on the part of the parent institution that its separate maintenance was deemed desirable, provided that it could make good its own claim through the effort of a distinct organization. Pointing to Earlswood as the great model, and as in all respects a *national* institution, he pleaded for his separate projects in the most earnest terms.

"We have now," he says, "in most of our counties a local provision for the lunatic; but the cases of idiocy are as numerous, and no one who makes any pretensions to philanthropy can say that they have less claim on our benevolent attention. It is to be hoped, that, wherever there is room for local and separate action, it may be realized; and most certainly they who sustained the first effort, would not be worthy of their position if

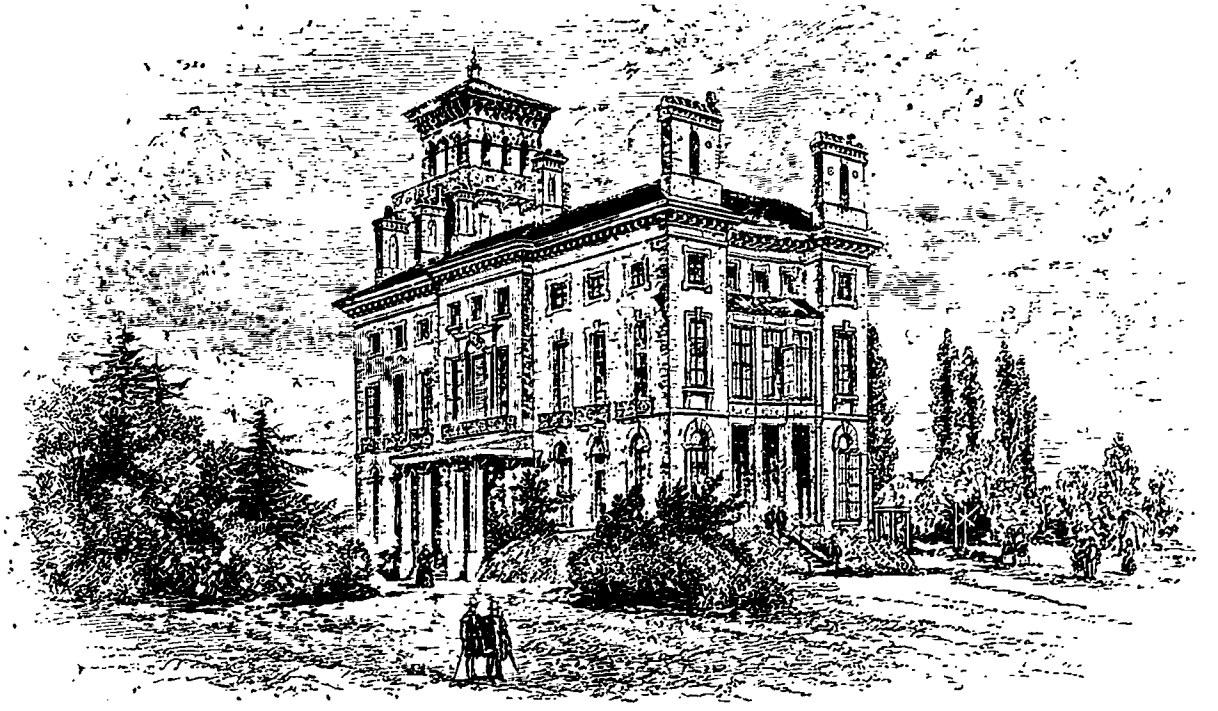
they did not afford to such action every possible encouragement."

He was not to be disheartened, though, as he says, "at my first answer, no man stood with me." Clear in his own conviction, and supported by the spirited activity of Mr. Millard, the present secretary, he persevered till he was able to record the fact, that, at a county meeting held in Colchester, it was resolved by the gentlemen of the Eastern Counties to make the Asylum their own. "Happy day!" he writes on February 18th, 1859; "Essex Hall is saved, and the Eastern Counties Idiot Asylum is established." Among the helpers to this end, he enumerates "Mr. Bawtree, Sir Morton Peto, Sir E. Kerrison, Mr. Perry of Chelmsford, Mr. Ambrose, and Captain Lecard,—men to be loved. There, Charles," he adds, as though addressing his son,—"there is another child of charity for you; but it has nearly cost me my life to save it."

He had accomplished his purpose; he had been suffered, to a great extent, to do it alone; but his work and his motives were in the end fully appreciated. Sir John Forbes's generous testimony on this point is given thus:—

"Everybody knew, that Dr. Reed was the founder of the institution, and that he had, by his indefatigable exertions, been its mainstay ever since it was founded. They might, some of them, differ with him; but the more they knew him, the more they would say that he was the most extraordinary man in this city,—a man of that great amount of energy capable of sustaining himself against the most difficult course possible, and of sustaining an institution like the present against any odds."

Dr. Reed continued his visits to Essex Hall; but his subsequent references to it are not numerous.



THE EASTERN COUNTIES ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS,
Essex Hall, Colchester.

December 6th, he writes, "Returned from Colchester: completed ten years and 30,000 miles on the Eastern Counties Line in safety. All is prosperous and cheerful." The last record of all is made with a joyfulness which none can fully understand but the very few who had witnessed his long and anxious toil. "23 June, 1859. First election. Arthur Quinton, 2,874 votes."

So long as Dr. Reed could bear the journey to the London Bridge Station, his visits to Earlswood were regular, though the effort tried him, and the sight of the afflicted family sent him home in sympathetic sorrow. And it was not wonderful; for he could not witness or even read of a generous deed without tears. As old age came on, his feelings were still less under control; and he talked of the sights of suffering with more evident pain than heretofore.

Nor could it be matter of surprise that such scenes, in which misery was beheld in its deepest depths, yet recovered from that hopeless abyss by ministering care, should affect to weeping stronger and sterner men than he. Still, with all the vacuity and pain, there was much of joy; so much, indeed, that, in speaking of a household of 286 idiots, his old friends, the Lunacy Commissioners, were fain to report them "a cheerful and happy family."

He himself, looking on, perhaps, with a keener insight, could see in some signs more grateful still of the kindling of a spiritual life. The following case has already met the public eye:—

"Near the fireplace, in one of the beds, was a boy with a countenance of tranquil resignation. His face was of singular fairness, tinged with a hectic flush, which contrasted strongly

with the white hue of his cheeks. His gentleness and patience were indicated in his every look. I asked him what made him so comfortable, and in whom he trusted: he replied quietly, but with evident emotion, 'My Saviour.' 'What did He do for you?' I asked. 'Died for me,' was his answer. 'Why did He die for you?' I continued; and he answered, 'For my sins, that I may go to heaven.' All this was said with a simplicity of manner which it was a profitable lesson to witness, and showed what a gracious compensation God had given him for the defects in his bodily powers and mental abilities, and the illness that was now wasting his feeble constitution."

And if this change was a source of joy to those who witnessed the gradual development of dormant power, the effect upon the parent was more wonderful still. Mr. Sydney said, in his lecture at St. Martin's Hall,—

"I feel it right to repeat, that there are many who are capable of little more than physical improvement and comfort; but there are also *many* in whom a change has taken place which astonishes all who have seen it. A mother comes in and asks to see her child. The child is brought; she looks earnestly, and asserts, with emphasis, 'This is not my child.' She looks again, and bursts into tears. This was the case at Highgate; and this was one of the first rewards of the founder, who has devoted himself with a spirit of benevolence only equalled by the talent he has shown for his undertaking from the earliest moment he conceived the great idea."

The work was one which bore the inspection of observers whose philanthropy was under the control of a philosophical spirit, as satisfactorily as that of men whose sympathies, being in close alliance with an evangelical faith, might be supposed prompt to recognize the indications of moral and religious impression upon minds which had been regarded as utterly insusceptible of any ideas. On July 26th, 1860, for example, Dr. Reed notes a visit paid by

Lord Stanley, on whose simple but sincere acknowledgment that the Asylum at Earlswood "deserved the utmost support," he makes the natural and just comment, "And, when he says that, I believe he means what he says, as on all subjects on which he speaks."

Good men have different temperaments, and it was one of Dr. Reed's faculties to discern them clearly. He well understood the mind with which he was dealing, when he showed to the Prince Consort the petition of a poor mother, who said of her idiot child, "She laughs when the sun shines." "It is beautiful!" said the Prince; "so do *we* laugh when the sun shines." "May the sun shine ever," adds Dr. Reed, "on Earlswood and on Windsor!" This knowledge of human nature was never more triumphantly shown than in touching the spring of benevolence in individual minds. "Wrote," he says, to Mr. ——. I told him, if I were Mr. Gladstone, I would put a tax upon talent, levied by this rule: he who has most shall pay it to him who has least,—the Idiot. He sent me a cheque, and said he would tell the Chancellor."

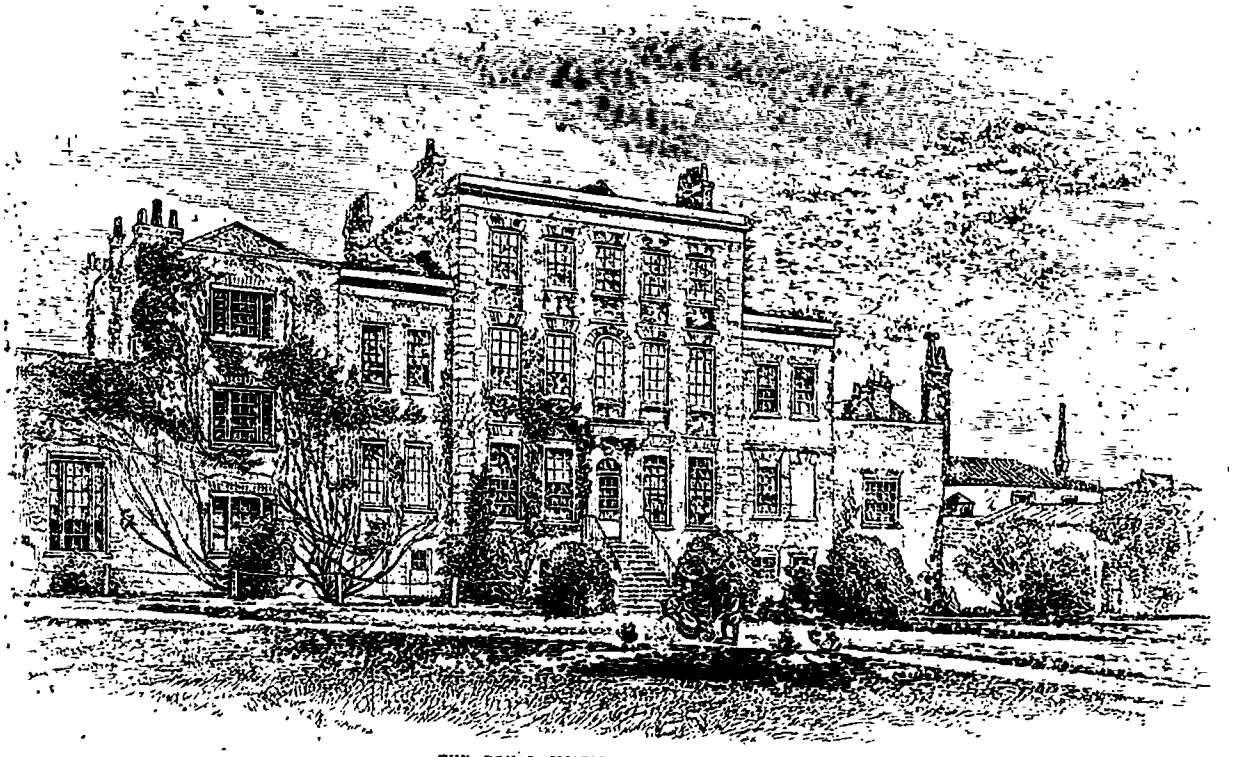
Notwithstanding the infirmities of age, aggravated beyond a doubt by incessant application to so many things, Dr. Reed was still found, when the weather permitted, at his favourite employ. The weekly round of engagements may be judged of by the following entries in one page of his diary in 1860:—

"July 30. Earlswood.
31. Royal—Putney.
Aug. 1. Idiot—office.
2. Fatherless—office.
3. Colchester.
4. Royal—Poultry."

The same habit was carried into 1861, though with many intermissions. In that year, from failing health and a desire to concentrate all his remaining power on the Hospital for Incurables, he had tendered his resignation as Secretary of the Asylum for Idiots; but he was prevailed on to withdraw it, on the understanding that he should be relieved from the more onerous duties at the London Office. But he attended, to the last, the elections and the anniversary festivals.

Thus, with busy hand, untiring zeal, and holy act, he laboured on to the end of life. When he became conscious that it was drawing very near, Dr. Down, was one of those of whom he spoke with special interest, also of his friends Mr. Dobinson and Mr. Mann; while, to his faithful colleague, Dr. Conolly, he sent a token of his loving remembrance, saying, "I hope he will be preserved to guide the charity." Some of his latest references were to the institution, its officers, and inmates. "My love," he said, "to them all. Thank them for their letters. Tell them to remember me, and to take care of their sun-dial." * After a pause, he added, "I have always had their *souls* in view. Who was it once asked me if idiots had any souls?" On being reminded that one of the inmates had said, during a fatal illness, "If I get better, I shall clean the boots again; if I die, God will give me something better to do for him;" he said,—and his dull eye "beamed keen again" for the minute as he said it,—"Yes, and I remember that little fellow at Highgate who said, 'I love God.'—Nothing that loves Him shall perish. No, they shall not die. I shall meet them soon in heaven. Amen!"

* A gift of Dr. Reed, erected in front of Earlswood.



THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES,
Putney House, Surrey.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

1854. 1861.

"Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of Infinity.
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seem,
And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul,—with patient steps of thought,
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer,—
May pass in hope; and, though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine."—*Wordsworth.*

AMONG the miracles of Jesus Christ, few are more affecting than that performed upon the woman who, having suffered under disease for twelve years, had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any. She came, we read, behind our Lord, and, touching the border of his garment, was conscious of instant cure. Notwithstanding the wide difference in point of medical skill between that age and our own, mankind remain subject to many diseases which cannot be cured; while HE does not now, as then, walk the earth, from whom the touch of faith could elicit virtue to remove an ailment which had utterly baffled the physician. Still we have an example that we should tread in His steps, by pitying

and caring for such as human science has been compelled to pronounce hopelessly incurable.

When Dr. Reed sent forth his appeal on behalf of the neglected idiot, he did so in the belief that this was the most forlorn of all the subjects of affliction, and the only class of sufferers not hitherto cared for by the benevolent institutions of the land. But, while thus engaged in searching out the cause which he knew not, there occurred to him another which at once laid fast hold of his tenderest sympathies, and implanted in his mind a deep conviction, that, when the fitting time should arrive, one more work of mercy remained to be accomplished by him. He felt, that, beyond that lowest depth upon which he believed himself to be engaged, there was a yet lower deep of misery. This last object of compassion he found in that extremity of woe which falls to the lot of one who, after long and fruitless attempts at cure, is discharged from the great hospitals of the land as *incurable*, and, as such, disqualified for the duties of life.

On inquiry, he discovered that it was no uncommon occurrence for a poor fellow-creature to be thus cast adrift upon the world, hopeless as to medical relief, penniless as to the very means of subsistence, helpless as to the power to work, and, in fine, utterly friendless and destitute. He found that many such were living without the hope of life; dying, yet still dragging out a miserable and agonized existence; needing constant and special care, nutritive and even expensive diet, and yet absolutely starving for want of the commonest necessaries. Such were now the objects of his compassion, who, looking, at the ripe age of sixty-one, to "one more work," says,—

"Oh! I have suffered with those I saw suffer! Away, then, with sloth and ease, and the fear which hath bondage; and bravely run another course. I must begin to move in double quick time; for the noiseless foot of death is behind me, and before me there are some faint streaks of morning light."

This was written in 1848; but occasional references in the note-books show that, for three years at least, his philanthropic heart had yearned in secret over the unutterable woes of the despairing sufferer. Writing in January, 1845, he says,—

"I lately moved at the Board of the Infant Orphan Asylum, that, in case a medical certificate were produced, testifying that the father of a family was hopelessly disqualified for the duties of life, his infant should be regarded as a fit candidate for election, equally with a fatherless orphan: for, in truth," he adds, "his father is as good as dead. Let us take the child; and, as for the parent, it would be a blessed thing if we had a provision in the land to give shelter to the despairing incurable."

The first thing which appears to have given a fixed character to the new enterprise, was the name placed by Cardinal de la Rochefoucault upon his Hospital for Lunatics in Paris. Dr. Reed saw the words, "L'Hôpital des Incurables," and was led to say, "Incurables! I was surprised when it was explained to me that this term did not embrace *all* forms of disease, but was restricted to mental affections." And then, it seems to have struck him, that an institution for the hopelessly incurable was yet needed to crown the many works of British philanthropy.

The next distinct reference to this subject occurs in the autumn of the following year, when, returning from a brief period of recreation and travel, he was preparing for a winter's work.

"The thought," he says, "has almost ripened into a plan. I would I saw my way clear for action; but, with buildings at Coulsden and Earlswood in full swing, it cannot be. Patience."

Long, however, he did not wait; for, as already seen, he resolved in September, 1848, to move towards this object, and the spring of 1849 found him in the thick of the work, uttering the prayer, "May the last be best!" The first months of the latter year were partly occupied with obtaining statistical returns from the Metropolitan and Continental hospitals, as the many facts and results carefully noted will by-and-by abundantly show. Among other things, these inquiries brought to his knowledge the existence of a small private effort in the same direction at Stamford Hill; and, closely following upon this discovery, a direct appeal was made to him by an influential person in the City of London, whose own attention had been directed to the same object.

"A gentleman," he writes, "one of our first City merchants, has just seen me. He proposed to put five hundred pounds at my disposal if I would begin at once a Home for Incurables. My reply was, 'I must do one thing at a time: help me with the idiot, and then I will look at it seriously.' He gave me ten guineas. Perhaps I seemed a little cold on the project; he did not know how much I loved him for his unostentatious generosity. Really, it is very tempting. Five hundred pounds; and for an object which my judgment so much approves, and upon which my heart is set. May I live to try! O Lord, Thou knowest. Take pity on me; let me recover strength and do something before I die. I claim not a square yard of land in my country,* yet let me leave my foot-print on her soil."

Having verified the statements of hospital experience in reference to the number of cases discharged as cured or as incurable, he saw that the result of the

* Earlsmead was purchased subsequently.

comparison greatly strengthened the argument in favour of a new hospital. He was, at the same time, much encouraged by the cordial and unselfish spirit in which the project was viewed by the members of the profession which he always ranked "as second only to that of the Christian ministry." He records the fact, that, at St. Thomas's Hospital, the average period of residence of a patient was six months. Then, if incurable, he was discharged; but, if there was hope, retained. Of 4,000 admitted, 2,400 were cured, 300 died, and 176 were discharged uncured. At Guy's and Bartholomew's, the numbers were larger; the proportions, much the same. At Brompton,—even with consumptive cases, often naturally tedious,—the term of residence was much shorter, and the numbers leaving in utter destitution considerably greater. Dr. Reed visited some institutions on the Continent, the statistics of which appear to prove that the proportion of uncured cases is larger than those in England. Referring to these preliminary labours, he says, in 1850, "While I am collecting statistics as my surest guide, I find a powerful pen preparing the way for me, and in such fashion as few could do it." The allusion is to an article in "Household Words," which put before the world, in the most telling and pointed manner, the newly-discovered want of suffering humanity.

"It is an extraordinary fact," said the writer, "that, among the innumerable medical charities with which this country abounds, there is not one for the help of those who, of all others, most require succour, and who must die, and do die in thousands, neglected, unaided. There are hospitals for the cure of every possible ailment or disease known to suffering humanity, but not one for the reception of persons past cure. There are,

indeed, small charities for incurables scattered over the country; but a large hospital for incurables does not exist.

"It is, indeed, a marvellous oversight of benevolence, that sympathy should have been so long withheld from precisely the sufferers who most need it. Hopeless pain, allied to hopeless poverty, is a condition of existence not to be thought of without a shudder. It is a slow journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from which we save even the greatest criminals.

"When the law deems it necessary to deprive a human being of life, the anguish, though sharp, is short. We do not doom him to the lingering agony with which innocent misfortune is allowed to make its slow descent into the grave."

Dr. Reed had hoped to be free for the work at an earlier period; but Earlswood, Coulsden, and Colchester pressed him hard, and he was gravely warned by his medical adviser, besides being earnestly entreated by his family, not at his time of life to encounter the labour of a new effort. But entreaties and warnings were equally in vain. His mind was made up; and he quietly says, "When my hands are free, then I have it on my heart to do it, or to sustain it if it shall be done by others. One thing at a time."

The calmness of his mind, the deliberativeness of his movements, were features of his character much in his favour. He observed, for example, the commencement of a projected hospital for incurables without allowing it to precipitate himself into a movement for which he was not fully ready. He carefully preserved the published report of a meeting held upon the subject at the Thatched House Tavern. Shortly after, too, he notes, with an expression of regret, the birth of a second and rival effort, under the name of "The Institution for the Treatment of Chronic Diseases;" to which was speedily added a third candidate for

public favour, in the shape of a Free Hospital for Incurables at Norwich. These may all be considered as the responses of sympathetic hearts to the general appeal made by Mr. Charles Dickens in his excellent journal. Whatever the patronage of rank and wealth could do to enable them to make good their several pretensions, they had in abundance. Indecision and dissension, however, paralyzed and ultimately broke up two of the three; while the remaining one gave a feeble sign of life by passing a single declaratory resolution, and then expired.

Observing the unfortunate failure of these well-meant endeavours, Dr. Reed says,—

"Nov. 1, 1853.—After study and inquiry, the way seems much clearer than it did: the difficulty is, to secure the good and to prevent the abuse. The other projects have been smothered by rivalry. I am promised £2,000 to start with, and it may make me pretty poor; but he is hardly poor who enriches others."

On the 7th July, 1854, Dr. Reed opened a new note-book, with this entry:—

"Proposed Asylum for the permanent care and comfort of those who, by disease, accident, or deformity, are hopelessly disqualified for the duties of life. Bless Thou the springing thereof!"

Dr. Reed had remarkable power in creating confidence by his own strong faith in his undertakings. When he summoned a meeting of friends who had been more or less associated with him in other works of charity, it was not only to propound his scheme, but to show that he was personally committed by the public action he had already taken. It became therefore less a question whether the thing was to be done, as in what way it could best be accomplished; and to

the solution of this inquiry his colleagues at once set themselves.

"The question is, That we have a house and a hospital for the discharged incurables of the great hospitals of the land. The answer—Yes, we will. I have just summoned a dozen trusty friends for 7 A.M., July 13; and I have sent the first advertisement to the papers, and the appeal to the printer. The hospital is an offering to the Lord, and I may not offer that which costs me nothing. Some of my friends and my family say, 'Stay, you are doing too much!' I hear a voice they do not hear, I see a hand they do not see: onward is the word—forward is the hand. Remember me, O my God! for good, concerning this also, and spare me according to the greatness of Thy mercy! If I may, I will do this, and then die."

Knowing well the importance of putting the case before the country in such a manner as to take hold of its judgment, and thus to command its intelligent sympathy, he prepared an appeal which condensed in a few telling paragraphs the whole burden of his eloquent plea. Referring to our noble hospitals, with their rich endowments, admirable management, and merciful arrangement, and pointing to the Convalescent Hospital as affording the sweet hope of restoration to such as are susceptible of effectual cure, he shows that all these offer, in many cases, but a partial, and, in all, but a temporary blessing; and then, graphically picturing the case of the hopelessly incurable, he asks,—

"What is to become of these? Say, that we have *twelve* principal hospitals for general cases. Say, that, apart from out-door patients, they receive fifteen hundred persons per annum each. Say, that one-third of these are sufficiently recovered for the duties of life. Say, that another third of them are not above the *pauper class*. There would still remain SIX THOUSAND persons dismissed, turned out on the world, under incurable disease, and without the power, therefore, to provide for themselves or their families in all future time. Besides these, there are in our

metropolis at least an equal number who are above the position of the mere pauper, and who would rather perish than descend to it; who, by disease, by accident or congenital deformity, are wholly and permanently disqualified for the uses or enjoyments of life.

"Again we ask, What is to become of these? Disease and accident find them in respectable life and independent exertion. They are brought to a hospital with the hope of speedy restoration to health and to their accustomed occupations. But this hope utterly fails them. The best medical skill is found to be unavailing. They are dismissed as INCURABLE. Can any affliction of our moral state be more affecting or oppressive? It is something to lose health; it is something more to lose, in the loss of health, the very means of providing for life itself; and it is yet much more to learn, that the disqualifying disease or affliction baffles all remedy, and is indeed hopeless and incurable!

"They cannot beg, for they have been accustomed to work; they refuse to be paupers, for they have wooed independence as their better life. They have been struck down from their honourable standing by ruthless disease and accident; and what is to save them from the dreadful extremities of poverty, want, despair, and death?

"What is to save them, if not the hand of Christian brotherhood? Are we not—the richest and the best of us—heirs to the same frailties; liable to the same fell accidents and diseases; and needing, in one form or other, the self-same sympathies? And is it possible for us, under the force of such considerations, to withhold our compassion?"

He then is careful to show that there was no intention to afford assistance to those for whom the law of the land has made provision,—such as the *worthless*, the *dissolute*, or the *mere pauper*.

"It is meant," he proceeds, "to help them who would gladly have helped themselves, and others also, had not the Divine Providence crossed their path by sudden and overwhelming calamity. It is proposed to administer help as it may seem to be needed; to some partial relief, to some total relief. For those

who require it, a FINAL HOME will be found, where every comfort may be enjoyed to mitigate affliction, and where the best medical skill and care may be had, with the hope of making disease something less than incurable;—a HOME where suffering may be watched by skill, and soothed by sympathy; where the quiet of life and the beauties of Nature may work medicinally; and where the consolations of 'pure and undefiled religion' may shed their genial influence over diseases and distresses otherwise beyond a remedy, and all but intolerable.

"Surely there are none, however exalted, however happy, who can think that such an object is beyond the range of their sympathies! Who that is in health, is not exposed to sickness? Who must not be conscious, that he owes his honour and his usefulness, his bliss and his power to bless others, to his preservation from *disease* and *accident?* Who might not be, in an instant, struck down by withering and hopeless affliction to the state of the lowest, the most desolate? Our condition is essentially one; let our sympathies be one. Have we health? let us relieve the sick. Have we wealth? let us help the poor. Are we strong? let us uphold the weak. Are we happy? let us feel for the miserable. Let us bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ,—the law of kindness and of love!

"What, then, shall be done for the many, who, equally worthy with ourselves, are languishing at our feet, and whom disease and despair are dragging down to the grave? Do we resolve on action? Then let us ACT AT ONCE,—ACT GENEROUSLY,—ACT NOBLY,—suitably to the bitter urgency of the case. Let us know —what so many are slow to learn—the real blessedness of what we possess, by blessing others. Of many, alas! it is proudly said, that they died worth thousands; of whom, it may be feared, if translated into the language of Heaven, it would be said, that THOUSANDS DIED FROM THE WANT OF WHAT THEY POSSESSED, BUT HAD NOT THE HEART TO USE FOR THEIR PERISHING BRETHREN."

On the morning of the appointed day, Dr. Reed went to the London Tavern to see persons who might desire information as to the object of the proposed charity.

"Literally waiting on Providence," he observes, "and sitting in a tavern all day,—the London Tavern, my old workshop. The most important and importunate person who came to me, was a *place*-hunter. Well, wait, look up, and be ready."

The day seemed profitless; but the evening brought business. The provisional committee undertook office, and he himself accepted the labours of the secretaryship. His first record of official business is this:—

"Resolved, that the design shall be carried out with Christian kindness and liberality, apart from all party distinctions whatever, whether political or religious, and in the spirit of that love which cometh down from heaven and is the bond of perfectness."

At the foot of the page, he sketched a design for the charity, encircled in the motto, "All the good for the good of all."

The very next day he was actively at work, and his hand found no rest till the preliminary arrangements for a public meeting were fully settled. This was in the height of summer.

"Proposed hospital," he writes, the 30th of July: "worked ten days running, with the glass at 80° to 86°; broke the neck of it, I hope. Col. Phipps has put our case before the Queen."

The following passage occurs in a letter, July 25, pleading for Royal favour:—

"I have for nearly fifty years devoted myself gratuitously to the service of public charity, as at least one means of promoting the good of the people. My first effort was sustained and encouraged by the decided patronage of Her Majesty's Royal father; and it would be an unusual gratification to feel, that what, in the nature of things, must be a last public effort, might rest beneath like Royal patronage."

Meanwhile, a public meeting had been called: it was

to be held in the Mansion House, and the Lord Mayor was to preside. Everything was ready, and the prospect was most encouraging. As to the result, he will best tell his own tale. "Difficulty," he writes, "besets all great enterprises; and by this test *our* enterprise is undoubtedly a great one." The fact was, Dr. Reed suffered a grievous disappointment that day: while the Lord Mayor offered with all courtesy the influence of his presence in his own hall, he did not appear to sympathize with the object of the charity, and therefore the duties of chairman were discharged in a purely perfunctory manner. Dr. Reed bore the trial without remark, but his feeling found expression in his journal:—

"Matters falling thus on an infant charity not two days old, and yet struggling for life, are, of course, a heavy blow and a great discouragement. But I did not regulate my future by that meeting. The question has been most thoroughly discussed by the medical profession;* and, unless I am deceived beyond what I have been on former occasions, the object is good, is of first-rate importance, and may be realized, through great difficulties, no doubt, but still realized, by discretion, by labour, by love. At least, if God shall spare me a measure of health, I mean to try."

The following day brought a still heavier trouble, which also his own words will best narrate:—

"Trouble the second! Mr. ——— wrote this morning, clogging his generous offer by conditions, a good half-dozen at least, one of them being that he must see £12,000 in hand before he gave his £1,000! Well, I cannot work in fetters. We must try to do without the money. Still, I shall ever love the man who was so earnest and devised so nobly for this object, and who yet will give, if not money, his best wishes and kind words."

* The "Lancet" and the "Medical Times."

Writing to this gentleman, Dr. Reed says,—

"Let us trust one another. The work is very difficult, and requires not only self-reliance, but mutual reliance; and our very difficulties ought to promote it. I sincerely hope you will be with us. If you stand aside, I still trust we shall do without you; and, if you see that we do well and are worthy, perhaps you will yet help us."

Dr. Reed was constrained to decline the thousand pounds offered, because the restrictive conditions attached, coming as an after-thought, would have deranged all his plans, and seriously imperilled the existence of the institution.

"Whatever may be the merit of such arrangement, I am free to confess, as my last public act in the service of charity, it would not have satisfied me. I look to afford permanent relief—to create a home for life."

Naturally enough, he had looked at this first donation as that upon which he might rely in meeting his first responsibilities, in entering upon a habitation and in taking upon them the charge of a dozen inmates. When this hope suddenly failed, he, with a spirit worthy of earlier days, abandoned his intended summer holiday, contributed a third of the sum himself, and went in search of the remainder. Happily, there was no difficulty. Everywhere he met with generosity and confidence; and "from no class," he remarks, "more than from the men of that profession whose distinguished lot it is to alleviate the physical and mental maladies of their fellow-men, and who at once admitted the value to medical science of this experiment." Returning home thus encouraged, he offers up this simple prayer:—

"Lord, let Thy face shine on my face! Let Thy love dwell

in my heart, and sanctify my heart! Make my path plain! Prepare me for the work Thou hast given me to do, that I may finish it!"

On the 14th September ensuing, an office was engaged in the Poultry,* "which," he says, "like the London Tavern, is one of my haunts." Then he wrote and issued a new appeal, which told with considerable power on the press and on the benevolent sympathy of the wealthy.

"At the very moment," he says, "in which the poor sufferer is told that his affliction is hopeless, he also finds that the gates of mercy are closed on him for ever. If not hopeless before, his treatment now seals his fate. He is spirit-broken; and, like the stricken deer, he steals away from the abodes of humanity, to an unnatural and cruel solitude, to sob, to languish, and to die.

"After all that charity has done, this is literally the truth. Such cases of extremity and abandonment are occurring at the gates of our hospitals, at the corners of our streets, and at our very doors, daily. For the plain fact is, that the greater part of those who leave our hospitals, though they may have found great relief, are not cured; and very many are really incurable.

"In the name of Divine charity we say, that this ought not to occur and must not continue. It is an anomaly in the work of charity—indeed, an inversion of its order; since the obligations of a wise benevolence rise with the extremity of the affliction. We have taken the *lighter case* as the more easy duty, and have declined to contend manfully with the more difficult and self-denying.

"The claim, thus presented, must be plain to all. It speaks for itself. When heard and known, it will certainly be respected.

"The claim is large, urgent, unquestionable—imperative.

"Have we pity, influence, wealth?

"Our brother in affliction must be the better for them. We

* The office of three of the Institutions being in that thoroughfare.

may do without a more splendid equipage, or a larger establishment, or a thousand of the lesser personal luxuries of life, and be innocent and happy; but we can be neither innocent nor happy if we refuse to help our brother in his affliction and desolation. We may not pass by 'on the other side,' and *look* the other way; we must look on him, *consider* him. We must 'make his bed in his sickness,' mitigate the sufferings we cannot cure, by medicine, and love which 'doeth good like a medicine;' cleave to him, comfort him to the last, and point his rising spirit to 'the better land' which excludes the sorrows and sufferings of earth and of time for ever. IS HE NOT OUR BROTHER?"

Strong as this appeal was, Dr. Reed's experience told him that it would be materially strengthened by the concurrent testimony of the highest authorities in the medical world. With the help of Dr. Conolly and Dr. Little, he was able to publish a document which has been considered remarkable in its way. This was a joint declaration by physicians and surgeons connected with the leading London hospitals, who, admitting and deploring the want of such a refuge as was now in contemplation, acknowledged that its establishment would not in any way interfere with any previously existing institution. On the contrary, they expressed their belief, that, while it would provide a peaceful home for incurable persons whose former station of life unfitted them for the workhouse, it would also relieve the faculty, and especially the hospitals, from the pain of dismissing such patients to certain want and increased suffering, often the more poignant from their previous enjoyment of the care and comforts of a hospital.

From the moment of the appearance of this document, the success of the new project was undoubted. It laid hold at once of the sympathy of the great and

good, ever ready to aid in the alleviation of sufferings well ascertained, by means well-considered. The new hospital had its first local habitation at Carshalton.

"Here," says Dr. Reed, "we might inscribe over the portal, 'A place where health shall never come;' yet, I trust, contentment and cheerfulness may come to all; for, were it possible, I would for all

'Make green again the dusty path of life,'

and seek that a good hope of the blessed life hereafter might enter into every heart."

With such feelings and aspirations as these, the Board proceeded, on the 27th of November, to the first election. A crowd of applicants sought admission where a few only could enter.

"My birthday," he writes,—"usually spent alone in my family; but the time is short, and it seemed to me that I might consecrate it at least equally by devoting a portion of it to the first election of the poor unhappy beings who seek to secure a last refuge in our new home. The business of the election went off well. There were many people, and many generous givers; but the circumstances of the new institution are very peculiar. I was strikingly reminded of the groups which must have often surrounded the blessed Saviour,—the maimed, the halt, the helpless, and the crippled. Here was one completely doubled up with chronic rheumatism; another without feet, living on a sledge; another paralyzed from birth, and crawling like a reptile. Well, we have espoused their cause: they are all helplessly incurable; and, if God helps us, we will help them. 'Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.'"

The scene was most distressing;—to Dr. Reed, specially so. He saw that it was desirable to prevent

such painful exhibitions in future; not so much to relieve the governors from the pain of personal refusal, as to screen the helpless sufferers from the pangs of disappointment, which inevitably accompained the decision of the poll. After that first experiment, no candidate was ever permitted to appear at an election.

Painful, however, as are the appearances of disease and deformity, it was a source of real joy to Dr. Reed to be among the family forming at Carshalton. Each case was arranged for as it seemed to need:—for one, the ground-floor room; for another, the sunlit chamber; for all, cheerful society, good books, and nourishing diet: nurses to the sick and weak, readers and companions for the bedridden, and work for such as were able to do it. He stood out for the retention, by the hopeless sufferer, in her new abode, of little articles of furniture and home use; worthless, it might be, in the eyes of the stranger, but to her of priceless value; and, when he heard the grateful acknowledgment, "It is so like home, sir!" he had his full reward. Thus, the birdcage with its tenant, the quaint timepiece with its accustomed tick, the mantel ornament, or the roughly-framed print, all had their places assigned them, and possessed an unspeakable charm for the sympathizing founder.

Returning from a visit to a poor creature in one of our City courts, who related her tale of suffering and woe in the hope that he would at once rescue her from starvation, and take her to his Hospital,—

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "there are more tragic plays enacted on earth than those in which we bear a part! Who could have conceived of life holding out amidst such deprivation and disease? We must help her; and, if she comes in, she says it

will be the first *home* she has had since she left her father's house in mere infancy."

The cause was so good, and the public were so generous, that the managers grew bold as election followed election; and, as the number of candidates rose, the number of the elected rose too; until, at length, the spacious mansion was too strait for the needs of the Hospital. Dr. Reed, with that steady faith in his countrymen which always possessed him, resolved upon a permanent building. The first thing sought was land; the next, money. Many sites were viewed, and much time was given to the consideration of them. At length a portion of the Coulsden estate was offered, and it appearing to the committee to be the most suitable site for their building, it was purchased; and Dr. Reed says, on December 27, 1855,—

"Red-letter Day. Land bought for the Royal Hospital. Davies, Woodhouse, and myself joined hands on it, and engaged to hold each other harmless in the purchase of twenty acres of the Coulsden Estate, and for £2,500. 'Thou hast no pleasure in those that fear Thee, but trust Thee not.'"

Many meetings had been held respecting this property. Lord Dudley Stuart, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir John Forbes, and other leading friends, visited the ground; and all concurred in the wisdom of the selection. The proximity of the Asylum for Fatherless Children, the security against the intrusion of other buildings, the extensive frontage on the Brighton line, and other advantages, were so obvious and so great, that the Board of Management ratified the purchase without hesitation. The land was paid for, and the building fund announced. But the want of better

accommodation was still so great as to make Dr. Reed feel no time was to be lost in preparing the new and permanent home. Surrounded as he was by men who, through their connexion with families of high distinction, were able to secure efficient patronage, and by princely merchants bent, like himself, upon providing the necessary funds, and strongly supported by the good-will and harmonious action which characterized the Board of Management, Dr. Reed had reasonable as well as sanguine hopes of placing his last foundation in the highest rank of British charities. He was encouraged, moreover, by the voluntary and generous proposal, through Mr. Seymour Haden, to cede to the new institution the list of pledged subscribers to the projected hospital before referred to.

In May, 1857, when the first dinner took place, Dr. Reed announced forty-three inmates and funds largely increased. To his great joy, Mr. Dickens presided over the festival.' The success was great every way; but the founder rejoiced more than all, that "the cause, through so eloquent a pleader, had found a place in the thoughts of the country." The picture of the happy Asylum is given in a few master-strokes by that truest of all living nature-painters, who, visiting the spot, beheld the first practical fulfilment of his own cherished design, and went away to tell the world as few others could what he had witnessed.

"One sick man," relates Mr. Charles Dickens, "was lying on a sofa; and, as soon as he saw me, he opened the conversation, doing, as it were, the honours of the place. We spoke of the usual topics; talked of the weather, of our common enemy, the late wind, and of the progress of the crops, in the

most pleasant and agreeable manner. He told me that that spot was above the cross of St. Paul's—a fact of which he seemed excessively proud,—and was altogether quite as cheerful as I was, or as I am. As I went up stairs, I got pleasant glimpses of the grounds, and of persons walking about in them, and met another sick man, quite as anxious for the arrival of dinner-time as any of us, and insisting that the cook's clock must be ten minutes slow. I went up stairs into another sitting-room, where were a number of sick women of various ages grouped about on sofas and chairs, engaged in various feminine tasks, and all talking and smiling as they went on. There was one poor paralytic young creature busy at her embroidery, delighted to have her work admired; and I could not help feeling great admiration that anything so orderly and straight could come out of a form so warped and cruelly afflicted. I very much doubt whether she was ever more contented in her whole life. Another woman, much older, having only a thumb and two fingers left to work with, was plodding away at her work, and very proud of what she was able to effect with such an imperfect complement of digits. She told me, that, in her old healthy days, she thought there was no greater pleasure than to sit and read all day, but that would not do now, and she had taken to this work for relief and comfort, and she had found relief and comfort here very much. One old lady, who said she had been awake all night in great pain and trouble, was nevertheless wonderfully conversable and talkative. She said she was very comfortable on the whole; but had a certain tendency to revert to the subject of rheumatism (and no wonder). In another and smaller room, there was an old lady who said she was seventy-five years of age, but she was determined to persevere; which, I thought, was a capital thing to do. Two other young women, evidently enduring much bodily suffering, had a pleasant consciousness of good looks, and showed a desire to make the most of them. I declare to you, that, in all these people—in all the inmates of this house whom I saw,—there was not only a hopefulness of manner, but a serenity of face, a cheerfulness and social habit, that perfectly amazed me. And this was the Royal Hospital, and these its incurable inmates, for whom, in the name of Christian charity, I

have undertaken to appeal to you. I cannot possibly make this appeal sufficiently strong for my own satisfaction; but, if I only rested it on this one consideration, that there is no hospital in London or throughout England to which this Royal Hospital is not a natural and necessary adjunct, it would, I am sure, not be made in vain. The stronger the case for any of those excellent institutions which you may most favour, the stronger is this case. Every hospital knows what it is to be obliged to discharge incurable patients for whom it can do no more, and whom it cannot retain; and every member of the most generous and devoted of all professions—the medical profession—knows what it is to contemplate with pain the heart-rending spectacle of those weary ones turning away from the friendly shelter of the infirmary, without any suitable resting-place, and, in all probability, to lay themselves down at the door of the poor-house. We know the goodness of the poor, and their readiness to help one another on all occasions. But, if we do all we can to relieve them of the burden of incurable sufferers, we shall still leave them field enough for the exercise of their utmost virtues.

"I will not distress you by imagining what must be the condition of these unhappy sufferers, lodged in hot and crowded attics, or what must be the misery which their presence necessarily brings to others; I will only end as I began, by referring you to the list of applicants for admission at the next election. We live in an age of elections: at one time or another we almost all apply to be elected into clubs for pleasure or for profit,—into great corporations, the House of Commons, and what not; and three-fourths of us associate our ambition with an election of some sort or other. Within how small a compass lies the ambition of these 121 applicants! If one of this number could but make an audible address to you here at this table instead of me, how touchingly might he say,—'Health has departed from us for ever: our place in the struggle for bread has been filled up by others; and we have faintly dropped out of the course! Give us only a quiet home, where we may endure what yet we have to undergo, and where, by our patient manner and brightened faces, we may somewhat reward your kind interest on our behalf.' Once they were busy and strong; but now they are hopelessly disqualified for the duties of life; let us discharge

the first of these, and provide for them a resting-place, where they may be sheltered and cared for in their irremovable afflictions. I am sure we shall not reject their prayers, and that the time will come when this Hospital shall be nobly lodged and bountifully endowed, so that no other qualification will be needed to insure entrance within its walls but the presence of incurable disease."

Before the opening of another year, a spacious mansion, known as the Putney House, on the banks of the Thames, was fitted up for enlarged accommodation; but, ample as was the space thought to be secured, it soon became evident that more room would ere long be required. This conviction, added to a fear lest the wide scope of his benevolent intentions might be frustrated, led Dr. Reed to open the new year with a note less cheerful, yet full of charity. In order to avoid inconvenient crowding, a proposal had been made to restrict the admissions; but this inevitably closed the door of hope to the poorest and most afflicted. While cases were to be admitted on payment, Dr. Reed could not consent that the poor above the pauper class, who had not the means to pay, should be excluded; or, that cases requiring expensive diet and constant watching should be looked at unfavourably.

"Another move for the Hospital," he writes. "Our very successes hamper us. We are nearly too full; but we must keep our faith: I am not going to let our Hospital become 'The Royal Hospital' Limited! I know of no exception: some cases may not be bad enough; but none must be too bad. I know of no miracle indeed, except love be a miracle; and I pant for a mind like His who went about healing all manner of diseases. If we cannot *heal* all, we must soothe, help, and comfort all, and to the last. I cannot endure that any sufferer

of the human family should be excluded from human sympathy, and the less so from the greatness of his suffering."

Up to August, Dr. Reed worked incessantly, spending half his days at the Hospital itself, or at the office in the Poultry.

After an absence abroad in the autumn of 1857, he observed an evident slackness of effort, as if the tide of prosperity had been somewhat on the ebb. Gathering fresh stimulus from the sad exclusion of some despairing candidates who had failed of their election, and were pleading for his help, he says,—

"Another election. God help them! I wish we could take them all. The very list is enough to make a good man weep. That thousand pounds! But no; if not given in confidence, it must not be given at all. We must increase our number at the next election; receive more, not fewer; and the country will honour our faith and emulate our deeds of love."

Help was near, nearer than may be imagined. Some benevolent ladies had witnessed with pain the sharp suffering which made many of the candidates unfit for the slow process and precarious issue of a contested election; and their deep commiseration was excited for the very poor who, at the crisis of the poll, were borne down from the successful list by the purchase of votes in favour of some befriended candidate. They, therefore, resolved to raise a special fund for the help of deserving cases,—in this sense doubly hopeless. No fewer than 140 persons were waiting election at the time; and, to some, the last chance was approaching. It was to help such as had helped themselves to the utmost point of their ability, that the ladies of the families of Arkwright, Guest, Wigram, and others, came

to the rescue with a fund designed, in the first place, to afford present help, but, ultimately, to maintain a free ward in the Hospital at Coulsden.

Through this year, Dr. Reed was much occupied by correspondence in relation to similar efforts abroad. The apparent result was, that in England alone, of all the countries of Europe, could such undertakings be sustained efficiently, because nowhere else could the inscription be placed over the portal, "Supported by voluntary contributions;" and, it might be added, "by gratuitous agency."

In 1858, the number of inmates had risen to 97. More room was needed and obtained. Dr. Reed pleaded hard for the erection of the centre of the new building, for which there would be money enough; leaving the wings to be afterwards added. Unfortunately, in this instance, his counsel did not prevail. In his trouble, he turned to that amiable and benevolent nobleman, Lord Carlisle, and asked him, at the coming festival, to give prominence to the building fund. Lord Carlisle assented, visited the institution, inspected the proposed site, and, in fact, was so earnest in his support of the effort, that, at great sacrifice, he followed up in the ensuing year what on that occasion he had so well begun. Speaking from personal observation, he congratulated the subscribers that—

"Upon the breezy Surrey hills, on land already paid for, in the near neighbourhood of another charitable institution, a comely building was to be erected, specially constructed and adapted for the purposes of the Royal Hospital,—a noble charity, which came into competition with none of the existing hospitals. To those hospitals," continued the noble speaker, "we leave as

a splendid inheritance, all cases of possible cure; but it is when the physician has given his last grave shake of the head, and has intimated that art has done her utmost, and that the sufferer must be left to patient endurance and resignation to God's holy will,—it is when the family and friends, willing to do all kinsmanly offices, yet compelled, by the pressure of circumstances, to shrink from the life-long watching, from the untold drain upon their scanty resources for necessary sustenance,—it is then that this institution steps in. Very probably, the particular disease which drove them to seek refuge here will for ever remain; but it will be as in those regions where we read of the glaciers that never melt, yet the violets of spring continue to bloom under their icy ledges. So the throb of pain and the languor of weariness will half forget themselves under the genial beam of kindliness and sympathy, as the rough changes and bitter crosses of the outer world will have ceased to cause anxiety or disquietude, when they shall at once have been received within the quiet shelter of your still and land-locked retreat. With these feelings, I commend the cause of these poor, deserted, and persecuted sufferers,—I mean deserted and persecuted by the fortunes of the world, but, I trust, not deserted nor uncared for either by God or by the charity of man,—to your overflowing benevolence."

Gladdened by these humane utterances, and by their results, Dr. Reed returned to his home, where he found a letter from one of the poor objects of his bounty, enclosing a piece of work, which, but for the crippled state of her fingers, would have reached him on his birthday. Putting it in his desk, he says, "By this token I will hope on:—I know that they love me." Such proofs of grateful affection were frequent; and with the birthday-offerings of his own children were always intermingled many others from members of his adopted families, and which were treasured with equal care.

His pocket-book of this year contains an account of

the death of one of the patients, an educated person, in these touching words:—

"She said, speaking of the home she was leaving and the heaven to which she was going, 'I should have had no home but for this, and no friend to watch by my dying couch and comfort me. May God bless those who instituted and keep up this home! Will you tell them what a pleasant place this has been, and how grateful I am for all the kindness I have received?"

Upon the back of the note sent to him by the matron, Dr. Reed writes, "Last week she finished dying, and sprang into life."

On another occasion, he notes a special visit paid by him to one of the sufferers from acute disease.

"I asked her," he says, "if she was easier that morning; and she looked up and replied, 'As happy as an angel in my mind.' Poor thing! she did not know it, but she used the very words which Lady Hastings had uttered before her."

While the experience of three years shows twenty deaths out of eighty cases received, the Report of 1859 contains the record of one cure effected by the wise and skilful treatment of a malady believed to be insusceptible of cure. This fact brought great joy to Dr. Reed's spirit,—joy which was increased by the cordial enthusiasm of the governors at the Annual Meeting in reference to "the preparation of the new building."

But the good-hearted people there present little knew of the many causes of delay. For the first time in his experience, the man who had received the aid and sympathy of princes and nobles in his works of charity was made to understand what it was to fall under the chilling shade of unsympathizing aristocratic patronage. He had faith in the people, and longed to

throw his scheme upon the generous heart of his countrymen; but his desires to build were checked by the hard, prudential question, "Where is the money?" Scarcely an effort was made to help, but there was too evident a disposition to hinder. He had pledged himself, and some of his friends had done the same; but he began now to feel that he was not equal to the labour and endurance of former years. Especially he felt that he could not live in an atmosphere of strife. He had now passed the allotted age of man, and he felt constrained to rest more than ever upon an Almighty arm for help and succour. In 1859 his prayer is that of the old and grey-headed:—

"O Lord, be comfort to mine age! I have sought to work righteousness and charity on the earth; forgive my great offences, and help me, now that I am old and grey-headed! Make my work easy to me and delightful!"

Though there was snow upon the mountain top, there was living verdure in the valley; and Dr. Reed resolutely breasted the discouragement which, like a tide, set in upon him, and strove to win his way to the completion of the work his soul desired—how fondly, few can tell. The struggle for ascendency on the part of a small party at the Board claimed his fullest opposition, since its object was to alter the character of the charity, and to rescind the decisions in reference to building. But he was too weak to preserve the balance of power; and the minority, gradually increasing its numbers, contrived to delay progress until they had the power boldly to challenge the will of the subscribers. They alleged that Croydon was an inconvenient position for the hospital, and were content to sacrifice whatever had been done, that the institution

might be fixed in a locality more accessible from the west end of London.

To most of these gentlemen thus coming as strangers to the Board, Dr. Reed's labours were unknown; they could not appreciate his self-sacrifice, nor did they comprehend that he was there, not as a salaried secretary, but as the very mainspring of the charity. With a want of consideration for his growing infirmities, they were intolerant of his frequent appeals,—appeals addressed to their sense of justice and right feeling, and clear to the last, though urged with diminished force. Resolution after resolution was carried, which, to the untold grief of the founder, brought the whole scheme for building to a dead-lock. In vain he adduced the medical testimony in favour of the site,—the binding contract, which was the very essence of the land purchase, that the hospital, and no other building, should be erected on the ground. In vain he pleaded that the very charity was imperilled the moment that the spirit of charity was violated at the Board. With shattered health and feebleness of body, his spirit could not bear tedious and exciting discussions. He could no longer assume his rightful place in the conflict of opinion and debate; and he was compelled to sit still and see the mere power of a majority, against all right, threaten the destruction of all his hopes. "I know," he says most touchingly, "how to die; but I do not know how to fail. If now I am to learn this, God help me in the lesson!" The hand now penning these lines did, with filial love, what it could to cover and to comfort; but the shock was great, and the effect was marked.

During the whole of this bitter trial, however, the

calmness and trustfulness of spirit so natural to Dr. Reed never once forsook him. Retiring quietly from the fray, he resolved to prepare even for defeat, and sat down to arrange the plan, and actually drew the appeal, for an independent effort. His family earnestly, though unsuccessfully, dissuaded him from contemplating such an enterprise; but that which they could not effect, was brought about in another manner.

The occurrence of the Annual Meeting witnessed the climax of this unbecoming struggle. The governors, with a spirit which did them infinite credit, took the disputed question into their own hands, resolved that the charity should not be sacrificed, and, in appointing the directors for the year, instructed them in terms at once precise and emphatic to proceed forthwith to occupy the land with a building. Dr. Reed had purposely absented himself from this meeting; but, when he heard the result, he simply said,—

"It is well. I was prepared for either event. There is ample room for two—for many such homes of mercy. I could have been content that my sapling should have been transplanted into Belgravian soil, but that I feared these noble lords, kind-hearted as they are, are not practical enough to win it into healthy life. For myself, I would have planted another—yes! with a steady hand even at seventy-three; and Lord Raynham would have seen that the good-will of the great City of London was worth having, after all."

Hearing a report of an intention by the Townshend family to originate a new effort, he says,—

"If, after all, any desire it, so let it be. I say to them, God speed. Tell ——, with my love, in the words of Abram to Lot, my desire is peace. 'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land

before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or, if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.'"

Thus, in spite of every fear, the Royal Hospital was preserved from peril; peace was restored to its councils; the work of charity was set free; and, from that hour, the generosity of the public has flowed in upon it in an unprecedented stream.

Dr. Reed still continued to attend to the affairs of the Royal Hospital; and that he might do so, he released himself as much as possible from the official work of other institutions needing less his watchful care; and thus he hoped to be able to lay his hand as vigorously as he could to the completion of the undertaking, that he might, to use his own words, "take in the afflicted family to their new home, and see them safely housed" before his death.

Among his later acts, was the drawing up of instructions to architects, and the issuing of specifications for the new building. This was all done with his own hand; and, with such ample experience, it was not wonderful that he should be found preparing a plan of his own which increasing feebleness never allowed him to perfect. His last effort was to seek a new treasurer in the person of Mr. Henry Huth,—a name already well known in benevolent circles,—and then he set himself to make individual appeals for twenty contributions of one hundred guineas each for the building fund.

Yet later still, he dictated the draft of the Annual Report for 1861, sent letters from his bed, and constantly spoke of the importance of making the forthcoming Festival an occasion of special interest.

It is related elsewhere, that when consciousness had well-nigh forsaken him, he expressed a desire that a nobleman whose portrait he had just seen in an illustrated paper, might be asked to preside at the approaching anniversary. "He will plead your cause," he said; and so it happened, that Lord Dufferin, upon being asked, agreed to preside, and, on the 6th of May, a few weeks after the death of the founder, appealed thus eloquently in behalf of a charity whose cause he espoused under such peculiarly interesting circumstances:—

"These persons whose condition we are considering, are bowed beneath a doom in comparison with which the curse pronounced against the disobedience of our first parent might almost sound like the voice of benediction. That he should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, was the punishment awarded to Adam's transgression. But to which of those unhappy persons for whom your sympathy is now demanded, would not such an invitation to labour and active exertion sound like the trumpet of release!

"Again, great as may be the vicissitudes to which the happiest of us are exposed, yet, in the midst of our greatest sorrows and misfortunes, we are still attended by the Angel of Hope. However black the shadow which falls across our lives, its darkness cannot altogether extinguish the gleaming of her pinions; and, in our moments of greatest prostration, her gentle voice still whispers of happier days to come. But from all consolations of this kind those for whom I plead must be for ever excluded. Their fate, as far as this world is concerned, is sealed. It is true, Hope's fair form is not altogether placed beyond their ken; but dark and dreary lies the waste that removes her from their reach, and few there be that can look toward her with unquailing eyes; for she stands hand-in-hand with Death, and her finger points to the gateways of the tomb.

"It is difficult for us to imagine the complicated nature of

the misery induced by the visitation of some incurable disease. Independent of the actual suffering by which it is generally accompanied, a train of evils follow in its wake, each one of which might tempt the unfortunate sufferer to complain that his burden is greater than he can bear. Let us take the case of some active, energetic, hard-working man, the bread-winner of a large family, proud of his independence, each successive year bettering his condition, increasing the comforts of those who are dear to him, shouldering his way bravely through the world with all the native energy of an Englishman. Let us imagine such a one suddenly struck down by paralysis—an event of every-day occurrence—the result of the merest accident—a summer shower, a disregarded chill. Just contemplate for a moment the consequences of such a calamity—the desolation of his household, the blasting of his fondest expectations, the smiling prospect of his future changed to ruin and despair! Above all, let us try to realize the anguish of the proud, strong man, reduced in a single instant to the condition of a helpless babe;—the glory of his manhood for ever departed,—himself a burden where he used to be a support,—the interests, occupations, pleasures, duties of his past life for ever annihilated,—a dreary prospect of helpless suffering before him! And, if to all this we add the inevitable prospect of impending destitution, such an inconceivable picture of human suffering will rise before us as might almost make one question the superintendence of a beneficent Providence, and shudder with amazement at the instances of intolerable misery the theatre of the world presents.

"I had the pleasure of visiting that Hospital last Thursday. In the morning I had been to the opening of the Great Exhibition. There I had seen displayed before me the glory of all the kingdoms of the world—the ultimate expression of man's ingenuity and might—the legacy of a thousand vanished centuries heaped up in dazzling profusion. Everything around me betokened the pomp and pride of life—the victory of man's energy over matter, time, and space. In the evening, I was sitting in one of the quiet wards of your institution, by the bedside of one whom I may almost call the ruin of a man. I will leave you to imagine what an impression such a contrast was

likely to produce. This unfortunate patient had been stricken by paralysis in the midst of a life of active and successful exertion; and from that day to this—that is to say, for a period of six or seven years—he had stirred neither hand nor foot, but has lain like a corpse upon his bed. What might have been the fate of that unfortunate person, and of the others,—men and women,—whom I saw in a similar condition, had not some such asylum as this been open for their reception? When I consider upon what a number of applicants, as cruelly afflicted, we are compelled to shut our doors for lack of funds, I do not like to answer such a question. At all events, he and the other inmates of your Asylum are henceforth secure from the fate that was impending over them. Whatever medical skill and the most tender solicitude can suggest for the amelioration of their sufferings, is there provided; and any one who will take the trouble to visit that sacred institution, will be able to judge, by the peace and cheerfulness—nay, even gaiety—that prevail within its walls, to how great an extent it is possible for us to alleviate the most terrible visitation to which human nature is subject. We are all of us, I am afraid, so busily engaged, I will not say in the pleasures, but in the business of our daily life, that we have scarcely time to mark when a fellow-labourer falls beside us in the race; yet, nevertheless, he too has been a fellow-worker with us toward that great consummation whither all things tend; and, now that we are again celebrating the progressive advancement of mankind in industry, in science, and in art, I think it not unreasonable to ask of you to cast a pitying glance back upon those who have fallen by the way, who have done with the pomp and triumphs of this world, and the misery of whose condition neither science, art, nor industry can alter or alleviate."

Words like these might well be allowed to close the history of the last of the philanthropic efforts of Andrew Reed; for they testify to the value of an institution which, looking at the objects of the charity and the claim they have upon public sympathy and aid, render it, after all, the greatest of all the foundations

which it pleased the Author of all wisdom to permit him to prepare.

If any doubted the need of such an institution, they would find an answer to such questionings in the history of a single election. A hundred applicants, and ten only to be chosen; each one a fit object for the charity, but one in ten only to participate in its advantages; all willing to labour, but all unable to work; most of them still self-reliant in spirit, but crushed down by the weight of physical suffering; with small means of subsistence, and these daily diminishing; without power to conduct a personal canvass for the needful votes, and without a friend to help in this necessary process: and, worse than all, without a ray of hope to cheer the despairing heart; for the malady of every one, elected or non-elected, is hopelessly incurable. Well may the hand that drew the first plea in their behalf record the last expression of his sympathy, in these touching words!—

"The urgent pleadings of these poor helpless ones afflict me. But it is the hopelessness of their condition that afflicts me most. The very breathlessness of their importunity seems to draw my life out of me. Poor things! to win an election is to them not only the struggle of life, but for life; and not a few sink down and perish in the hot and stormy conflict. No case can be so sad as theirs. Theirs is, after all, the extreme of woe.

"THE GREATER THE NECESSITY, THE GREATER THE CHARITY."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLOSE OF THE MINISTRY.

1851. 1861.

"And be it so: I know it well: myself and all that 's mine
Must roll on with the rolling year, and ripen to decline.
I do not shun the solemn truth: to him it is not drear
Whose hopes can rise above the skies, and see a Saviour near.
It only makes him feel with joy, this earth is not his home;
It sends him on from present ills to brighter hours to come;
It bids him take with thankful heart whate'er his God may send,
Content to go through weal and woe to glory in the end."—*Lyte.*

THE eulogies of old age penned by Cicero and Seneca were but noble imaginings of what the dignified close of virtuous life should be, rather than the unvarnished record of actual experience. Christian faith brings another and a higher element to bear upon the whole of human life, and chiefly upon its close; an element which altogether reverses most of its material conditions. The familiar figure represents life as the ascent, and then as the descent of a hill; and we are apt to speak with melancholy reluctance of reaching the summit, and of coming over the other side, with lingering steps, to the grave. Unlike this, however, the life of our Lord Jesus Christ was, at the first, a downward journey towards sorrow, gloom,

and death; and, afterwards, an upward course to power, glory, and victory. Even so His true followers, in proportion as they breathe His spirit and believe His promises, will shake off the natural and worldly impressions of life, and accept joyfully the evangelical representation. The Christian, in reality, goes down deeper and deeper, while he lives in this world of probation, into labour, care, and conflict, out of which he begins to emerge as experience becomes mature. If spared to a happy, wise, and hopeful old age, he feels himself rising in piety and in meetness for a better country, in proportion as he is disentangled from earth; and he looks forward to a glorious liberation, in the dying hour, from sense and sin, and to an admission yet more glorious into the mansions of eternal life. This hallowed confidence sustained the heart of the devoted and now aged minister of Wycliffe Chapel amid the labours of his closing years, alleviated the sadness of advancing life, and enabled him to run his race throughout with unflagging step.

A period in Dr. Reed's course had now arrived to which his friends had been anxiously looking forward as a season for special congratulation and thanksgiving, —the anniversary at which he should have completed the fortieth year of a ministry more than usually devoted and successful. It was their desire to mark the occasion by a public declaration of their attachment, and by some substantial memorial of their esteem and gratitude. They found their chief difficulty, however, in the jealous reluctance of the man whom they wished to honour, to sanction anything which might seem to savour of self-glorification, or of mere human

flattery. He himself approached this important period with so serious, lowly, and chastened a spirit, that he could hardly bear to become the subject of laudatory notice. This is the language of his heart under these solemn reminiscences:—

"Nov. 27, 1851.—Sixty-four years old, and forty years a pastor. O God, Thou hast been my helper from infancy to youth, to manhood, and to age! Be my helper still! Spare my mind! spare my affections! spare to me the means of glorifying Thy name, and of serving my generation! O Lord, I am anything rather than the wise, the strong, the virtuous, the important being I sometimes think myself. After all my teachings, I know nothing. After all my cultivation, I yield nothing. After all Thy grace in me, I am nothing. Alas! I am more dark, more vain, more vile, more unworthy than others. O God, I sink down in silence and nothingness before Thee; and there remains nothing to me but Thy one ineffable Presence, and Thy one overwhelming Majesty and Glory."

In anticipation of the event, however, the congregation had subscribed a considerable sum, and made their arrangements. The committee requested an interview with their minister, and informed him of their desire to have a memorial meeting in place of the usual birth-night service, and to make the presentation more public. He gratefully acknowledged the affection evinced, but stated that he should not at all like to abandon the special devotional meeting, in which he had so long had solemn delight, for a more public celebration, and that he could not consent to accept of money on any personal account; that he did not desire plate as an heir-loom in his family, but proposed some memorial which the people might value and possess in time to come. It was ultimately agreed that a marble bust should be executed, and

placed, as his gift to his church, in the vestry of Wycliffe Chapel; and the work was committed to Mr. Foley, R.A.*

The notices of the journal during this last decade become more sparing and brief; but they still disclose a heart faithful to the pastoral labours and personal watchfulness which had become the history of former years. The opening of 1852 is thus distinguished:—

"My motto is, 'From this day will I bless Thee.' I have an impression, that, if I am to pass through this year of life, it must be by the prevailing power of prayer. Hezekiah and Daniel must be my examples. At the Lord's Table in November, I besought my people to take up the hour of prayer for the season. It was made more solemn by the death of many. I wait for fruit."

That the spring of energy within had not been worn out by years, the following entry fully proves:—

"To do for 1852 and onward:—

1. To raise the Idiot Asylum.
2. Raise the Fatherless Asylum.
3. Book on Idiocy: its physical and moral treatment.
4. Sermons. (Volume.)
5. Devotional Meditations. (Volume.)
6. Address to my Children.
7. Address to my Church.
8. On Revived Religion. (Volume.)
9. Place my people nearer to perfection.
10. Statue of John Wycliffe.
11. Sustain my life—*this* year—by prayer."

* A photograph of this exquisite work is prefixed to this volume. The surplus of the fund was expended in a handsome chronometric clock, which had been displayed at the Great Exhibition, and upon which he placed the following inscription:—

"A MEMORIAL OF UNINTERRUPTED ATTACHMENT DURING FORTY YEARS, FROM AN AFFECTIONATE PEOPLE TO THEIR DEVOTED PASTOR, NOVEMBER XXVII, MDCCCLI."

Several of these projected works were never effected. Writing gave place to practical execution. The planned books on Idiocy, Revivals, and Devotional Meditations, would have been valuable additions to his completed works. The intended addresses to his children and his church must be ever regretted by those for whom they were designed, and who now can never know what it was in his heart to urge on them, except by reference to his previous life and admonitions.

With the affectionate assurances of long-tried attachment from his flock, with so many important and as yet unexecuted projects resting on his mind, and with the strong and singular impression that he was not likely to be spared to fulfil them, except through some extraordinary interposition in his favour, he availed himself of an occasion, when sickness detained him from his duties, to address the following letter to his church, characteristically revealing his inmost heart, and his strong confidence in their intercessions and piety:—

"Hackney, May 28, 1852.

"MY BELOVED FRIENDS,

"I have been unwilling to leave a sick-chamber and my home, though it may be for a short time, without communicating with you; the more so, because the little message I conveyed to you last Sabbath-day seemed to be so gratefully received, and was made so available in prayer.

"You could not possibly tell how refreshing those prayers were to my spirit, unless you had known the peculiar state of my mind. That state of mind would certainly not have been disclosed under ordinary circumstances; but I scarcely see why I need withhold it, in my present critical position; especially as it may secure to me a larger measure of your sympathies and united supplications. In the first place, then,

I may remark, I have latterly had an unusual sense of the importance and preciousness of a brief period of life and health.

"Just at the present time, for an immediate and solemn change I cannot say that I am so prepared as I would be; nor can I say my beloved charge is precisely in the finished state in which I should desire to leave it. More especially, I have, just now, an earnest, almost consuming desire, to see permanent provision made for the care and protection of the destitute Fatherless, and of the poor, poor Idiot; and have had something like a firm conviction that I should be permitted to realize some of these ends of life.

"Meantime, from the very opening of this year, I have had an impression, for which I cannot account, and which I am not anxious to justify,—I have had a settled impression, that this year of life would be critical to me; in fact, that *prayer* might save me, but that *nothing else* could.

"It is clear to each of us *now* that the circumstances *are* critical. I must confess that, up to this time, my own mind may not have been duly affected by its own impressions; and I have had considerable uneasiness in thinking that my beloved charge were not praying for themselves or for their pastor with their accustomed steadiness and fervour.

"I am now using all the means in my power, as is my duty; but I have not the least confidence *in them alone.* I ask you, my affectionate people, with whom I have prayed so long and so happily, to place me by your prayers, in the hands *of God.*

"My beloved people, we are placed in remarkably solemn circumstances. The eternities are gathering all around us! The eternal judgment! the eternal heaven! the eternal hell! all are fearfully near; but nearest of all is our gracious Saviour! I cannot tell where the next signal shall appear, or to whom it shall be made. Let us be aware—awake—ready—expectant—of a descending glory, and an ascending chariot of fire!

"I write to a people who have known what it is to pray, to wrestle, to prevail.

"God bless you all, my people, a thousand times!

"I am, my dear friends,

"Yours most affectionately,

"ANDREW REED."

The feelings conveyed in the foregoing letter were doubtless confirmed by surrounding changes. The autumn leaves were fast falling around him. Many of his old friends and coadjutors were gone, and others were soon to follow. "During the year," he says, "Drs. Gutzlaff and Philip departed. Could say much of them." Much indeed, especially of Dr. Philip, whose extensive correspondence remains behind to testify to his earnest advocacy of the cause of the oppressed Hottentot, and with whom he enjoyed an equal and confiding friendship such as too seldom blesses human life.

This period was marked by the renewal of the political convulsions in France, of which he says,—

"The most unprincipled affair, I think, in my lifetime. The Assembly dissolved. The great men seized in their homes and beds, and hurried to prison. The press silenced. Paris in a state of siege; and people looking from windows, or standing at their doors, shot down. Killed of the people 20,000, while only 15 of the soldiers lost their lives. France may see her sin in her punishment. She idolized a name of military glory: she has sunk under a military despotism. We may have a Holy Alliance again spread over Europe, to put down freedom, and exalt a civil and religious despotism. The struggle would be the greatest ever known. But the right would in the end prevail."

This year the season of special pastoral labour opened well. At the October church meeting, nineteen were received into Christian fellowship. Every evening for a fortnight, the pastor was engaged for three hours at a time in meeting inquirers, and the results were important. The entries in the journal have now become more abrupt and more distant in date from each other: but they continually breathe

an intenser spirit of submission and pious devotion, as the following extracts, taken from a single page, will illustrate:—

"Sat. Even., Nov. 1852.—O Lord, pity me, and help me! Let many of the congregation seek Thee,—seek Thee so as to find Thee,—seek and find this night a full salvation." Again: "Nov. 14, Sabbath.—Mother's birthday. Preached from her favourite Psalm, the 37th, and sang Mrs. Ellis's favourite hymn." Again: "Consider my trouble which I suffer, Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death. 'Say not thou, I will recompense evil; but wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee.'"

During the summer, he visited Brighton, there, as he says,—

"Seeking solitude among a multitude, and finding it deep as Paul in the desert, or as the Prophet on Carmel. Gasping for life. Pause for reflection, tranquillity, penitence, and prayer, with strong cries and tears."

The next passage shows the old spirit of absorbing interest in the spiritual welfare of his church and congregation:—

"Sat., Dec. 17.—Most of the night spent in prayer for my people, and thinking what I might say to touch their hearts and raise them to Heaven. How often do I turn restless on my pillow, thinking what more I can do for my beloved charge!"

Throughout this entire period, it should be remembered, his remaining powers were constantly strained to the utmost for the establishment of the two Asylums for the Idiot and the Incurable, which were the richest fruits of his old age. The stream of pastoral life flowed evenly on in channels already traced and fully described, leaving not much of fresh incident to record. It must not be supposed, however, that his energy was cooled, or that his success waned. They

were, indeed, unusually and wonderfully maintained. He had no assistant in the pulpit or in the pastorate to the close: his sermons were as clear and striking as ever, and even more impressive from the weight of age and experience. The congregation and the church were well held together till the last year or two of growing bodily infirmity. His ministry never became contemptible from senility, but retained its dignity and persuasiveness, with much of its fire, to the very last.

These observations may be supported by the substance of a conversation which took place about this time between Dr. Reed and his old friend, the Rev. S. Thodey, who supplied the following interesting reminiscences to Mr. Aveling, for the funeral sermon. Mr. Thodey writes,—

"Speaking to my old friend one Sabbath morning in the vestry, I said to him, with my accustomed conversational freedom, 'What are you reading now, sir? Have you read Mansel's "Bampton Lectures"?' To which he replied, 'No.' 'Then you ought, Doctor,' I rejoined; 'for it is a very able book, and has produced quite a sensation in Oxford, crowds having attended to hear his ingenious and abstruse speculations.' 'Tell me what it is about,' he said. I told him, in brief, that it was a metaphysical attempt to answer Comte, and the sceptical writers of that school, upon the principles of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, which I thought Mr. Mansel had pressed much too far.

"Dr. Reed instantly said, 'I'll get the book and read it thoroughly.' To which I ventured to suggest, considering his feebleness, 'You will find it a task, sir.' Upon which, he smiled, and added, 'You may depend upon it I'll read it. I love to have anything just now that tries and stirs my mind to vigorous thought.'

"Referring also to the 'Essays and Reviews,' I thought it might be well for him to bear his own testimony once more

to the Evidences of Christianity. He thanked me for the recommendation.

"I have since been told by some of his intelligent hearers, that Dr. Reed fulfilled his promise, and preached two sermons, one on Mansel's book, and one on the 'Essays and Reviews,' with singular ability, and that these were among the last of his more effective efforts before his closing illness came on. This shows that he was anxious to continue his intellectual studies to the end, and was always abreast of the age, and ready to meet the ever-changing forms of popular error; which, no doubt, was one secret of his popularity among his people."

In the autumn of 1854, Dr. Reed again escapes from town, saying,—

"I rest in order that I may work.—St. Cloud. A delicious day! Every fly, bird, tree, and leaf seemed to enjoy it. The glowing warmth, the blessed light, the living breeze! I enjoyed it in them and for myself. Oh! the unutterable rest, after eighteen months of labour and conflict in body and mind!"

The heat having forced him to quit Paris, he takes refuge at his favourite retreat, Mount Hythe, and there pours out his heart before God in devotion, while giving expression to his passionate love of nature.

"What a glorious temple! The silent heavens, the pealing ocean. How my spirit sinks to nothingness, and yet swells to infinity! Grand cloud scenery. What a joy to one who mostly sees nothing but houses and chimney-pots! 'I will remember Thee at *Mount Hythe.*' What calm!—no noise—no steam—no intrusion. The golden corn for my couch, the green earth for my carpet, the fleecy clouds for my canopy, and Nature—moving, living, silent Nature—for my pictures. A Sabbath for the soul. My Father! all these are Thine; but where art Thou? Where is the Comforter? Shall I not see and hear Thee once again, as in my childhood—as in my youth—as in my ministry,—when I have stood in Thy counsel, triumphed

in Thy truth, and made it manifest to the consciences of men, and seen two thousand worshippers bow before Thy revealed glory? Oh! my Father—my Saviour! carry me not down once more to contend with the duties, temptations, and burdens of public life, with my extreme weakness and my extreme sinfulness, without some assurance of Thy presence! Prepare me—oh! prepare me—for the work Thou hast given me to do,—that I may finish it, though it were on the cross with Thee! I would like anything, decline anything, be anything, bear anything, if I might become a prepared vessel meet for the Master's service. My hope, my boundless hope, is in Thee!"

Thus braced and nerved by the scenes of Nature and by communion with the God of Nature, he returned to a scene of awful affliction.

"September, 1854.—This week 3,413 registered deaths,—2,050 by cholera. Just returned to my duty, and do not mean to run from it. But it is very fearful. In one small district, 150 persons suddenly taken away at midnight and buried,—most of them alive and well in the morning."

While such solemn influences were around him, the following reflections arose in his mind, causing him to bear a solemn testimony to the truth of the Scripture doctrine concerning human depravity.

"Though I have sought, not to injure any human being, but rather to help and bless all, yet none can tell how great a sinner I am before God,—before the holiness of His nature, the spirituality of His law, the long-suffering of His goodness, and the boundless exercise of His mercy."

Already he is looking to the end of his public course; and, with his usual forecast and preparation, he is concerned that it may accord with the piety and catholicity of his heart.

"Whenever," he writes, "I retire from the church, I should like to do it by a visible act of communion

with all parties who compose it,—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Independent."

It will be seen how, in the subsequent Jubilee services, this wish was in a large degree anticipated by his friends.

The birthday of 1854 was observed as usual; and the following comments on passages of Scripture are found in the journal under various dates:—

"Fine view of the expression, 'The spirit of wisdom and revelation,'—mediate and immediate, external and internal, with means and above means. Oh! for such a spirit!'"

On another passage he remarks,—

"'He will be glorified in his saints;'—that is, His saints are His great work, and, when finished, He will rest in it: He will be satisfied with the glory which results from such glorious creatures."

Such extracts prove that his spiritual taste was becoming more and more simple in its fondness for the deep, sweet, holy truths of that word which always appears more precious to those who from year to year are guided and strengthened by its teachings.

Dr. Reed's habit, when feeling the approach of indisposition, was to seek at once change of air. This was his sole medicine; it was frequently taken, and with the best result. Thus again at Brighton, he says,—

"Half I now bear would have crushed me thirty years ago. Reposed on the shore. The sun broke out occasionally in his glory. Entrancing; but the heavy, leaden clouds of earth envied his progress, and drew a murky veil over him. He was the same sun still, nor did I admire him less."

Among the notes on his return is this:—

"Finished the Apostle's Prayer (Eph. i. 17—23;) in a course

of expository sermons, and left it with regret. A most divine prayer. The very language evidently inspired, especially in the original."

All through the winter of this year, the claims of labour pressed upon Dr. Reed; and at the close of a long season, he says,—

"Many months of hard work, each day full, the Sabbath most so. Besides, I have gone through a very trying, perplexing, and responsible season. I have prayed, not that I may be released from work, but that it might become easier and more pleasant,—that I may bear up under it. I shall never dare to continue my ministry for my own pleasure or profit; but I should like, if I may, to elevate my charge to a more finished state, and then, for a few years, to devote my life to my charities."

The general record contains nothing of much consequence to the illustration of pastoral life, till the following entry:—

"Oct. 26, 1856.—Fairly broke down after the services of the day, and was prostrate the whole week. Severe sicknesses, such as I never had; and it seemed as though I should never desire food again. But I am better. Thanks! Give me new life! give me a new permit! give me a new power! Ah!—I see how it is: I must look now for change, and weakness, and afflictions; and for the mortal conflict, and the dark, deep, swelling waters which find their echoes on the shores of two worlds. Well, by the grace of God my Saviour, I will fight the ship to the last, and nail my colours to the mast, and watch for the signals 'from on High.' 'Who shall separate us from the love of God? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us.'"

On his sixty-ninth birthday anniversary he was much refreshed by the prayers of his people; and, coming home, he says,—

"Oh! to be born again! to become as a little child! That, as such, I might enter into, see, appreciate, and enjoy the kingdom of God in all its unutterable glory."

A most touching desire will be recognized in these words of old age, as yearning to return, not to childish simplicity, but to the simplicity of childhood. He also adds, "I feel that it is only, in some sense, by supernatural help, that I can continue my present duties. Must I limit, or may I trust?"

The last minute in the long-continued and interesting journal, which suits the purpose of this chapter, is the following:—

"December 22nd, 1856.—Visited *Mount* Hythe again, to revive sacred recollections. Oh! the repose! the quiet!—the great sea! the great heaven! the great aspiration!"

Still, from first to last, in labour or in rest, in the city or in the midst of nature, among throngs of men or alone; in youth, manhood, or old age; still was there the same panting, striving, upward tendency of noble, pious aspiration, not "for some great thing to do," or some high fame to achieve, but rather to become better, purer, nearer to God, to Christ, and to heaven. EXCELSIOR!

From other memoranda, in letters and elsewhere, additional notices may be gleaned, even though the journal is closed. Thus, in 1855, he very clearly restated his principles as a Dissenter, in the following sentence:—"I believe most surely, that the predominant influence of the Church of Rome, or the predominant influence of the Church of England, *as she is*, must be incompatible with Christian and with national liberty; and, therefore, I am a Dissenter."

On the same page we also find the reassertion of a principle which had a far deeper hold upon his mind and heart. "For my occupation," he writes, "I had rather proclaim the Gospel of the blessed God than be engaged in any other pursuit; and for my recreation, I prefer to relieve the miseries of the wretched above all other pleasures."

The sturdy independence of his spirit gleams out in the following language:—

"I have never asked a favour," he records, "for myself, but have asked thousands for those who cannot plead for themselves. Yet I am but a sorry beggar, and would much rather give a sovereign than ask a shilling. I deeply feel the sublime truth of Him who says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' I have often enjoyed that beautiful little incident in female life:—'Shall I speak for thee to the king?' is the condescending question; and what a healthful contentment breathes in the reply—'I dwell among my own people!'" *

The following expressions reveal a deep-seated rest on the sovereign will of God:—"It is a delightful thing," he observes, "for a man to be able to say, 'The very thing I am doing, is the very thing I ought to do.' If it were a martyrdom, it would become almost an apotheosis."

Dr. Reed had a remarkable memory and regard for days recording special events. He never forgot a birthday in which he had any particular interest. Few persons, however, have been able to present a list of anniversary days such as that in which he half-humorously combines together the names of his

* 2 Kings, iv. 13, 14. "Elisha said to the Shunammite, Behold thou hast been careful for us with all this care: what is to be done for thee? Wouldest thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host? And she answered, I dwell among mine own people."

children with the different institutions of which also he was the proud, fond parent. He arranges them as follows, repeating them at the end of each pocket-book for many years, adding the new institutions as they are founded :—

"Our own birthdays—November 27th and March 4th.
Andrew, April 6th.
Charles, June 20th.
Elizabeth, December 24th.
Martin, February 6th.
Howard, September 25th.
London Orphan Asylum, July 27th, 1813.
Infant Orphan Asylum, July 3rd, 1827.
Hackney Grammar School, July 28th, 1829.
Wycliffe Chapel, January 21st, 1831.
East London Savings Bank, July 29th, 1837.
Asylum for the Fatherless, May, 1844.
Asylum for Idiots, October 27th, 1847.
Essex Hall Idiot Asylum, December 26th, 1849.
Royal Hospital for Incurables, July 31st, 1854.

In one book another extraordinary list of years of voluntary service devoted to various charities is given. Dr. Reed thus presents them in a tabular form :—

"To the London Orphan Asylum, devoted 33 years.

„	Infant Orphan Asylum	„	16	„
„	Fatherless Asylum	„	15	„
„	Idiot Asylum	„	12	„
„	Royal Hospital	„	5	„
„	Grammar School, Hackney	„	8	„
„	Wycliffe Chapel	„	28	„
„	Savings Bank	„	24	„
„	Essex Hall	„	9	„

Thus calculated, we find included in the prime of a *single life*, the close and fruitful labours of 150 years. At the time of his retirement from public labour, some

years after this enumeration, it is obvious that many of these figures would have admitted of a considerable increase.* The singular record affords a striking lesson of the results to be accomplished by the labour and perseverance of an individual.

The family of Dr. Reed consisted by this time of many branches. His children were married and settled in life, and large was the circle of grandchildren who every now and then rejoiced to visit Cambridge Heath. His manner to the little ones was tender in the extreme; precious were his generous gifts, and seasonable, though generally couched in humour, were his letters or his words of advice. He lived to see his eldest grandchild a member of the Church of Christ, and to give him counsel as to his future course.

A specimen of his intercourse with these favourites may be given, in the following letter to one of them who wished to take charge of a little bird, for a long time his pet companion:—

"Oh! yes, to be sure, little M—— shall *have* my canary, and shall *be* my canary. They shall live and sing together. Ay, through winter's longest night, and summer's longest day, they shall sing. To the high praise of their Maker they shall sing, for such song is heard in heaven. And papa shall rub his hands and look glad, and mamma shall sit still and feel happy, and grandpapa throw up his cap and cry, 'Sweet birds, how happy they are, and how beautiful! How fair He must be who made them, and how good who made them for us!—and how clever, too, since we could not make even a *feather!*' Sing on, my birdies!

"Given under grandpapa's hand,

"In answer to a round robin from the Lincolnshire fens,

"This 21st day of January, 1855. "A. R."

* At the request of a valued friend, a tabular statement of Dr. Reed's public works is inserted in the Appendix to this volume.

The jottings of 1857 record sentiments worthy of notice:—

"I have now served the pulpit," he writes, January the 16th, "for fifty years and more, and have gone to it in every condition, in pain and weakness, and have returned from it to sickness, suffering, and sleepless nights; still I have never been interrupted in the pulpit. This is a reason for great gratitude."

A characteristic colloquy is recorded by himself thus:—

"'Why, Dr. Reed, you have no ambition?' said one. 'Ambition! yes, I have, *in my way*. I earnestly desire to make the world a little better and a little happier than I found it; and then—— go home.'"

The broad world-sympathy of his heart appears in these words:—

"How I long to sketch the history of my time! It is so very remarkable. Men of seventy have lived virtually, if they have lived aright, more than *a century* of time!"

The following argument is instructive and affecting:

"Many things that are of earth seem to me strangely touched with heaven:—a flower, a bird, an infant sleeping, an old man bending to earth but lifting his trembling hand to God. Dreams, too, seem to lie between earth and heaven; so do sudden and recondite remembrances; and so do the unsought and unconnected impulses we sometimes receive towards a better life, and a *great, great eternity*, in which God dwells, and where God alone hath been."

In 1858, he opens his observations with a pleasant memory of America, and of the distinguished and excellent men whose friendship he had formed there, and of the parting scene after which they were never to meet again in this world. "'Blest is the tie that

binds!' How we sang that hymn at Boston, Dr. Beecher, Professor Stewart, and myself, when feeling all the grief of separation!"

The ministerial course was unbroken till the last Sabbath of the year 1860, when, leaving home for his usual ministerial duties, his foot slipped on the frosted doorstep of his own house, and he fell heavily to the ground. When raised, he was unable to proceed to the chapel, and from that time never recovered his wonted energy. Still, he would not allow himself to be treated as an invalid, though the permanent weakness of the muscles of the back made him sensible of the serious character of the accident. He resolved to work on, in spite of it, as long as possible. He relinquished, however, his attendance at Reedham, Earlswood, and Colchester, reserving to himself the entire duties of his ministry, which he would never allow any one to share, and the complete establishment of his last philanthropic effort in charity, the Royal Hospital for Incurables.

Toiling on with greatly enfeebled health, but with unabated mental energy, he prosecuted his ministerial work. On his birthday anniversary in 1860, he was enabled to say, "My days are few; I will lose no opportunity for preaching the gospel." And, though his voice was feebler, the older people drew nearer to the pulpit, being as unwilling to lose the teaching as he was to forego it. Up to the last, he was always present at the communion of the Lord's Supper, which was celebrated by his church in the evening, as a distinct service. During the later months, his voice, faltering with emotion, was generally employed, at the close of each address, in words of parting to his

people, as though each successive month might sever the prolonged connexion.

The last occasion on which he administered the ordinance of baptism, the service was made very affecting by the presentation of one of his own grandchildren. It was his custom, at this service, not to name children, lest this should be supposed to be the main purpose of the religious ordinance; but the parents, standing before the congregation, were asked this question,—"You profess your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you desire to train up this child in His fear?" and the parents assenting, the rite was administered. Receiving his infant grandson into his arms on this occasion, he stood before the people speechless, and wept over the child, the thought and prayer of his heart finding no audible expression.

The time at length came when the full, clear tones of the aged pastor could no longer be heard, except in prayer. In this exercise, he seemed to be endowed with supernatural strength, as though he were carried away with the inspiration of his devotion.

A few additional stray thoughts, selected from his pocket-books, which are filled with such jottings, will suffice to show the depth and devoutness of his Christian spirit at this season.

"Fame is like a shadow. Pursue it, and it will flee from thee; leave it, and it will follow thee."

"Did Christ ever pray *with* his disciples?"

"To live for this life only, were to live for nothing."

"I would not trample on a worm, and I would not succumb to an emperor. If from pride, I must answer it; but, if from higher principle, all parties will be the better for it."

He has still a keen eye for passing events; and, while rejoicing in the first use of the Atlantic Tele-

graph, he quietly smiles at the human weakness of one of the first actual messages: "No more just at present."

He hears of a good man, whose worst fault was the want of power to control himself, that on a given occasion "he lost his temper;" and he says, "The worst I wish him is, that he may never find it again."

He writes to a friend, "You mourn for what is taken; but do you remember what you have left?" "Let the line of separation between the Christian and Christian be less and less, and the line between the Church and the World greater and stronger." Again, he observes, "Division in the Church breeds Atheism in the world."

Referring to the death of HALLAM, he says,—

"His private life, how sad and touching! His wife died—then his daughter. His son, the idol of his heart, and of great promise, followed. Last of all, his remaining son died. These were all buried in one grave. At last, he himself, a great but broken-hearted man, mingles his dust with theirs."

The following are miscellaneous instances of musing thoughts:—

"Philanthropy is much to me, but Theopathy more. The one offers a human motive; the other, a divine. We never rise to the highest, nor are our moralities safe, till we can say, 'Of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things!'"

"I hear that they talk at the clubs of 'Havelock's saints' and 'the cant of Hedley Vicars.' They forget that, in 1648, the leaders of the Parliamentary Army met at Windsor, and had a prayer-meeting of three days' continuance,—the longest heads and the stoutest hearts in England."

"Southey a place-hunter! I was not prepared for this. Poetry and place! However, he wrote 'Don Roderick;' and that is enough to save him."

"What a mistake human praise is, after all! How many

statues and pictures we have to the honour of George the Fourth! Show me the man who respects his memory."

"Here is conscientiousness. Fletcher, of Madeley, refused promotion because the parish was too small and the emolument too large."

"Men who would scruple to utter a lie, do not scruple to entertain a prejudice; forgetting that prejudice is a standing falsehood."

"Nothing can lift me up, for I am the chief of sinners; nothing shall cast me down, for God is the rock of my salvation. If I perish, I will perish here."

"I am asked what I think of the Puseyites. I think they are non-jurors, without their honesty."

"Resolved, when an action will bear two constructions, I will strive to accept the best."

"'The best exponent and ally of Christianity is charity.'"

"The best interpreter of Scripture is a humble spirit; and nigh to it is common sense."

"He preaches in words above the poor, and in matter below the educated."

"Mrs. Fry! Elizabeth Fry! I would some other name for her; better, if you can, than 'Woman.'"

"I give, not because I have great means, but because I have few wants. My tendencies have been to economy, as to the wise and upright course. If I have deviated, it has been in charity. If rich in no other sense, I would be rich in mercy. The real way to help others, is, first of all, to make and keep ourselves independent. Cicero says, 'Economy is, of itself, a great revenue.' May it not be said that 'Frugality is the husband of charity?' Verily, I share my daily bread with the orphan and the idiot; for, in one way or other, they get the half of my salary."

"Nothing is unworthy of my attention that may bring pain or pleasure to a single living creature."

"He is a fine scholar, sir,—a very fine scholar; but he is a miser. He shall not educate my son."

In these pocket-books, the regular committee-days are still noted; the birthday anniversaries are also chronicled, but in a feeble hand. Still, his eye was

bright, his mind clear, and his heart inclined more than usually to playfulness. One of his sons, leading the conversation on one occasion to a review of bygone years, dropped, for the first time, a hint about the materials for a Life, which might some day be asked for. The suggestion was met at once in the negative. "I cannot speak," was the reply, "about such a thing; and I have written no autobiography. The only thing I have ever thought of composing was a History of my Times." Soon afterwards, he wrote the following characteristic note:—

"TO MY SAUCY BOY, WHO SAID HE WOULD WRITE MY LIFE, AND ASKED FOR MATERIALS.

A. R.:

I WAS BORN YESTERDAY:—
I SHALL DIE TO-MORROW:—
AND I MUST NOT SPEND TO-DAY
IN TELLING WHAT I HAVE DONE,
BUT IN DOING WHAT I MAY FOR
HIM,
WHO HAS DONE ALL FOR ME.

I SPRANG FROM THE PEOPLE; I HAVE LIVED FOR THE PEOPLE—
THE MOST FOR THE MOST UNHAPPY;
AND THE PEOPLE, WHEN THEY SHALL KNOW IT,
WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO DIE OUT OF THEIR LOVING REMEMBRANCE."

These memorable words present a combination as fine as it is characteristic. For the service done to man, he does not hesitate to claim a just appreciation; but, to the judgment of God, he humbly submits himself, as, at the very best, "less than nothing and vanity."

By degrees Dr. Reed's physical weakness became so extreme as to alarm his family; for his appetite was gone, and his sleep much broken. Often, without tasting food, and after a night of unrest, he went to his

pulpit, and, having fulfilled his engagements fasting, returned home in a state of complete prostration; the people to whom he had thus broken the bread of life, being entirely unaware of the suffering he endured.

One of his great desires was, to visit, before the year closed, the family grave at Cheshunt. After many attempts, he at last accomplished the journey in an easy carriage, with one of his sons. It was evident that he was preparing to take a last look at old familiar scenes: for he directed his course, from time to time, so as to embrace the London Orphan Asylum; the Infant Orphan Asylum; Causeyweare; the house of his friend Mr. Ellis; the chapels at Ponder's End and Enfield Highway, which he had opened; Scotland

THE FAMILY GRAVE.

Green; the houses in which his father and mother died; the cottage at Cheshunt Gate; the Oak at the cross roads, where he had often preached to the villagers; and the summer-house in the grounds of the

College. After he had rested at the inn for some hours, the time arrived for returning home. There was one visit yet to be paid, and that had been reserved to the last. At his request, his son supported him to the churchyard, where Tillotson preached; where Watts studied; where Mason sleeps; where the Cromwells, Richards and Olivers, of the later generations, lie entombed. Here repose the remains of this humble but honoured family, — daughter — father — mother,—gathered to glory. They approached the sacred spot. For several minutes, they stood together under the yew-tree in silence, in front of the tomb. On his desiring to be alone, his son retired a few paces; and the venerable man, uncovered, his thin white hair blown by the breeze, spent some time in contemplation and prayer. Presently turning round, he said,—

"This is the spot where I first realized the authority, glory, and divinity of the 15th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, when it was read here at my father's funeral. My children will care for this grave, as their father has done before them."

Not without difficulty he reached his home. Though the visit had brought peace to his spirit, the effort had brought excessive weariness to his frame, and he spoke of it the next day as his last journey; which, in fact, it was: for, though he had been urged to go to Brighton in the autumn, the winter came upon him before he was aware, and shut out the busy world from his view for ever.

The infirmities of old age, aggravated by the effects of the fall in 1860, now began to tell severely upon Dr. Reed's physical strength; and there were indica-

tions in the summer of 1861 that the mental effort of preparation for the full duties of the ministerial office was greater than he could bear. On the 21st of July, after a restless night, he went as usual to his chapel. He preached in the morning from Ephesians i. 3,—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." His feebleness was so manifest, and his emotion so great, that the deacons entreated him not to attempt the evening service. Having a strong impression, however, that his work was near to its close, he was resolute. When the hour came, he again went up into the pulpit, and, after a prayer noticed as being particularly impressive, preached with all his waning strength from 2 Cor. v. 19,—"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation." Once more,—toward the close of the fiftieth year,—he preached the same gospel which he had proclaimed from the first; but the effort exhausted him. Suddenly, he closed the book and left the pulpit, but without power to reach his vestry, where, as he believed, he was to meet his end. In this he was mistaken; but, as he quitted the loved spot that night, he was conscious that his ministry was over.

From this time, he seemed to reconcile himself to the fact that his public labours had ceased; and, in the autumn, he intimated to the deacons his intention to resign the pastorate on November 27th, the day of his Jubilee. The church, naturally reluctant to believe that the connexion must thus be severed, passed a resolution urging him to reconsider his determination,

and to continue, in some form, to retain the oversight. To this affectionate application he felt it necessary to reply as follows:—

"*To the Church of Christ assembling in Wycliffe Chapel, with affectionate greeting:—*

"BELOVED FRIENDS,

"I greatly value the consideration and kindness which disposed you to refer again to my attention the resolution I had so painfully adopted.

"I assure you *I have* given it my anxious and prayerful consideration; and, although my desires would have led me in an opposite course, I am constrained *to confirm my first decision.*

"My mental powers are preserved to me; but my bodily faculties have received such a shock as to make my future doubtful, and, for the present, certainly to disqualify me for regular ministerial duty.

"There remaineth, then, it may be said, THE LAST WORDS—no, let them not be uttered! We shall not be parted. What shall separate us, who have had such fellowship on earth, from the love of Christ; the life of Christ; the heaven of Christ?

"Yet there remain *Faith, Hope, Charity,*—and these shall remain to us for ever—for ever!

"ANDREW REED.

"Cambridge Heath, Hackney, Nov. 1st, 1860."

Arrangements were made for observing the Jubilee in a suitable manner. The pastor himself was not likely to be present, and he would be absent for the first time for fifty years from the annual celebration. The church requested his eldest son, the Rev. Andrew Reed, B.A., to preside; as, indeed, he had done by his father's request for several years. Wednesday, November the 27th, was the day of the Jubilee. A great congregation assembled in Wycliffe Chapel of those who were or had been at any former time associated with the retiring minister; and, in addition to this, other

friends were present upon special invitation. Among those upon the platform were—

Edward Baines, Esq., M.P., of Leeds; Rev. Professor Barker, of Spring Hill College; Mr. Alderman Abbiss; the Revs. George Smith of Poplar, W. H. Hill of India, Samuel Thodey, Charles Stovel, T. W. Aveling, George Wilkins, J. H. Wilson, W. Tyler, W. Woodhouse, Professor Ransom, F. Miller, M.A. (Hobart Town), Dr. Massie, T. Raffles Hoskin, H. Madgin, Thomas Muscutt, G. C. Evans, Edward Price, J. De Kewer Williams, Richard Saunders, Samuel Eastman, Joseph Smedmore; with Messrs. Thomas Hubbuck, J. Dobinson, E. Pye Smith, J. S. Crisp, John Jones, C. Sturges, N. J. Powell, J. D. Blyth, Thos. Wickham, Jos. Salmon, Geo. Drake, G. L. Fox, A. F. Sargeant, W. E. Shipton, Charles Edward Baines Reed, Andrew H. Reed, H. Spalding, Alex. Fraser, J. S. Caldwell, C. J. Hilder, A. Creasey, H. M. Heath, James Hart, Thos. Stone, Joseph Maitland, B. Pardon, Robert Green, H. C. Stevens, H. White, W. Allam, T. Brain, R. Y. Ellis.

The president read a brief sketch of his honoured father's life and labours, which closed as follows:—

"His friends have been anxious for him to be permitted to complete the fifty years of pastoral relation; and our wishes are, by the blessing of God, answered this day. And now, at the advanced age of seventy-four, after *fifty years* of devoted and unusually successful labours,—though, alas! unable to be present, as he ever was, at the anniversary,—he stands in spirit among you, with the song of *jubilee*—the sheaves of harvest, the trophies of success,—and presents them all, with adoring gratitude, at the feet of that glorious and loving Lord whom, having preached Him unto others, he rejoices to confess, as, throughout his long course, 'the Lord his strength and righteousness.' To Him, before you all this day, he surrenders the pastoral charge and commission, blessing Him for the rich grace which alone has made his efforts of any service, and hoping for acceptance for those labours, only through His atoning merit and gracious intercession. Though, hereafter, he must cease to be the faithful pastor here, it may be hoped the long and happy tie will not be

entirely severed through the remaining years of life; and, while the past presents a scene for gratitude, the eternal future, also, is bright with hopes, beyond all earthly experience or conception,—hopes of reunion—of sight in place of faith—of perfection instead of corruption—of unruffled peace, unsullied purity, unclouded joy—of more exalted services—of energies, faculties, and qualifications of a new order—and of eternal association with angels, saints, and glorified spirits, and with each other,—and, ah! highest, happiest of all, with the Lord Jesus Christ for ever."

The address of the church (presenting five hundred pounds to their pastor) was read by the senior deacon, and was in the following terms:—

"To the Rev. ANDREW REED, D.D.,

"Beloved Pastor of the Church assembling in Wycliffe Chapel.

"Dear Sir,—It is with feelings of a very mingled character that we acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 1st instant, by which you convey to the church your intention to relinquish its pastorate on the 27th instant, thus completing fifty years of faithful and efficient service. By it we are thrown back on the memories of the past; and though we have to say of the fathers, where are they? it does afford holy satisfaction to think of all the goodness which God has caused to pass before us, through the instrumentality of a life distinguished by philanthropy and consistency, and a ministry characterized by intelligence, faithfulness, and affection: but whilst the retrospect gives rise to grateful joy, the thought of separation fills our hearts with sadness. Thus, dear sir, whilst we 'give thanks to God always for you, making mention of you in our prayers,' we shall 'remember without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father.'

"Under such circumstances, you will not think it strange that we should have some anxiety about the present condition and future prospects of the church: not that we find 'no consolation in Christ, no comfort in love, no fellowship in the

Spirit;' not that we are doing anything 'through strife or vain-glory;' we are rather seeking to cultivate 'the mind that was in Christ Jesus;' but, seeing that we are like a family without a head, as sheep without a shepherd, a church without a pastor, we would humble ourselves before God, realize our dependence and His sufficiency, praying with all prayer that the great Head of the Church will send us a man after His own heart, that, being fed with the bread which cometh down from heaven, we may 'attain unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.'

"While we regret that circumstances are such that we have no alternative but to bow to the decision at which we are sure you have so unwillingly arrived, we find a mournful yet solid satisfaction in 'commending you to God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort,' desiring that 'peace may be to thee, and love with faith, from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Having thus, in all sincerity and affection, given expression to the deep feeling of our hearts, we may add that it has been thought there would be peculiar propriety in giving it some tangible form. We have, therefore, as a church and congregation, contributed of what God has given us, the result of which we beg your acceptance of; remarking that, while its mere intrinsic value does not—cannot indicate that which it represents, such an expression of our Christian regard may nevertheless be grateful to your own heart.

"Passing, then, from the lesser to the greater—seeing that it has pleased the Captain of our Salvation to call away some of his standard-bearers ere they have for any lengthened period unfurled the banner of the Cross, we will thank God yet again, that, 'as a shock of corn cometh in in his season,' so is it pleasing Him to bring thee towards the end in a full age; and, being thus reminded that here we have no continuing city, we will anticipate one to come, when, literally, there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. But, ere we quit this lower state, may pastor and people be able to say with the Apostle, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give at that

day:' and, passing from death to judgment, may the welcome plaudit greet each one, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!' thus, by blessed experience, realizing the consolatory truth, that there 'remaineth a rest for the people of God.'

"Signed by the Deacons on behalf of the Church—

"NATHANIEL JAMES POWELL, JOSEPH DANIEL BLYTH, THOMAS WICKHAM, JOSEPH SALMON, GEORGE DRAKE, GEORGE LEONARD FOX, ALFRED FRANK SARGEANT, CHARLES STURGES.

"Wycliffe Chapel, 27th Nov., 1861."

In acknowledgment of this affectionate address, Mr. Reed said,—

"Allow me to convey to you, in accepting, on my father's behalf, this very handsome present, and this more valuable expression of your affection as a church to him, his expressions of deep and unabated attachment, and of sincere Christian solicitude. He desires me, on his behalf, especially to ask you to render all glory, not to him, the humble instrument, but to the great and blessed Master he serves. He wishes me also to say to you how very much he feels that his efforts have been aided and supported by the continued love and co-operation of a people of whose fidelity and affection he feels it difficult to speak.

"One other remark he would make to you, and it is this,—that he is 'reaching forth unto those things which are before, and pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' And finally, as the Apostle Paul said, after receiving the gift of the Philippians, the first fruits of their steady attachment, which was a sweet savour to him, so my father says unto you, 'My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'"

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Charles Reed rose and said,—

"The deacons have requested me, as a member of this church, to read a short statement in relation to those who,

though absent in body, are, by the testimony of these letters, present with us this night in spirit."

He then read fraternal messages sent to the pastor and to the church, by the venerable Dr. Leifchild (now deceased), the Revs. Thomas Binney, Samuel Martin, John Stoughton, Dr. Spence, Samuel M'All; and he referred to other letters from a number of ministers, whose week-night services or other engagements prevented their attendance.

The Rev. T. W. AVELING delivered a very touching and suitable address to the church on the occasion.

"Through us," he said, "Dr. Reed desires to convey to you, his church, his most fervent desire for your unity, your spirituality, and your peace; for the continued maintenance of this union, for the increase of this spirituality, and for the wide diffusion of this peace. Your captain to-night surrenders his commission, and you are now without a guide. From to-day you will be as sheep having no earthly shepherd; but remember, the Great Shepherd retains His position in the midst of you. Our venerable friend has been a most remarkable man in the department of Christian philanthropy; into which he carried a skill, a judgment, and an administrative capacity, that I have never seen surpassed by any man that I have known in public life. It is not for me to advise you in the choice of a pastor; but there are two things to be kept prominently before you. The first is, that you keep together; the second, that you let not the last days of the pastor be shadowed by aught arising from unwiseness of conduct among yourselves.

"I saw, whilst the address was being read, and whilst my dear friend Andrew Reed was giving you a statement of his father's labours, that many hearts were touched by tender reminiscences. I saw aged men look sad—I saw that some could not contemplate the severance of the pastoral tie without fast-flowing tears. Let my venerable friend see that the affection which these emotions indicate does not terminate with this night; so that he may have the sweet hope sustaining his spirit,

that the Lord, who has gladdened his heart in days that are gone, will do still greater things among you."

EDWARD BAINES, Esq., M.P., thus expressed his estimate of Dr. Reed's character and services, as a minister and a public man:—

"He is a man of great talent, great refinement of mind, and much eloquence; distinguished as a preacher in the pulpit, as an orator on the platform; distinguished as an author, distinguished as a public man, with unrivalled talents for business; and blessed, above most living men, with a largeness of heart that has made him one of the most valuable men of his day. It was his pleasure to stoop to the humblest and most needy. The poor Orphan, the Infant Orphan, the neglected Idiot, the suffering Incurable—these were the objects that attracted the warmth of his heart, and called forth labours which will cause his name to live for many a generation yet to come. To have established three Orphan Asylums!—whom can we mention among our public men that has accomplished such a work as that? And then, gaining knowledge of the attempts made on the Continent of Europe to ameliorate the condition of the Idiot, Dr. Reed caught up the idea, investigated the movement by personal visitation, and at once determined to found an Asylum for Idiots. Looking at the last of these Asylums, I think it is one of the greatest triumphs of love, to have been enabled to render such a degree of service to a class so forlorn and distressed as the Incurable. Then, I have seen Dr. Reed, not merely founding and carrying on, with a perseverance as remarkable as his generosity and courageousness, all these philanthropic institutions; but, as a public man, with high spirit and great determination, at momentous crises of our national history, standing up as the avowed champion of civil and religious liberty. When the country was taken by surprise by the educational clauses of Sir James Graham's Bill, no one took so active and decisive a part as Dr. Reed. He not only led the opposition here in London, but he came down to the great towns of Yorkshire and the North; and that was one of his most remarkable characteristics—he depended not on others, but what had to be done he was ready to do himself."

Professor BARKER, of Spring Hill College, Birmingham, spoke of Dr. Reed as the friend of his youth.

"My earliest lessons in Divine knowledge, excepting those of my parents, were derived," he said, "from him. By his advice I prepared for the ministry, and from this church I was sent by him to college; and subsequently his counsels, always faithful and kind, have been among my most trustworthy helps. My own impressions of him are chiefly as a pastor and preacher, and I cannot but say that to me his ministrations have seemed to approach as nearly as possible to what Christian ministration should be. His statements of Divine truth were especially lucid. The manner in which he was accustomed to develop the doctrines of the Gospel was not only successful in setting them clearly before the understanding, but was such as could not fail, at the same time, to touch the hearts of the hearers. The manner in which he exhibited the practical tendency of the Gospel was such as to leave men who listened to his words in no doubt as to whether they were receiving the truth in the love of it, or whether it was with them a mere empty sound. In our friend's public services there was commonly a wonderful charm that gratified the maturer Christian, and hardly less powerfully attracted such as are known among us as merely hearers of the Gospel. I remember his Sabbath morning services would often draw together the hearts of Christian men, and they would come out and rejoice in the fulness of illumination that God had given their pastor. Frequently also, on Sunday evenings, many from the congregations of surrounding places of worship would come in—men, perhaps, who possessed comparatively little love to the truth, but were attracted by the charming manner in which he was wont to set it forth. Now, as I believe, the great secret of Dr. Reed's ministry, both as to its attractiveness and its usefulness, was that he gave himself to it. He seldom, if ever, withdrew from the preparation of his discourses the time that was in any way requisite to his becoming fully acquainted with the subject, and his obtaining a perfect mastery of what he intended to communicate."

Mr. Alderman ABBISS spoke as having worked with

Dr. Reed during many years, and, referring to him as a Philanthropist, said,—

"One great thing which contributed to his success has been, that, whenever he conceived a plan, and felt it to be worthy, he had the talent and the courage to carry it out. I have been associated with many men, and have sat on many committees; but, I say it honestly, I have never met a man of such business capacity as Dr. Reed. It must be a solace to him, that, by God's help, he has been permitted to do, perhaps, more good than any other man of the present day. His name will go down to posterity with those of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry."

The Rev. SAMUEL THODEY, who stated that he had known Dr. Reed from the commencement of his ministerial career, added the following reminiscences:

"When he was a student at Hackney, the sermon he preached at Well Street for Mr. Collison, before that gentleman was settled here, presented the same clearness of style and precision of statement which had characterized his after productions. Amidst all the controversies of the last fifty years, and the changes of theological opinion that had occurred, there was one trait which would prove an index of his character; namely, his unflinching adherence to the truth as it is in Jesus. If," said Mr. Thodey, "you take the Socinian controversy, at one time rife in this neighbourhood; the Irving controversy, respecting the miracles, the prophecies, and the gift of tongues; not to mention many others; you will find that he stood like a column of strength, firm to his principles from first to last. With respect to his advocacy of public institutions, I had the means of knowing his efficiency when he came down to us at Cambridge, where the weight of his character, mingled with the suavity of his manner, attracted all minds, and won for him general estimation."

What the Rev. WILLIAM TYLER said was peculiarly interesting.

"It was while Dr. Reed was preaching a funeral sermon for

the late Rev. Matthew Wilks, that I received my first religious impressions. At my ordination he delivered the charge. The sound judgment exercised by him in such services is proverbial. There are not many ministers of our faith and order who are unacquainted with his reputation for the delivery of wise charges to young ministers, and for the appropriateness of his addresses on other particular occasions. I have taken counsel of him when I have sought it of none else."

The Rev. W. H. HILL, who but a few months before had returned from India, spoke with most affectionate regard of Dr. Reed, and stated that,

"During nearly fourteen years of absence from that church, he had always regarded it as a model church. From pastor to deacons, from deacons to members, he had never met with a people that worked so well and so heartily together."

The Rev. WILLIAM WOODHOUSE, who had known Dr. Reed between thirty and forty years, said,—

"There are very few indeed who have, like Dr. Reed, held on their way through difficulties, discouragements, and opposition; but he has always gone on in a spirit of humility and prayer, and of entire dependence on God."

Mr. HENRY CHILD stated,—

"That, although it had not been his privilege to know much of Dr. Reed in his ministerial capacity, he had known much of his public labours, and especially his great philanthropic exertions; and, from his own experience, no word spoken to that meeting had been an exaggeration of his services, which would live to the honour of his country to the end of time."

Mr. W. E. SHIPTON, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, bore his testimony as an *orphan*, to Dr. Reed, as the Orphan's Friend.

"I," he said, "was educated in the London Orphan Asylum; and, as I owe, under God, all the advantages of my education,

my most privileged associations in life, and whatever opportunities of Christian service have been allotted to me, to that institution which has been Dr. Reed's special anxiety and care, I feel that I may share with you to-night in the honour you pay to his distinguished worth, and in the solemn interest with which you regard the official termination of his splendid career. Few persons have had better opportunities than myself of observing how large has been the service done to the great interests of religious truth by the institutions which Dr. Reed has founded, not merely as they have given exhibition of the practical loving power and sympathy of evangelical religion, but more directly as they have ministered to those spiritual results in which a Christian congregation like this would most rejoice; and I know that a very large number of those belonging to the institution in which I was myself educated, are now members of Christian churches, many of them actively engaged in religious work,—all of them, I would fain hope and believe, fulfilling their duties, in business and towards society, in the spirit in which their great Benefactor, our common Friend, would have them work and live. One only observation of a general character will I add to these personal remarks. Ever since I left school, and have observed the course of events for myself, I have been struck with the wondrous power which Dr. Reed has exercised upon his contemporaries,—how in succession some of the greatest men of the State, many of the astutest merchants and men of business, and those who, in other departments, are regarded as leaders of public opinion, have been content to follow his leading, and to accept, as from a master, the opinions which he suggested, the course of action which he marked out for them. One single instance will suffice. At the first anniversary dinner of the London Orphan Asylum which I attended, the Duke of Wellington—the old Duke—the great Duke—was in the chair. I remember well how he said, in his opening remarks,—'I have not been to a public dinner for some years, and I had resolved, that, as age and infirmities are creeping upon me, I would go no more; but I am here to-night at the request of that great man [pointing to Dr. Reed], whose wishes are to me law, and, whose entreaties I felt as a command it was impossible to resist.'"

While the solemn and affecting services were going on in the chapel, the object of all this loving interest was confined at home by great bodily weakness. Never will his calm and holy seriousness, and grateful acknowledgments to his Lord and Master, be forgotten by those of the family who hastened back to give him an account of what had taken place. In the interval, he had occupied himself in preparing presentation copies of the volume of CHARGES and SERMONS, the preface to which is dated on that very day. These were sent as a Jubilee present to many among his brethren in the ministry, especially to some of those who in former years had been a little estranged from him through public differences of opinion. The spirit of heaven and of peace was strong upon him. The goodness of God and the kindness of men seemed to work together to dispose him to settle, and harmonize, any—even the least discord which might yet linger among the richer melodies of his life.

Thus has his varied career been traced from youth to old age. The filial task has been performed with all the advantage of minute memoranda which open up the secret desires and emotions of its subject. It cannot be needful, therefore, to present an elaborate analysis of the personal character, habits, and qualifications of the Man, the Pastor, the Preacher, or the Philanthropist. The simple record already given shows best "what manner of man" Dr. Reed was. He has been seen coming forth and preparing for the field of labour, going down into it with anxious prayer, passing courageously through many cares and difficulties, and, at last, "coming again with rejoicing,

bringing his sheaves with him." His childhood had few impulses, save those of the simple piety of home. His youth was not without some critical temptations. His early seriousness was the great source of his self-improvement. He was led into all the great paths of benevolent and religious usefulness by simple incidents, thrown Providentially in his way.

On the occasion of the Jubilee, the lips of friends were unloosed to utter, in his absence, acknowledgments and testimonies which his presence would have silenced. It was a meet and dignified close to a long ministerial course, the aim and the effect of which had been, from first to last, practical benevolence. But, as we have seen, he was wont to ascribe all that was good in his career to God; and, taking himself to task perpetually for coming short in every duty, he might have adopted the words of his favourite poet Cowper:

> "My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
> Were but the feeble efforts of a child.
> Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part
> That they proceeded from a grateful heart.
> I cast them at Thy feet: my only plea
> Is—what it was—dependence upon Thee."

And now his days were drawing to an end. The erect, manly form must bow and decline. The busy pen must drop from those nerveless, trembling fingers. That voice of power and persuasion, which has been an instrument of blessing and warning to thousands, must lose its distinctness. Those calm, searching eyes must lack their depth and steadiness. That face, so expressive and refined, must be attenuated and sickly. Those strong mental powers must abate their self-control; and that spirit, though never losing its holy

panting after God and Heaven, must be shrouded often in dreamy feebleness. But only for a short time. As one stoops at a low portal, and even creeps blindfolded through the dark entrance of some glorious natural scene, soon to stand upright in the conscious presence of grandeur and loveliness unrealized before, —such is the passage of the Christian through the "valley of the shadow of death."

CHAPTER XIX.

LAST DAYS.

"Servant of God, well done! They serve God well
Who serve his creatures: when the funeral bell
Tolls for the dead, there's nothing left of all
That decks the 'scutcheon and the velvet pall,
Save this.—The coronet is empty show;
The strength and loveliness are hid below.
The shifting wealth to others hath accrued;
The learning cheers not the grave's solitude.
What's *done*, is what remains.—Ah! blessed they
Who have completed tasks of love to stay
And answer mutely for them, being dead.
Life was not purposeless, though life be fled."—*Mrs. Norton.*

"Gone—where the progress of time shall no longer bring age or decay. Gone—where there are beings whose life may be reckoned by centuries, but in whom life is fresh and young, and always will be so. Close the aged eyes! Fold the aged hands in rest! Their owner is no longer old."—*A. K. H. B.*

THE busy, toiling life was soon to close. Dr. Reed's visit to the tomb of his father had not been made one day too early. His last sermon, as we have seen, was an unfinished effort; the concluding sentences being clouded with unconsciousness. His farewell visit to London was on the 24th of October, to attend a Board Meeting of the Hospital for Incurables. As he entered his conveyance in the Poultry, he looked across the way towards the Office of the

Asylum for Idiots, and said, "I must leave them all; but my country will care for them:" words which bespoke a full conviction that he was then going home to die. And so it was. The year of his ministerial Jubilee had crowned his work; and the winter of 1861 was the last winter of his life.

To set his house in order; to arrange his papers—to destroy all such as were of a strictly confidential nature, or the publication of which might injure the reputation or compromise the interests of others; to note books borrowed, and documents belonging to the different institutions, as to be returned; to divest himself, in fine, of all worldly concerns;—these were the objects of his first care. Then came the review of his diaries and note-books, and the ordering of family correspondence; for every letter of his children and the orphans, from the earliest period, had been carefully preserved. Last of all, he paid a visit to his cherished books, occupying himself for days in searching them out from every corner of his study, "that," as he said, "none of my old helpers and companions may seem to be neglected."

He was still able to read without the use of glasses; but his great delight was to listen to good reading and to the reading of good books. No works, indeed, of less than first importance were now allowed to occupy his mind; because, he writes, "my days are few, and therefore I must have the best." His chief inquiry was for biography; but, wearying of some such works of recent production, he said to one of his sons, "I want Christian biography; and let me know, not what men did, but how they died. Once I liked to see the picture of active life; but I have no time for that

now. Tell me first how a man died, and I will then tell you how he lived." When this class of reading failed him, he fell back upon the old divinity, for which he had always had the keenest relish.

His mind was still unclouded, the current of his thoughts was still quick and clear. At times, even his body seemed to be endowed as with new vigour; but the strength of his last days was labour and sorrow. The weariness of weeks passed within-doors, and of nights without rest, told heavily upon his waning health: still he bore up uncomplainingly, often saying, as of old, in a playful tone, "I will stand straight up and try to be well."

He allowed himself to be led into conversation about his early life; and recollection yielded him a store of incidents and histories, which he narrated and pictured with much vivacity of manner and freshness of feeling. One evening he was overheard amusing himself with the refrain of a nursery song. "It is a favourite old ditty of my mother's," he said, "which often soothed me in my little bed. I had quite forgotten it till just now, when it suddenly returned to my memory and my tongue; and it soothes me still."

During this seclusion, he received the visits of his friends, the Rev. William Woodhouse, whom he had known as a student at Cheshunt College, and Professor Ransom, of the College at Hackney, in the welfare of which Dr. Reed always took a lively interest. Both these gentlemen had been near neighbours, and most attentive and helpful in the performance of occasional ministerial duty. The daily morning call of the only son who resided near London was a constant source of comfort and reanimation.

His unabated interest in his Institutions was evinced by incessant inquiries as to their operations. No news was more pleasant than that which came through Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Millard, Mr. Stancliff, and Mr. Andrew, their official representatives; nor were Clapton and Wanstead forgotten. "I cannot say, never," he writes, "but I have seldom sought the rest of my pillow, without thinking of the poor orphans, the idiots, and the incurables, and making my last prayer for them. God help them!"

The matters of more general interest which arrested his attention, were but few. The state of America, however, occupied his daily thought. Every morning the question was, "What news from the States?" To the very close of life, though he lay apparently dozing while the leaders of the "Times" were being read in his room, he would rouse himself when the word "America" caught his ear. This circumstance is easily explained. He knew the people, North and South; was familiar with the points of contest; and had learned, through the year 1861, from private correspondence, the special dangers which threatened the Republic. With some of her prominent men he had formed close friendships; he was acquainted with families divided in the strife, brother against brother, and father against child; and he had the peculiar pain of finding, that some of the men who had rendered him valuable aid in collecting statistics of the Southern States in 1834, were now among the leaders in the Army of Secession. In a letter sketched, but never sent, he replied to a friend in Brooklyn, earnestly vindicating this country from the charges brought against her, of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness,

and pledging himself that the cry of "Liberty to the Slave, not for political ends, but for the love of humanity, was all that was needed to win the entire sympathy of the British people, and command their admiration and confidence." He closes thus: "Be sure of this, 'the curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked.' The unholy thing must be put away."

One other remark left on record is worthy of notice as the dying testimony of no common or inexperienced observer. Referring to certain gigantic commercial frauds, the exposure of which had recently startled the Metropolis, he writes, "I have never been committed to the business of the world; but I have kept my eyes open, and I have a deep and sad conviction that one-half of the business of our great capital would not bear the test of Holy Scripture."

The 14th of December, 1861, is a day long to be remembered in this land. Dr. Reed was a loyal mourner on that Sabbath for the great loss which the whole nation then deplored. He ordered his house to be shut, and he desired to be much alone. Besides and beyond a deep respect for the character of the Prince Consort, he felt a true love for his person, and cherished a full conviction of the holiness of his life. From His Royal Highness he had received not a few marks of special kindness, and even personal consideration; while, what he esteemed much more, to the institutions which he had founded and fostered, the Prince had been a faithful friend. Dr. Reed was stunned by the suddenness of the blow which had thus removed one who was in the prime of life, while he

himself was left in the remnant of his days. "Charity," he says, "will weep for him! The people, I hope, will remember him by his *last* day: others will think of the anniversary of his birth; but this country should 'mark the end.' These memorial days should be respected."

The winter, though not very severe, affected Dr. Reed very perceptibly, reducing still further the little strength remaining. He could not, however, be prevailed on to treat himself or to be treated by others as more than an invalid. Except one visit from his friend Mr. Luke, he desired no medical advice. But what professional authority did not do, positive inability effected. He had struggled with his infirmity to the last, and then he quietly surrendered.

The parting from his study and from the family rooms, was most affecting. It was early in the evening. He had allowed the darkness to close in the day. By the ruddy glare of the fire he could see the contents of the room. He put aside his Beza's Bible, after looking at the record of family events inscribed within. He locked up the drawers of his secretaire. He looked around at the boxes, ranged one above the other, containing the papers and inscribed with the names of the different charities. He opened his church book to look at the names of the oldest members. He inspected closely some of his early college books, the gifts of his father and mother. With silent emotion he wound up and regulated, for the last time, the time-piece, the gift of his people. Last of all, he gazed intently upon the only drawing he had ever allowed upon his study walls,—a striking representation of the institution of the Lord's Supper. By

this time his strength was all but exhausted: he turned to go, and he left for ever that hallowed room in which for thirty-four years he had planned and set on foot so many works of mercy, written so many books, studied so many sermons, taught his children so many treasured lessons, and offered—who shall say how often?—the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise.

That he regarded the end of life as very near at hand, is evident from frequent records in his note-books. The last of these occurs at the close of 1861.

"This life," wrote the weary pilgrim, "would be without a morality, if there were nothing beyond it. Every fine saying, every terse proverb, every just precept, every inspired promise, would lose its marrow and its meaning, if there were nothing beyond it. In fact, they would never have existed. Duty, order, decency, truth, fidelity, and benevolence,—all the virtues and all the graces which make it life to live, would have expired. The one meaning of all would be, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

On the day he quitted this room, he seems to have written the following sentences:—

"The extreme circumstances of death are mostly common to all. There are the sickness, the sadness, the anguish, the apathy, and then the mortal struggle. The great difference is, that, while in the great issue one is saved, another is lost. Let me indulge no wrong thought, do no wrong thing, entertain no wrong fear; but let me nestle down in the lap of Providence, and be warm, and safe, and happy."

Thus it was that he went up to his bed to die. On the same night, he requested that the hymn commencing "There is an hour when I must part,"

might be read to him; and, at the close, he said, "That hymn I wrote at Geneva: it has brought comfort to many, and now it brings comfort to me." As this hymn has found a place in the admirable collection of Christian Psalmody recently compiled by Sir Roundell Palmer,* it is presented in these pages without apology:—

"There is an *hour*, when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

There is an *hour*, when I must lie
Low on affliction's bed;
And anguish, pain, and tears become
My bitter daily bread.

There is an *hour*, when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death;
And yield to Him, who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.

There is an *hour*, when I must stand
Before the judgment-seat;
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.

There is an *hour*, when I must look
On one eternity;
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.

O Saviour, *then*, in all my need,
Be near, be near to me;
And let my soul, by stedfast faith,
Find life and heaven in thee!"

The next morning, Dr. Reed took refuge in the drawing-room, one flight of stairs less,—yet a descent hard to accomplish. "I don't know," he wrote playfully, "which troubles me most,—my mind or my body. They are both crafty rogues. By turns they pinch and tease me; and, when I turn on them, the one

* Her Majesty's Attorney-General.

says, 'It is not I,' and the other, 'It is not I;' so I get cozened, and they escape."

In this room it was that he began to prepare for the press a long-promised volume of sermons and select pieces, not included in the volume of "Charges and Sermons" recently published. This he looked upon as his last literary effort. It was a design not to be accomplished. His strength failed him; and the last time he used the pen was, to inscribe in the album of Mr. Thompson, of Hornsey (sent with an earnest request that he would write in it, if only his name), the one word "Charity."

Christmas Day, 1861, found him retreating still further from the common rooms of the family, but evidently nearer to his eternal home. The drawing-room had been relinquished, and he was now a close prisoner in his bedchamber. He had recently welcomed the little ones of his only daughter, Mrs. Spalding; and now he was expecting a visit from others of his grandchildren, who were that morning on their way to the accustomed family gathering at Hendon. At his own suggestion, so characteristic of himself, every possible aspect of cheerfulness had been given to the apartment; every blind had been drawn up, and all that could be devised was done to divest the chamber of the air of gloom.

Though suffering from sickness, his countenance on that morning wore its happiest smile. All children were fond of him; and those who bore his name and belonged to his own circle, loved him dearly. On this occasion, an infant grandson (the last child of the two thousand and ninety-four the aged pastor had baptized) was in his arms, and the others stood around or sat

upon the bed, while he tried to repeat the lines of his own "Child's Hymn,"—

> "God made the sun to shine by day,"
> The moon to shine by night," &c.

After this, he engaged their attention by telling them of the poor idiot children at Colchester, with whom his Christmas holiday had so frequently of late been shared.

Nor, at this season, so memorable to his family, did he forget the orphans at Reedham, as an incident already alluded to, but requiring some further explanation, testifies. One of his recent acts had been, to send donations to the London Orphan Asylum in the names of two of his grandchildren; the one bearing the name of his maternal grandfather, Edward Baines, and the other perpetuating the name of Andrew Reed. But, while remembering the first of his orphan institutions, he could not forget the last of those foundations, and the positive necessities of the Fatherless Asylum, which gave him peculiar concern. Its growth had been such as, for some years, to outstrip all ordinary resources. The Board of Management had done their utmost to meet emergencies; and still it was evident that great sacrifices would have to be made. In the autumn of this year, it was proposed to raise a Testimonial Fund in honour of Dr. Reed's services to the cause of Philanthropy. The expectation was, that £10,000 might easily be secured; and thus the project came before Dr. Reed for his sanction. The instant he heard of it, his judgment disapproved; and he was resolute, first, not to concur in any appeal in connexion with his name; and then, if he could not overrule the zeal of his friends, he distinctly declared, that,

dear as the charity was to him, he should deem it his duty to enter his public protest against any testimonial which should not contemplate the equitable distribution of moneys raised in his name among all the institutions with which it had been associated.

His decision caused much disappointment to the generous projectors of the plan; but he was inflexible.

"The importunity of my dear friends," he said, "gives me double pain. I seem to be frustrating their kind intentions and hindering the welfare of the Asylum; but, if that money is to be solicited as a mark of honour upon my works of charity, and should not aid and bless them all, my whole life would be belied. What is meant to please, must not displease me: but I must be at liberty to die as I have lived; and, while through life my work has never been other than gratuitous, in charity I have known neither sect nor party."

The proposal was subsequently modified, and made to embrace a second institution; but Dr. Reed, hearing that a meeting was convened, by advertisement, at the London Tavern, sent one of his sons to entreat the persons responsible either to abandon their project altogether, or to make a direct appeal on behalf of the Fatherless Asylum, without any reference to a testimonial in honour of its founder. The consequence was, that his wishes were respected, and the latter alternative was subsequently acted upon.

Ten days after this occurrence, Dr. Reed said to his son, "They need help, and I mean them to turn the year with a balance. They would have raised money on that appeal, but I hindered them; and now I shall obey the old Athenian law, which says, 'They shall be prosecuted who do not retaliate kindness.'" Thus the Jubilee testimonial from his church, as has already

been stated, became a New-year's gift to the Asylum for Fatherless Children.

At the opening of the year 1862, Dr. Reed spoke much of the cause of missions, with special regard to China, Madagascar, and other regions in which missionaries who had gone out from his own church were settled; and he gave it in charge to one of his sons to distribute an edition of his work on "The Advancement of Religion" among the honoured agents of the various missionary societies.

One of his greatest griefs during the last winter was, that he could not exercise his accustomed hospitality to the poor of his church. It had been his wont to invite a certain number of aged widows to dine with him at Christmas time, sending carriages for them in the morning, and conveying them to their homes again at the close of the day. When, from gathering infirmities, any were unable to come, they were never neglected, but received some compensating token of their pastor's sympathy,—a sympathy the proofs of which have, in many ways, recently been brought to the knowledge of his family. The very door-keepers of his chapel had been thus remembered by him. But even this, for the first time during his pastorate, he was obliged to forego. After Dr. Reed's death, it was found that he had been in the habit of lending two invalid couches, constructed upon his own plan, and engraved with his name, to the poorer members of his church, when weakness and approaching dissolution rendered such appliances important.

In these last days he often made inquiries about the coachman who had been in the habit of driving him.

Old domestic servants were thought of; and, in fact, no one was forgotten who had in any way been long connected with him, whether in official or in family service.

But his questions were more particular still as to the ministers who were temporarily occupying his old pulpit; and, as though he were still in the midst of the activities of life, he says in a pencilled memorandum, "I am not among those who are afraid of students. Let me know only that they walk in the old paths and preach the old gospel." On Sundays, during the time of public worship, his mind seemed much engaged in thinking out, and sometimes aloud, discourses of his own. One evening, his son Charles read, at his request, some favourite pieces from his Hymn-book, he calling for each of them by its number, which he distinctly remembered. After this, some of the original hymns were read; and as each was finished, he mentioned, with touching interest, the place, time, and circumstances under which it was composed:—

"Come, say, my soul, what mean these tears."—Oswestry, 1814.
"Oh, Jesus, let me hear thy voice."—Petersfield, 1815.
"Ye saints, your music bring."—Reading, 1815.
"Come, my Redeemer, come."—Reading, 1816.
"Spirit divine, attend our prayers."—The Forest, 1829.

The last of these having been read, at its close he said, "Never did I see a congregation so moved under any hymn (except one of Charles Wesley's in the camp meeting on the banks of the Rappahannock) as my own people were in singing this during our revival services at Wycliffe. After all these psalms," he added, with a smile, "you will want a sermon. I

will preach a little one to you, the last one I shall ever preach. 'Jesus passed by,'—that is my text; and *my* cry is, Saviour! Hear me—Help me—Heal me—Hide me,—these are the heads. There—my strength fails now; read me that noble hymn of Toplady's." He joined in repeating the lines commencing "Rock of ages, cleft for me," in solemn whisper, to the very end—"Let me hide myself in Thee;" adding, after a brief pause, "Through the dear might of Him who hung upon the cross,—I will."

Another Sunday, he said, "I am up to-night that I may do more honour to my God. Mine, at best, is feeble worship,—weaker and weaker. A few short, dark, evil days, and then a long, bright, blessed eternity. Yes! death is the only stage in the journey of life: after that, it is onward and upward for ever!" Again, when asked how he was, his reply came promptly, and with his wonted liveliness of manner, —"Dying daily, almost well." And then the force of an expression in "Macbeth" suddenly struck him, and he said, "Ah! that is fine in Shakspeare, —'died every day she lived;' but it is borrowed from Scripture. For the inspired expression of the English language, man must, after all, go to the Bible."

Referring once again to his books, he said,—

"I often used to imagine that I could not think or write without my books; yet, when it comes to an issue, I find that I depend little on them; for good reading is chiefly useful to nourish the mind for action:" adding, "Let the fire be lighted in my study as usual; I make myself cheerful in thinking that all is cheerful there."

From his bed he wrote letters to special friends. Mr. Barnett, Mr. Kirby, Dr. Conolly, and Mr. Wick-

ham were thus remembered; but already the right hand had lost its cunning, and the pencil-marks were too faint and unformed to be legible. One of his last notes was addressed and a copy forwarded to Mr. Charles Dickens, entreating him to preside at the Festival of the Royal Hospital; and, when a reply came with a regretful negative, he was as much perplexed as if the concerns of the charity were really in his hands. Turning to the "Illustrated London News," just then delivered, he saw a portrait, and, looking at it, without, it is believed, discerning the name, he said with energy, "Look at it!—that's the man. He will plead the cause of the hopeless; try him." It was the portrait of Lord Dufferin; and, when an appeal was made to his lordship, with a knowledge of the peculiar circumstances of the application, that accomplished nobleman cheerfully acceded to the invitation, and did afterwards preside at the festival, pleading most eloquently and with great success the cause of the poor Incurables, who by this time had lost their earliest friend.

Dr. Reed's long-cherished design of erecting the Hospital for this charity at Reedham was unfulfilled; but he had the satisfaction of seeing the selected plans of the building. By a kind arrangement of the Board, Mr. Barry's designs were sent to his house and hung round his bed-room, so that he could look on them at leisure. But nothing less than close inspection would satisfy his eager spirit. He had drawn with his own hand the "Instructions to Architects;" and now, tempted beyond his strength, he more than once made his way to the drawings and endeavoured to make his own notes upon them. He specially requested that the provision contemplated

by him for separate cottage dwellings for such of the patients as could use them, should not be lost sight of. Urging this point on one occasion as he stood, supported, in front of the plans, he said,—

"A poor dying man may have a wife or a faithful daughter who can nurse him, and you may put him in a cottage upon the estate, secure to the sufferer an easy mind and the best skill, help the family to maintain their little home, allow them to keep their valued bits of furniture together; and you will yield them a sense of comfort no hand of stranger and no common dwelling could afford."

As he regained his bed with difficulty, his son said to him,—

"Father, you may be able in the spring to see to it yourself, if God spares you to recover. 'No,' he replied, emphatically, 'the moment in which I cannot do good to the world, is the moment in which I would leave it; and I think that moment has now come.'"

So passed days and weeks, in weariness without pain, in weakness without active disease. The naturally robust frame seemed scarcely robbed of its usual power when in the recumbent posture; but there were some indications that the seat of mischief was in the brain. Memory failed; and consciousness was lost as restlessness increased. Still there were objects, questions, and sounds, which always roused his feeble energies. The break of day, the morning sun, the singing of birds, and the familiar household voices, were ever grateful. The discovery of his father's portrait, hung within easy view, led him to say, "That face is like the light of morning; it makes my face to shine."

On the 20th of February, the anniversary dinner of

the Fatherless Asylum was held at the London Tavern. He was in a state of feverish excitement to learn, days beforehand, that all had been well arranged; and, on the evening of the day, he despatched his son to inquire the amount of money raised, and to bring him word. The message brought back he was not prepared to receive; the mind had relapsed into a state of unconsciousness; but the next morning he said inquiringly,—"The Fatherless?" When informed that a large sum had been contributed, he exclaimed, "Charity! while Christianity lives, charity cannot die."

So near did the concerns of the youngest of his charities lie to his heart, that, within a few days of his death, springing with sudden energy upon his elbow, and speaking with earnest tones, yet indistinct utterance, he said to one of his sons, a member of the Board of Management,—

"Charles, remember this: every one of those poor creatures is infirm; most are crippled. See to it, that the plan of the building is so laid, that you may get rid of steps and stairs wherever you can. Use the inclined plane and the 'lift' everywhere; and make it easy for the sufferers to be wheeled out into the sunshine on the terrace walks; and have the windows low enough to give even the bedridden a cheery prospect. This is my wish, remember. My love to them all. I hope my country will remember the Charities."

Even after this, the day before his death, when he could not speak at all, his eye was fixed intently upon the front elevation of the selected plan, with a joy which could not be expressed. It seemed to him to be the realization of his chief and final work,—a home for life for the friendless, a place of refuge for the helpless, a national asylum for the hopelessly incurable.

The daily visits of his family were now his chief

remaining earthly solace. On the last Sunday of his life, with all of them about him, except his eldest son, who had been called away to his Sabbath duties, his mind appeared for a time to be perfectly calm and serene; and "the spirit seemed gradually to step down to the river's brink," as though there was no shadow of death in the valley.

But God's word was his holiest solace. On the morning of the last Sabbath, he was still strong enough to leave his bed; and, while sitting in an easy chair by the fire, he asked Mrs. Reed to repeat some of the hymns which had been always esteemed as favourites. They talked together of his sister Martha, and of the blessed prospect of meeting her in heaven. Mrs. Reed then repeated the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel; and at the end of the third verse, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also," he said, "That promise is even now about to be fulfilled;" and, as verse after verse was slowly repeated, his spirits seemed to drink in the blessed peace which the whole chapter breathes. When asked if he had peace in the prospect of death, he answered, "Yes; but I have always taught, that a man's life, and not his death, was the evidence of safety and the precursor of peace."

As the day closed, his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Reed, as she sat by his bedside, read to him many hymns, whose sweet music seemed to soothe his heart. She asked him if she should sing to him; and, on his signifying his wish that she should, she sang "There is a land of pure delight." With his quivering lips he tried to follow her; but, alas! "the daughters of

music were low." He adverted to a hymn which he used to sing as a child, the sunny memories of that early time lighting up his dying hour. The remembrance of that Scripture, and the melody of Watts's hymn still floating through his mind, he exclaimed, "Home! home! my beautiful home! Where is it? Up with God; up, up in glory!"

The exhaustion consequent upon sleeplessness, and the almost total refusal of food, increased the weakness of the brain, and brought on a state of delirium, which left the venerable sufferer but few further opportunities for the expression of his settled thoughts. Dr. Little and Mr. Pye Smith were of opinion that this mental obscuration might continue for some time; but they gave no hope of ultimate rallying.

Throughout Monday, the paroxysms were very strong; but he was evidently bent upon starting for his usual journey to Earlswood, continually asking if the conveyance had arrived, and mentioning the name of the guard of the Reigate train, who for years had reserved his accustomed seat. Overcome by fatigue, he became, towards the close of the day, more composed, and lay for hours like a child in peaceful rest.

In the evening, he seemed to be engaged in earnest pleading with his congregation, uttering these words with startling energy,—"Oh! my God, if Thou hast ever spoken by man, speak now. I have warned them for all these years, and they have not heard." And then, as if he had turned to the people, he said, appealingly, "I tell you now, that, if you do not receive the truth, you will perish: oh! you will *perish*." His hands remained closely clasped as in the agony of supplication; but the power of articulation failed.

Towards night, the heat of the brain had diminished, and the fevered pulse had regained its steady beat. There was an unusual readiness to take nourishment; and, when Mr. Pye Smith paid his visit, he found the patient so composed that there was every prospect of a night of comparative peace.

With this assurance, and worn out with days and nights of watching, the family were induced to retire to rest, Dr. Reed's second son Charles only remaining in the chamber. At eleven o'clock, a movement was observed; and, going to his bedside, he heard his father say in a low voice, "Who is here?" On being told, he raised himself on his shoulder,—remained in that position till refreshment was brought him by his faithful servant, Lydiard,—allowed the man to adjust his pillows; then, sinking back, he said to his son, "Kiss me;" which token of affection being given, he added, "Now we'll sleep." These were his last words. Shortly after, his breath became oppressed. In the darkened room his hands could be seen now and again clasped in prayer, but more often waved in the air, as, with upward look, he seemed already on his heavenward journey to his "beautiful home." Thus gradually the ebbing tide of life retired. At the third hour of morning, the right hand fell across the broad, manly chest; the left found its resting-place, as naturally, at his side; and he stretched himself out to die. The passage was short; the conflict was over, the spirit was at rest.

Mr. Aveling* could not have more exactly pictured this closing scene, had he been actually present.—"Then came there down upon the heavy eyelids the

* The Funeral Sermon.

cold hand whose touch shuts out from the vision the light of day, and the face and forms of loving ones, and every familiar object that has grown up around us, and shut them out for ever. 'So He giveth His beloved sleep.' Draw the curtains around that bed; for loving ones have looked and listened in vain for the faintest signs of life. The pulse has ceased to beat; the heart has stilled its throbbings; and pious hands can only close the eyes in that still, unwaking slumber 'the living eye hath never seen.'

'Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears!
Where lights and shades alternate dwell.
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies!'"

It remains only to record the last obsequies, and those public expressions of sympathy which flowed in upon the bereaved family directly the event was known. From the Press, religious and secular, the church and congregation, the friends of the charities, and the residents of a neighbourhood where Dr. Reed had become one of the oldest inhabitants; from men of all ranks, from places far and near, from orphans educated in the asylums, and from the suffering in the hospitals,—came full and grateful proofs of the esteem and love of many whose testimony of sympathy and appreciation will never receive other than this present poor acknowledgment.

During several days, a large number of friends came, some from great distances, to take a last farewell

of their departed minister; and all remarked that holy, calm, and dignified repose which had settled on his fine countenance. In accordance with his own directions, the body was removed to Wycliffe Chapel on Saturday night. It was attended by his sons Charles and Howard, and was received by two of the deacons.

The Sunday services were deeply impressive. Dr. Halley preached in the morning, and presided at the holy communion in the evening; the Rev. Robert Milne holding a special service in the afternoon. The coffin being placed in the centre of the large vestry, the whole congregation and the children of the schools availed themselves of the opportunity of passing through the room during a day of lamentation and weeping such as Wycliffe Chapel had not seen before. The inscription on the coffin lid was,—

ANDREW REED.
DIED
FEB. 25, 1862.
AGED 74.

In accordance with the will, this message, written in legible characters upon a tablet, was placed at the head of the coffin:—"I HAVE LIVED, AND LABOURED, AND PRAYED FOR YOUR SALVATION."

The solemn services on the next day—the day of the funeral—were held in Wycliffe Chapel, which was crowded with ministers, students, and friends. The Rev. Thomas Binney read a selection of passages from the Old and New Testaments, and offered prayer. The Rev. Dr. Tidman then delivered the following address:—

"In rendering the last tribute of respect and affection to the memory of our departed brother, whose remains we are about to

consign to the silent tomb, how much deeper would be our feelings if we were present for the first time on an occasion so solemn, and with what different thoughts should we regard the proceedings of this day! Yet, the fact that death is an every-day occurrence, — that the air is ever filled with sounds of mourning for the dead,—surely does not prevent the circumstance that it always is, or ought to be, associated with feelings of the most solemn character. But, oh! how different from the ordinary solemnity attending death is that of this occasion, when we come to the grave in association with all that can make bereavement supportable,—to assist at the last rites of one who was devoted entirely to the interests of that world to which his spirit has now fled! How often, as we take our last leave of the ashes of the dead, have we to say, 'Oh, that thou hadst known in this thy day the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes!' So it is with those who live without God and who die without Him. But we come on no such errand, with no such associations, to-day. The ashes of the departed we entomb; but that is all And, as we lay his body in the earth, we can follow in thought his redeemed and blessed spirit into the presence of Christ, his Redeemer. We may, indeed, remember with deep humiliation in the presence of this coffin, that by sin death entered into the world: we see before us the pain and penalty of man's disobedience and guilt; but, blessed be God, we can look from the first transgressor to the second Adam, who brought to fallen men life divine; for we have come to inter in his last home one whose spirit trusted in Christ, and in Christ only! 'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord: 'whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.' We know, therefore, that our brother is not dead, but sleepeth: nay, rather, that he has woke up in the presence of the Lord, and will live for evermore in His glory.

"The life of Dr. Reed was distinguished above that of most men of his order. His life as a pastor had a delightful singularity. It began and closed in connexion with this church: you, its members, were his first love and his only love; and for you he laboured, and laboured hard, for nearly fifty years. My

association with Dr. Reed began no earlier than yours, and yet at a period that connects him with my boyish recollections. I first listened to his voice at the church of Tottenham-court-road, where I worshipped, and where he occasionally supplied the pulpit during his student life. It was singular that the first text from which I heard him preach, should be the one which he took as the guiding principle of his life and the chief characteristic of his ministry: 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' Subsequently, it was my happiness to be associated with him in the Theological Seminary at Hackney, he being the eldest, I the youngest student. He being very much my senior, I looked up to him with more than one student's respect and love for another, but not with more than his understanding, as well as his years, entitled him to; and I greatly valued the counsel he gave. I was one of those who were present at his ordination; and I can never forget the feelings of that day. It was the first service of the kind I had witnessed, and I have not lost the impression of it to this hour, though more than half a century be gone. He was converted to God in this congregation, which subsequently elected him with singular unanimity to be its pastor or overseer; and it must be a delightful recollection to you all, that, for half a century, he lived and laboured among you with unabated energy and zeal, rejecting all the attractions which inevitably solicited such a man towards other spheres, anxious only to fulfil his mission here for the glory of God and for your edification and sanctification. He was the oldest Congregational pastor in this metropolis when he died. Dr. Morison was the one, next ordained after him, who remained pastor of the same church to his last days; but of him Dr. Reed had precedence; and thus in him we have lost the Father of the pastorship in the capital of our country. He outlived all the good and great men, for such they were, who principally assisted at his ordination: Wilks, Foster, Collison, Hyatt, Clayton, sen., have entered into their rest; and one only remains, and he no longer able to perform the duties of the ministry,—George Clayton, the young man of that day, whose humble part it was to announce the hymns.

"Throughout Dr. Reed's pastorship and public life, I can

say that I greatly honoured his character, and much admired his entire and disinterested devotedness to the work of the Christian ministry. You know well with what a large amount of success he was favoured. Twenty-five years ago, this church, by the blessing of the Lord, enjoyed under his care a time of refreshment such that, at one meeting, more than three score and ten souls were added to its fellowship, and, in the course of the year, more than two hundred. From that time till he had passed the period of three score years and ten, till his latest days when prevented by bodily infirmity, he went on ministering to you faithfully and affectionately the gospel of the Son of God.

"I cannot but think, that the happiness of Dr. Reed as a pastor, and the success of his ministry, arose simply from the prominent position he assumed as an *evangelical* minister: by which I mean, that it was his firm belief, and that he ever acted upon it, that the grace of Christ in the salvation of men is that great truth of inspiration from which all other truths derive their power to cheer, enlighten, sanctify, and redeem our fallen humanity. He never threw the Cross into the back-ground, or encumbered it with other objects; but always placed it in such a position as to win the observation and attract the confidence and love of every sober-minded spectator. This was the teaching constantly embodied in his charges to those who, under his auspices, became his brethren in the ministry; of whom I was one. Should any think this one truth, as thus constantly enforced, bespoke poverty of resource, I would refer to those charges as in point, where they will find this central doctrine adorned with every charm of language, and with all the graces of a fertile power of illustration. Nor can I doubt that it was the prominence given to this truth which secured for his sermons the accompanying life-giving energy of the Holy Spirit. When Christ's cross is thus lifted up before the judgments and the consciences of men, it becomes by His grace the power of God, and the instrument of the salvation of souls. May your pastor's brethren cherish his example, and make this, as he did, all in all!

"With regard to the abilities of our brother, eulogy would be useless; but I must say, that I believe the precious books which

he has left behind him, will distinguish his day and generation, and will be regarded in future times as some of the most beautiful and powerful productions of the Congregational ministry of his country and age.

"Our friend was a Dissenter: all his life spoke it, and it is almost superfluous to announce it. But, while he maintained his own intelligent convictions, and firmly and practically honoured them, we know that in his public life he associated himself, and that most earnestly, with members of every religious denomination. I cannot but refer to a word or two from his professions of Nonconformity, as I am one of the few now remaining who had the happiness of hearing them, on the day of his ordination; and they were exemplified in his whole career. 'Whilst, as a Dissenter,' he said, 'I deny the assumption of infallibility equally to the hierarchies of Britain and Rome, I would not challenge it for myself. I assert their liability to err, and I feel and confess my own. I would not sacrifice the right of private judgment, neither would I take it from another. I would not declare myself a conscientious Dissenter, and at the same time insinuate, much less believe, that a person cannot be a conscientious Episcopalian. I would not wish to connect a bigoted dogmatism with a laudable decision of character; but, where the fundamental sentiments of the gospel are received, and where faith in Christ is exemplified, I would desire to exercise a kindred affection, and anticipate that day in which the spirit of party shall give place to the Spirit of Christ, the watchmen of Zion see eye to eye, and the world be filled with the harmonious praises of the saints.' Brethren, if we all thus laboured, in the maintenance of our conscientious convictions, to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, then many of the divisions in ecclesiastical life would tend to promote strength rather than weakness, and would exhibit to the world the true power of the love of Christ which warms every heart and makes all minds as one.

"I cannot close these remarks without dilating somewhat on the character of Dr. Reed as a philanthropist. There is this singularity, if I may so say, about his schemes of philanthropy, that all have respect for the most needy, the most helpless, of our species. It was he who cared both for the poor little

orphan infant and for the poor imbecile adult. It was he who projected the great scheme of receiving those whom every other form of charity passed over because they were incurable, in that God-like institution where they are admitted with all their hopeless maladies, and have a home to their dying day. These institutions of his sanctified genius, for there is great original thought shown in devising them — these gigantic efforts of Christian philanthropy, for such they are,—made him without an equal amongst the living of this land. In the prosecution of these various works of Christian mercy, how much toil must he have expended; and that always as a labour of love, and not for any advantage which might accrue! Nay, he was one of the greatest benefactors to all these institutions which he founded; and, measured by his resources, his contributions were splendid and exemplary. And, at the last, his thoughts were of the living when he should himself be numbered with the dead. Among the latest of his public acts was his noble gift made in his anxiety to procure a permanent endowment to provide the means of recreation and amusement for the fatherless ones in the Asylum which he founded. I find, too, that, in another direction, he has left a legacy of threefold the former amount, for the purpose of providing somewhat of a higher course of instruction, by a series of lectures in the elements of science and useful knowledge, among the young people that are just about to leave the institution. And, above all, I find, too,—I have not been authorized to state this, but I could not keep such a secret,—that, in addition to the princely donation which you made him as the expression of your regard, and which he presented to the orphan institution at Reedham,—in addition to that, he has left a sum as princely in token of his unabated, nay, his ever-growing regard. Dear brethren, we delight to think of these things, not for the sake of honouring the name and character of the departed, but mainly to thank God, who made him what he was,—who suggested to him these ingenious modes of Christian kindness,—and who enabled him, while he had life and strength, to live for his fellow-men.

"And now, dear brethren, that you are about to follow his ashes to their resting-place, oh! take with you to the grave the recollection of his life and of his name; and, as you embalm

his ashes with your tears, consider the solemn lessons that arise from his grave: for 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.' I am told, that, during his last days and hours, when his mind was clouded by feebleness, and sometimes had its wanderings, yet, even in those moments of feebleness, he was found the preacher and the monitor still, encouraging the poor and the afflicted to wait upon God, and warning those most solemnly who for more than thirty years may have heard his voice only to reject his testimony. Dear brethren, how do these last thoughts, these wandering associations of a deathbed, affect your minds? Were you among those of whom he then thought as his joy and his crown? or, were you, unhappily, among those others, who, though they loved to hear him, and might be ready to commend the man, were yet the grief and the burden of his departing soul? Our friend's last days were happily passed in the bosom of his affectionate family; and they had the great pleasure in his latest hours to find that his mind was sustained by those blessed truths which he had so often commended to others as their support in sorrow and their joy in death. Only yesterday week, his faithful fellow-labourer and beloved wife, Mrs. Reed, had a singular conversation with him. I say singular, because it was then that he seemed to have his mind most calm and most clear for many weeks. The substance of that conversation was all that could soothe her heart and raise her hopes of meeting him in heaven. Dear brethren, it is a delightful thing for us to-day, while meeting our mourning friends here,—the children of Dr. Reed,—to meet them as brethren in Christ, to know that their father's God is their God, and that they are united with him by those endearing ties of Christian faith and love which will insure their reunion with him, and their fellowship with all the redeemed of the Lord. Brethren, we are now closing this scene. In a few years, perhaps in a few months, it is not impossible even in a few days, some of us may individually occupy just the mournful position of these emblems of mortality before us, while others stand around our ashes, and perform the last expression of their regard to our memory. How will they think of us? Will they thank God, who renewed us by His grace, who has preserved us in the faith of His Son, who has helped us amidst the weakness of our nature and in the tempta-

tions of this present evil world to maintain an unblemished Christian profession; or, will they, rather, look on our cold remains with a certain fearful trembling of spirit, that shrinks from the thought of the reality, and say of us, 'They are gone; but whither, who can tell?' The Lord help us to live to Him, that, when we die, we may die to Him; that, living or dying, Christ may be our life, and death our gain."

At noon the procession left for the Abney Park Cemetery. It consisted of the hearse and eleven mourning coaches, in the following order:—

THE BODY.

Eight DEACONS acting as Pall-bearers.

Sons of the deceased—Rev. ANDREW REED, B.A.; CHARLES REED, Esq., F.S.A.; Rev. MARTIN REED, LL.D.; HOWARD REED, Esq.

THOMAS SPALDING, Esq., son-in-law; CHARLES EDWARD BAINES REED, ANDREW HOLMES REED, grandsons; EDWARD BAINES, Esq., M.P.; E. PYE SMITH, Esq.

The Rev. WILLIAM WOODHOUSE, Rev. Professor RANSOM, executors; Rev. ROBERT MILNE, M.A.; Rev. THOMAS AVELING.

CHARLES GILPIN, Esq., M.P.; Rev. GEORGE SMITH; Sir MORTON PETO, Bart., M.P.; Dr. J. GUYSE SPARKE.

Four Deacons of the Church—NATHANIEL JAMES POWELL, JOSEPH DANIEL BLYTH, THOMAS WICKHAM, JOSEPH SALMON.

Four Deacons of the Church—GEORGE DRAKE, GEORGE LEONARD FOX, ALFRED FRANK SARGEANT, CHARLES STURGIS.

Representatives of the HACKNEY COLLEGE—Rev. SAMUEL M'ALL, President; Rev. J. E. RICHARDS, Secretary; Rev. R. SAUNDERS; Rev. WILLIAM TYLER.

Four members of the Board of the LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Rev. WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.A., Secretary of the INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Four members of the Board of the ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN—Messrs. HARVEY, G. TYLER, PARKINSON, and STANCLIFF.

Members of the Board of the ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS—Dr. CONOLLY; Messrs. BANTING, HUNT, DOBINSON, NICHOLAS, and DOWNING.

Members of the Board of the ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES—Messrs. WOOLLEY, T. KELSEY, F. J. HARTLEY, BIDMEAD, and ANDREW.

Hundreds of persons walked the whole distance of three miles, and the train of private carriages which joined in, along the line of the route, numbered at the cemetery twenty-one. The whole road presented a continuous exhibition of public interest and sympathy;

and, through Bethnal Green, Hackney, and Clapton, shops and houses were partially closed. The hearse was brought to a pause at Cambridge Heath, the residence of the deceased, and again at Clapton, in front of the London Orphan Asylum.

The touching spectacle of three hundred orphans ranged in line in the grounds of the Asylum, all attired

THE ORPHANS' MEMORIAL.

in mourning for the occasion, moved the spectators to tears. These were but the representatives of thousands educated in this institution, who will pronounce to future generations the name of one who, living and dying, was the friend of the orphan, and of their

adopted home, the London Orphan Asylum. That very home he had planned and helped to prepare; and the very trees under which they stood, had been planted by the hand now powerless in that coffin.

At Abney Park, the hearse was met by a train of infant children from Reedham, who led the way to the tomb through the concourse of people assembled in the ground.

By the kindness of the directors of the Cemetery Company, a plot of ground, hitherto reserved, and directly facing the monumental statue of Dr. Watts, had been granted. On every side of that spot lie the graves of dear and reverend men gone to glory,—Pye Smith, John Harris, Algernon Wells, Joseph and Alexander Fletcher, John Yockney, Thomas Lewis, Robert Philip; and, since that day, James Bennett, George Clayton, James Sherman, J. K. Foster, John Leifchild, and Thomas Boaz: a noble band, waiting together the resurrection of the Just. In this garden-ground of Sir Thomas Abney, the friend of Isaac Watts, and in such illustrious company, were laid the remains of Andrew Reed.

The Rev. Samuel M'All and the Rev. William Woodhouse spoke at the grave, the orphans and the grandchildren carried wreaths into the vault, and all was over. On the following Sabbath, a funeral sermon was preached at Wycliffe Chapel by the Rev. T. W. Aveling; and, in the evening, the Rev. George Smith addressed the bereaved church. The sermon of Mr. Aveling presents a sketch of Dr. Reed's character; a character which it would not be decorous for his sons to attempt to portray, and yet of which even they would find it difficult to say too much.

"Some here to-day," said the preacher, in substance, "call Dr. Andrew Reed by the holy name of husband and father; others claim him as their pastor and friend; all of us remember him as the originator and munificent supporter of some of the noblest institutions in the land. He appears Saul-like in the midst of his brethren; a man of mark among the many devoted and useful men the last half-century produced. Let us glance at Dr. Reed as a MAN, a MINISTER, and a PHILANTHROPIST.

"AS A MAN, he was endowed with mental powers of a superior order—powers carefully cultivated, and which, had he turned towards philosophy or towards politics, would have enabled him to achieve greatness in either department. He possessed a receptivity which enabled him to derive instruction from every object and every event, while a discriminating judgment taught him to eliminate the good from the evil, to reject the one and to welcome the other. In earlier life he was a diligent student. His mind ranged over a wide field. Everything that could be turned to a good account was seized and made subservient; and a remarkable lucidity, the combined result of careful preparation and native clearness of thought, enabled him to make others sharers in the fruits of his observations and reflections.

"He possessed great sagacity; piercing at a glance the main points of an argument, and rapidly forming a comprehensive judgment of facts. He had the creative faculties of true genius, with constructive powers of the highest order, as his philanthropic efforts testify. He was endowed with a determined and an indomitable perseverance, that nothing could overcome; a fixedness of purpose, before which mountains became plains. Difficulties to which most men would have succumbed, only stimulated him. The darker the cloud, and the fiercer the winds, the closer he wrapped his cloak around him, and pressed the more resolutely onward. Had he been a soldier, he would have been the first man to mount a breach, or to volunteer on a forlorn hope.

"He thought out his plans by himself; anticipated doubts, guarded against contingencies, and then proceeded to act. Some men blamed him for a too firm adherence to his own

views; but his tenacity of purpose was the consequence of deep and ineradicable convictions, formed by great forethought on wide-spread observation; and, in most instances, he was correct.

"At times he might appear cold; yet, beneath that composed exterior, beat a warm heart, tremulous to kind and genial influences, as there are warm springs even beneath Icelandic snows.

"He was chary of outward, and especially of oral demonstrations; a man of deeds, not of words;—doing his duty determinedly and conscientiously, and never courting publicity or applause; loth, as I have repeatedly observed, to acknowledge encomiums passed upon him.

"'One reason for his influence over others,' remarks the Rev. Samuel Thodey, 'was, that he always saw his object so clearly, and calculated his means for the accomplishment of the proposed end so wisely, that reflecting people were ready to follow so vigorous a leader, especially as his motives could not be called in question. It is true that the calm preparedness of his spirit, and the quiet decision of his manner, accompanied with some degree of constitutional reserve, might have worn a repellent air to strangers, as though something like *hauteur* was mingled with his firmness, or as if his inexorable logic was the exponent of a too strong self-will. But all this gave way, like the frosts of winter before the vernal breath of spring, when once he was fully and personally known.'

"But as a MINISTER he will be best and most tenderly remembered by you. These walls seem still vocal with the tones familiar to you. On your ears still vibrate the persuasive accents of that musical voice which so often found its way to your hearts. People of his charge, you can judge of his ability and faithfulness; and no one needs fear the verdict you will give.

"His ministry was pre-eminently a gospel one. Every page of that invaluable book, 'The Advancement of Religion the Claim of the Times,' is radiant with the reflected light of Scripture truth. Every paragraph was penned, as it were at the foot of the Cross. Earnestness, fervour, a yearning tenderness, a travailing in birth for souls,—these are most conspicuous.

"I cannot omit a passing reference to the singular clearness and simplicity of his style. It was perfectly transparent. A child might have understood him; yet, a philosopher would have found, in his teachings, lofty views that would make him think, and sublime conceptions that would make him feel how incomparably superior were the themes of the pulpit to those of the lecture-room or the platform. Sustained energy, vigour, vivacity, and 'great plainness of speech,'—these were the characteristics of his style.

"With all his business-like habits, and his active and untiring exertions, he maintained his love of study, and kept himself abreast of the times.

"As a Nonconformist, he was ready at the call of duty, or the approach of danger, to stand in the forefront of the battle, from time to time, with dominant parties in both Church and State. Yet, I apprehend, no man of our denomination had more to do with members of other communities, or secured more extensively their co-operation in works of benevolence.

"As a PHILANTHROPIST, Dr. Reed stood pre-eminent among the men of his time. Those of us who had to do with him, as I had, in connexion with the Asylum for Fatherless Children, know well what time, and thought, and feeling he expended in its service, and with what generous liberality he contributed to its funds. Living and dying, it lay next his heart. From the placing of the foundation-stone to the completion of the edifice, he was the master-spirit that presided over its operations, and was ever on the alert to multiply its friends and supporters. The estate is worthily called by his name, though not at his suggestion: that responsibility rests with the preacher. And when the Royal Hospital—the fifth and last effort of his philanthropic spirit—is erected close to the Asylum, the two buildings that shall then crown the hill, and greet the eyes of myriads passing by on the great iron highway at its side, will serve as no ignoble monument of this good and great man.

"Now, I ask, is not even this brief and scanty sketch sufficient to warrant us in placing him in the first rank of benefactors to our race? Does he not claim a niche beside John Howard—a Hackney man, too,—who, like Dr. Reed, caught his inspirations at the foot of the Cross?

"What the hands of filial love may do to embalm the memory of the dead, by a more elaborate account of his life and labours; or what the hearts of admiring friends may design, to memorialize his excellences, in marble tomb, in 'storied urn, or animated bust,' I know not; but I should be content, if, to any one who at a distant day should ask me for a sight of his monument, I could at one glance show this noble chapel and the group of imposing buildings which he has been instrumental in rearing for the orphan and the helpless; better still, if, with some magic wand, I could summon together the thousands who have been blessed by his efforts—physically, mentally, spiritually,—the orphans he has educated, the helpless he has comforted, the souls that he has rescued at once from present ignorance and misery, and from eternal perdition."

This tribute from the lips of one who knew well the subject of his eulogy, may be appropriately supplemented by another testimony, which can only be used as an anonymous offering, though believed, on good grounds, to be from the pen of one who, in the fields of literature, has ever been associated with the works of benevolence:—

"One cannot help feeling," observes this writer, "the grand beneficence of those individuals who so employ their influence and property, as to make them do their generous will for ever; who become thereby the actual fathers of their native country to all generations; who roll away, in every year of the world's progress, some huge stone of anxiety from the widow's heart; who clear the way before the unfriended fatherless boy; who put forth their invisible hands from the heaven of their rest, and become the genuine guardian angels of the orphan race for ever,—raising, from among those who otherwise would have been outcast and ignorant, laborious, aspiring, and useful men, tradesmen of substance; merchants, the true enrichers of the country; patriots and philanthropists, adding lustre to its moral glory; parents and heads of families, most of all prepared to cherish the memory and revere the worth of their sainted and sacred benefactor. How glorious is such a lot! how noble such an

appropriation of property! how well employed such talent! How may envy well associate itself with admiration!"

We cannot better close these memoirs than in the words of a friend many years a fellow-labourer with Dr. Reed in works of charity, who concludes a testimony to his private and public worth in the following emphatic terms:—

"I cannot reflect upon Andrew Reed's character and course, without being powerfully reminded of Edmund Burke's magnificent tribute to the memory of John Howard. In his visits to European countries, your illustrious father equally denied himself the gratifications of a much superior taste, anxious only to learn from foreign example how he might more effectually relieve want and assuage sorrow at home. Though preceded by the greatest philanthropist that modern times had known, he also remembered in the fatherless the forgotten, attended in the imbecile to the neglected; and, in the persons of those whom public benevolence itself had hitherto abandoned, not merely visited but sheltered the forsaken. If he did not make a circumnavigation of charity, he struck out for himself a new path of usefulness; and, expelling sectarianism from the domain of humanity, erected houses of refuge for the destitute and the helpless, which are the glory of his country and the admiration of the world. John Howard, indeed, bequeathed to us a noble example; but the good which Andrew Reed did, will live after him so long as the Asylums which he founded shall continue to receive appropriate inmates."

[*Fac-simile of the last sentence of Dr. Reed's Will.*]

Finally,
I bequeathe, the Four Asylums to my
beloved country with an earnest
prayer that they may be watched over
with wisdom & benevolence; that they
may be kept free from abuse; preserved
in efficiency & remain, age after age
Memorials of that divine charity
which exalteth & glorifyeth a People.
Hackney
Oct. 3, 1850. Andrew Reed

APPENDIX.

DR. REED'S WILL.

THE Will of Dr. Reed was drawn by himself and written upon a sheet of foolscap paper. It is dated May, 1851. The fac-simile of the last sentence given here, is taken from a rough draft, dated October, 1850.

After making the usual provisions and family bequests, it gives as follows:—

"To fifty poor members of my church, one guinea each. (*a*)

"To the INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, situated at WANSTEAD, instituted in 1827, I give £100, the interest to be applied for ever to purchase playthings for the children, and to be given them at Christmas.

"To the LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM, situated at CLAPTON, in the parish of Hackney, and instituted in 1813, I give £300, the interest to be applied for ever to provide suitable Lectures on the Natural Sciences, to be delivered, with illustrations, each winter. (*b*)

"To the NEW ASYLUM (*c*) at present at STAMFORD HILL, instituted in 1844, in case of the Board erecting a suitable habitation to contain not less than two hundred children, £1,000.

"To the ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, now at HIGHGATE and COLCHESTER, and instituted in 1847, in case the Board shall erect a suitable house for the reception of not less than three hundred pupils or patients, £1,000.

"Finally—I bequeath the Four (*d*) Asylums to my beloved country, with an earnest prayer that they may be watched over with wisdom and benevolence; that they may be kept free from abuse; preserved in efficiency; and remain, age after age, memorials of that Divine charity which exalteth and glorifieth a people.

"ANDREW REED."

"Hackney, May, 1851."

The following notes referring to the above appear under the head of ADDITIONAL INSTRUCTIONS:—

(*a*) "As to the poor members, the guinea to be given to such as are most likely to feel the event, and *at once*, as, otherwise, they may distress themselves in trying to make some appearance at my funeral."

(*b*) "It is my particular and last request to the Board of the London Orphan Asylum, and to the Board of the Infant Orphan Asylum, that, while they may choose to regulate the religious teaching by a catechism generally, they provide that no catechism shall be *imposed* on any child; but that the judgment of its friends be taken and sacredly observed; and that the institution be open to all destitute orphans, without respect to sex, creed, place, or country."

(*c*) The Asylum for Fatherless Children at Reedham.

(*d*) The Royal Hospital for Incurables was founded after the date of this Will.

The Memorial Tablet in Wycliffe Chapel bears the following inscription:—

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY AN
AFFECTIONATE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION
TO THE MEMORY OF
A BELOVED AND FAITHFUL PASTOR.

THE

REV. ANDREW REED, D.D.,

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR YEARS,
WAS ORDAINED AS PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH;
AND, FOR THE LONG PERIOD OF HALF A CENTURY,
MAINTAINED THE OVERSIGHT OF IT IN THE LORD WITH PRE-EMINENT
ABILITY AND DEVOTEDNESS.

AS A MINISTER,

HE PREACHED CHRIST CRUCIFIED;
AND, FOLLOWING CLOSELY IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE SAVIOUR,
HE LIVED, LABOURED, AND PRAYED FOR THE SALVATION OF HIS HEARERS,
AND WAS SIGNALLY HONOURED AS AN
INSTRUMENT IN TURNING MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS.

AS A MAN,

HE LIVED IN THE WORLD TO BLESS IT:
BEING THE FOUNDER OF SIX OF OUR NOBLEST INSTITUTIONS,
FOR THE RELIEF OF
THE FATHERLESS, THE IDIOT, AND THE INCURABLY AFFLICTED,
HE BEQUEATHED TO HIS COUNTRY A WORTHY LEGACY
AND AN IMPERISHABLE MONUMENT.

HE WAS BORN NOVEMBER 27, 1787;
AND, HAVING SERVED HIS GENERATION ACCORDING TO THE WILL OF GOD,
HE FELL ON SLEEP
FEBRUARY 25, 1862.

REV. DR. ANDREW REED'S

The following Tabular Statement exhibits the date, cost, capacity, Asylums and Hospitals founded by Dr. Reed, so far as amount of Dr. Reed's contributions in money, and the total

Date of Foundation.	Name of Institution.	Freehold Property.
1812	London Orphan Asylum	Estate and Asylum at Clapton.
1827	Infant Orphan Asylum	Estate and Asylum at Wanstead.
1844	Asylum for Fatherless Children	Estate and Asylum at Reedham.
1847	Asylum for Idiots	Estate and Asylum at Earlswood.
1854	Royal Hospital for Incurables	Estate at Coulsden.
1859	Eastern Counties Idiot Asylum	Essex Hall, Colchester.
	Totals	

number of inmates, whole number admitted, and total receipts of the these particulars are ascertainable: together with the aggregate number of years of his gratuitous official service.

Cost.	Capacity.	Present Inmates.	Total Admissions.	Total Receipts.	Dr. Reed's Gratuitous Service.	Dr. Reed's Money Contributions
£				£ s. d.	YEARS.	£
25,000	300, and enlarged to 400	401	2,757	407,128 0 0	33	480
40,000	600	597	1,918	302,611 12 2	16	260
22,320	300	177	468	62,821 8 1	18	1,800
39,000	500	350	920	210,000 8 10	15	1,400
3,000	Not erected; Putney House rented. 160	159 and out-door cases	258	43,871 9 9	8	300
Building Purchase Fund not complete.	150	76	102	17,133 14 3	12	Subscription of £50 per annum 200
£129,320	2,110	1,760	6,423	£1,043,566 13 1	102	£4,540

PUBLIC TESTIMONIES.

At the Anniversary Festival of the Asylum for Idiots, convened for the 4th of March, 1862, and then held (at the request of Dr. Reed's family, who would not allow of the proposed postponement of the day,) the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor is reported* to have said,—

"No man ever lived who had devoted so many years to works of charity as the late Dr. Reed, whose loss they all deplored. To the last he had remembered this institution; for he (the Lord Mayor) held in his hand a note signed 'Charles Reed,' in which was stated the fact, that his father had left the Asylum a legacy of £1,000."

His Lordship then gave "The Imperishable Memory of Andrew Reed," which the company responded to by rising, maintaining a profound silence.

The following letter refers to the proceedings of that meeting:—

"Mansion House, London,
"5 March, 1862.

"MY DEAR MR. REED,

"I am much obliged by your kindly making me the medium of communicating to the assembled party, last evening, your departed parent's last munificent act towards the philanthropic institution which he had founded, and had so energetically and so successfully fostered. The sentiments uttered and the feelings expressed were such as might naturally have been expected on hearing such a letter read, and in the consciousness of the loss which this and so many other charities have sustained by his lamented death.

"I am yours sincerely,
"WILLIAM CUBITT."

"Charles Reed, Esq., F.S.A."

* The "City Press."

THE LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Resolutions of the Board of Managers on various Occasions.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the City of London Tavern, November 16, 1837 :—

"That the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., the Founder of the London Orphan Asylum, and one of its Joint Honorary Secretaries during nearly a quarter of a century, does especially merit the warmest acknowledgments of all those interested in the welfare of that institution.

"That, during this long period, Dr. Reed has contributed most liberally to the funds of this charity; that his eminent talents, his unwearied exertions, and unremitting zeal, have been gratuitously and unsparingly bestowed in its service; and that they have mainly contributed to raise it to its present gratifying position of prosperity and extended usefulness.

"That the Subscribers present do feel most anxious to record some testimony of the sense they entertain of Dr. Reed's invaluable services in the cause of the London Orphan Asylum; and that they are desirous a full-length Portrait of Dr. Reed should be placed in the Board Room at the Asylum.

"That, to accomplish this object, subscriptions be entered into of One Guinea each."

Resolutions of the Board of Managers of the London Orphan Asylum, upon the Resignation by Dr. Reed of the Office of Honorary Secretary.

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the London Orphan Asylum, held on the thirtieth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four; James Capel, Esq., in the chair:

"*Resolved Unanimously*—That this Board do most sincerely lament that circumstances should have arisen to occasion the Rev. Dr. Reed to resign his office of Joint Honorary Secretary; that they cannot contemplate without emotion an event by which the tie that has so long united them in the cause of charity will be dissevered; and that they look back with delight as regards themselves, and with gratitude as regards the charity, to the long period during which they have had the pleasure and the privilege to be associated with Dr. Reed in a great work of benevolence and mercy.

"*Resolved Unanimously*—That, in the superintendence which the Rev. Dr. Reed has so long exercised in the affairs of the charity, the principles upon which it was founded have been faithfully and cordially upheld.

"*Resolved Unanimously*—That, from the commencement of the institution, a period of more than thirty years, the valuable time, the unwearied exertions, and the eminent talents of the Rev. Dr. Reed, have been unreservedly and gratuitously devoted to the service of the charity; that to him it owes its origin, and to him much of its prosperity and usefulness.

"*Resolved Unanimously*—That, as supporters and friends of the charity, this board do most sincerely and cordially acknowledge the debt of gratitude due to the Rev. Dr. Reed for his liberal contributions, and for his long, faithful, and invaluable services; services which could not have been purchased, and could only have originated in, and been sustained by, love for the object.

"*Resolved Unanimously*—That, as a Board of Managers, they do, collectively and individually, with pleasure record their deep sense of obligation to the Rev. Dr. Reed for the mode in which the affairs of the charity have been conducted at their meetings; his talents, his business-like habits, his equanimity of temper, and his gentlemanly bearing, having all contributed to the pleasure which this Board have always experienced in the execution of their duties, and to their efficiency as guardians of the orphan family.

"*Resolved Unanimously*—That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be presented to the Rev. Dr. Reed, by a deputation from the Board.

"JAMES CAPEL."

At a *special* meeting of the Board of Managers of the London Orphan Asylum, held at 10, St. Mary Axe, 27th November, 1844.

Extract from the proceedings:—

"The Board, entertaining a grateful recollection of the invaluable and long-continued services of the Rev. Dr. Reed, unanimously resolved to propose at the general meeting of the subscribers in January next, that his name be placed on the Vice-Presidency."

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the London Orphan Asylum at Clapton, on Thursday, the 6th of March, 1862,—

"*It was Resolved Unanimously*—To give expression to the great regret of the Board of Managers on the occasion of Dr. Reed's death; and to record their sincere condolence with the sorrowing family under the weighty loss they have sustained.

"As the founder of the London Orphan Asylum, Dr. Reed was the author of the constitution by which the charity has been governed from its formation to the present time; and, as the devoted Honorary Secretary of the Society for more than thirty years, Dr. Reed watched its early career with daily and increasing interest, regarding the welfare and success of the institution as one of the dearest objects of his life.

"The managers are enabled, therefore, to bear true and pleasing testimony to his enlarged liberality and generous sympathies for the widow and the orphan; to his eminent zeal and ability in devising measures for their relief; and to his untiring energy and indomitable perseverance in surmounting every obstacle opposed to the object he had at heart.

"Nearly three thousand fatherless children have been already benefited by the London Orphan Asylum; but even this vast extent of charity inadequately represents the good results of Dr. Reed's philanthropic efforts for the poor and the destitute.

"Kindred institutions, one after another, have been called into existence, until scarcely a form of human misery seems without the means of alleviation.

'Dr. Reed's conspicuous example and matchless benevolence, based as they were on the principle of love to his God, must now prove a source of unutterable consolation to his bereaved family; and, to all who mourn his departure, it must ever be a feeling of the highest gratification to reflect, that, as long as in our favoured land an institution shall remain to relieve the miseries and wretchedness of the infirm, the imbecile, or the orphan, so long will the memory of Dr. Reed be cherished in grateful recollection.

"WILLIAM KIRBY, Chairman.
"JAMES CAPEL, Treasurer.
"JAMES ROGERS, Secretary.

"Office, 1, St Helen's Place,
Bishopsgate Street."

Extract from the Yearly Report, 1862-3:—

"A legacy of more than ordinary value and interest has been bequeathed by the Founder of the London Orphan Asylum, Dr. Andrew Reed, whose decease in the early part of the past year the Board have had to lament.

"To Dr. Reed the charity is indebted for its origin and constitution: he laboured for thirty years as the Honorary Secretary with a zeal and devotion which knew no limits, watching its early career with unceasing interest, and making its success, to use his own words, 'a serious end of life.' The Board can bear ample testimony to Dr. Reed's enlarged liberality, and generous sympathies for the widow and the orphan; and his name will be long held in grateful remembrance by many who have benefited by the institutions which his foresight and benevolence called into being. Dr. Reed's interest in the charity to the end, is evidenced by the following bequest:—

"'To the London Orphan Asylum I give £300, the interest to be applied for ever to provide the children with suitable Lectures on the Natural Sciences, to be delivered, with illustrations, each winter.'"

INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD.

Resolution of the Committee.

Extract from Minutes of Committee held March 6, 1862:—

"*Resolved*—That the Committee of the Infant Orphan Asylum learn with much regret the death of the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., whose name was so closely identified with the Asylum in its earliest history. They are aware how much Dr. Reed's active exertions contributed towards the successful formation of the Society, and of the warm interest he took in its establishment and progress. They desire to offer to Dr. Reed's family their sincere sympathy under the loss they have sustained; but they feel assured that the remembrance of Dr. Reed's many works of Christian charity must be a source of real consolation in the midst of their regrets.

"Henry W. Green, Secretary."

"Offices, 46, Ludgate Hill, London."

THE ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, REEDHAM.

Resolutions of the Board of Managers.

On the receipt of the intelligence of Dr. Reed's death, at a special meeting of the Board, held at the Office, February 27th, 1862, it was unanimously resolved,—

"That this Board receives with profound regret the intelligence of the death of their venerable friend the Sub-Treasurer, Dr. Reed. As a liberal and enlightened philanthropist, the range of whose sympathy was as wide as the woes of mankind, he will ever occupy a prominent position among the benefactors of his race. As the originator of five distinct and invaluable institutions, three of them designed for the reception of Orphans, one for the education of the Idiot, and one for the comfort of the Incurable, he presents a claim to the lasting gratitude of all those who at present enjoy their advantages, and of those who may in future generations possess them.

"As the founder of this charity, he has especial claims upon the reverence and esteem of all its friends and supporters. In the hearts of widowed mothers who have found in the Asylum a home for their fatherless ones, and in those of the orphans blessed with its privileges, his name will be embalmed in hallowed remembrance; while thousands yet unborn, whom its doors will be open to receive, will bless his memory. As by untiring exertions, until advancing age and increasing infirmities forbade a continuance of his efforts, he rendered valuable and efficient aid to this institution, around which his best affections were entwined; and as, by a generous munificence—a fresh act of which the last few days of his life

witnessed,*—he contributed to its funds; the Board cannot but be deeply sensible of the greatness of the loss which they and the charity have sustained.

"To all the members of his family, and to his late flock, they beg to tender their heartiest sympathy; and rejoice in the thought, that works of faith and labours of love like those to which their departed friend devoted all the time, thought, and energies of his life, while they will crown his name with honour among men, will not be forgotten by the Great Master whom he strove to imitate, and who has assured His servants that they who minister to Him in the persons of the poor, the maimed, and the victims of mental or physical suffering, shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

"THOMAS W. AVELING, Hon. Sec."

* The gift of Five Hundred Guineas, being the sum of the Testimonial presented to Dr. Reed by his church in 1861.

THE ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, EARLSWOOD, REDHILL, SURREY.

RESOLUTION OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS.

At the first meeting of the Board after the interment of the late Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D.,—Dr. Conolly in the chair,—the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Alderman Abbiss, seconded by William Dobinson, Esq., and unanimously agreed to:—

"That the members of this Board desire to record their deep sense of the loss they have sustained by the death of their highly-esteemed colleague, the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., the founder, the munificent supporter, and the gratuitous secretary of this charity; their admiration of his long-continued and arduous exertions in promoting the success of this and other benevolent institutions, and their reverence for his character as a Christian Philanthropist: and that this resolution be engrossed on vellum, signed by the members of the Board, framed and glazed, and forwarded to the family, as an indication of the sympathy of the members of the Board on this melancholy occasion, and as a slight tribute to the memory of a generous and large-hearted friend of suffering humanity.

"Jas. Abbiss.
J. Conolly, M.D.
Charles Gilpin.
B. Standring.
George Tyler.
Edward Conolly.
W. J. Little, M.D.
J. Burgess Gunnell.
J. W. Dobinson.
Samuel Gibbins.
Arthur Sperling.
B. B. Orridge, F.R.S.A.
Edwin Fox.
John Symonds.
Henry Wm. Ripley.
Thomas Young.
W. G. Davies.
Robert Diggles.
J. H. Sharpe.
George Lowe, F.R.S.
W. Weldon Champneys.
Albert Fincham.
Ebenezer Hunt.

"WM. NICHOLAS, Sec."

THE EASTERN COUNTIES' ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS AND IMBECILES.

Resolution of the Board of Directors.

At a quarterly meeting of the Board of Directors of the Eastern Counties' Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles, held on Tuesday, February 26, 1862; J. T. Ambrose, Esq., in the chair; it was unanimously resolved,—

"That this meeting hear with great regret of the death of Dr. Reed, and cannot refrain from expressing their sense of the very valuable services rendered by him to this institution, especially at the time of its first construction. The advice and co-operation of Dr. Reed in the management of this institution; his liberal expenditure in the preliminary arrangements, for which he required no reimbursement; and his large annual contribution of fifty guineas, maintained up to the time of his death,—bear practical testimony to Dr. Reed's sincerity and zeal in behalf of this as well as other similar institutions.

"The Board wish to record their grateful sense of the benefits conferred by Dr. Reed, and their feelings of sorrow at the loss which the cause of philanthropy has sustained by his lamented death.

"John Thomas Ambrose, Chairman of Committee.
Edward Kerrison, Permanent Chairman of the Institution.
W. Millard, Secretary and Superintendent.

"Essex Hall, Colchester."

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

Resolution of the Board of Management.

At a meeting of the Board, holden on the 27th February 1826, it was resolved unanimously,—

"That the Board of Management receive with a sense of profound regret the announcement of the death of the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., the gratuitous secretary and the founder of the charity.

"Painfully conscious of the loss as of a personal friend, they are enabled to offer to the members of the surviving family the assurance of an unfeigned sympathy in their overwhelming bereavement.

"May Divine comfort in this hour of domestic sorrow visit their hearts, and sustain them in humble resignation to the will of God!

"It will, moreover, be a source of enduring consolation to know, that the name of Dr. Reed will live, cherished and respected, as long as public philanthropy and private virtue continue to command the reverence of men.

"Having the honour to be concerned in one of his benevolent works, they avail themselves of the melancholy occasion to bear testimony to the value of services rendered during seven years, the first, and therefore the most critical, in the history of the institution.

"That the difficulties of this period have been overcome, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables successfully established upon a basis of genuine catholicity, they declare to be owing to the energy, wisdom, and faith of the eminent man whose loss is now universally deplored.

"Their own task is less arduous than was his, inasmuch as the charity is now securely fixed in the sympathies of the nation; but they hereby pledge themselves to carry out, to the best of their ability, the noble objects of the institution, according to the spirit and design of its author.

"HENRY HUTH, Chairman.
FREDERICK ANDREW, Secretary.

"Office, 10, Poultry, E.C."

In addition to these tokens of regard to his memory, upon the occasion of the Spring Elections of these different Charities, the voting papers sent to the subscribers were issued in deep mourning borders, announcing the death of the Founder.

HACKNEY THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE COMMITTEE.

"*Resolved*—That this committee have heard with deep regret of the death of the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., a trustee of the Society, and one of its earliest students. The committee would tender the expression of their sincere sympathy to the widow and family of their deceased friend, and would record their high sense of the efficiency which marked his long and eminent course as a minister of Christ, and of the distinguished place which he occupied among the philanthropists of his country.

"*Resolved*—In consideration of the public character of Dr. Reed, and of his long and intimate relation to this institution, it is fitting that the Society should be represented at the funeral by a deputation, to be now appointed

"J. E. RICHARDS, Secretary."

OBITUARY AND CHARACTERISTIC NOTICES OF THE PUBLIC PRESS, ETC.

Notices of Dr. Reed's decease appeared in all the London daily papers, and in many local prints.

In the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of the 1st of March were presented a portrait and a memoir; and, on the following week, under the title of "THE LIFE-WORK OF A MODERN PHILANTHROPIST," were given the prints of the elevations of the five charitable Institutions with which Dr. Reed's name is connected as founder, accompanied by a history of their foundation.

The GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE of January, 1862, contained a lengthened obituary notice, from which the following paragraph is taken:—

"Dr. Reed was a staunch voluntary and an almost rigid Independent, though not what is called a 'political Dissenter.' But it is not as a religious teacher or leader that he was most widely known, or will be longest remembered. It was his distinguishing merit and happiness to have founded several of the noblest benevolent institutions in this country, and to have associated himself with numerous works of universal philanthropy. Perhaps no man since the day of John Howard has given himself up so devotedly to such efforts as Andrew Reed. He is known as a Nonconformist minister by his sermons and public engagements, and as an author by several works; but, as a benefactor to his race, his benevolent efforts have never been restricted by the limits of sect or religious party; his life-work being to search out objects of misery hitherto uncared for, that they might share the beneficent sympathy of the British people. In all his noble labours, Dr. Reed was himself emphatically a worker; and this was, in fact, the secret of his success. Personally

active, he enlisted the active efforts of hundreds in his undertakings; and, personally self-denyiug and generous, he never failed in securing from a benevolent public the funds necessary to carry out his projects. Confidence was reposed in his judgment, because of his singular administrative ability; and confidence was placed in his motives, because it was known, that, while he freely gave his hundreds to the cause of charity, he made it a principle through life never to receive in any form a recompense for his services. And if the glory of England in the eye of the foreigner is said to be the fact that her charitable institutions meet the eye at every point and provide for every class of suffering, and that over the portal of each is inscribed 'Supported by Voluntary Contributions,' it is fair to say that this growth of noble willinghood in this land, within the last half-century, has been very much owing to the personal effort and powerful example in the cause of true philanthropy of the late Andrew Reed."

The PATRIOT of February 27, gave a memoir which contains the following generous and discriminating tribute:—

"Upon the whole, no one can survey Dr. Reed's long, and busy, and illustrious course as a practical philanthropist, without feeling that a public statue has been more cheaply earned, and awarded, amidst universal plaudits, to far inferior deserts. In the walk of Christian charity, he has done more, perhaps, than any other individual man or woman of his own time. He has done it, too, for that class of his countrymen, the lower section of the middle, whose sufferings, when they suffer, are the acutest, and yet had attracted the least efficacious sympathy. What he achieved, he achieved, it is true, by the help of others, by the gifts of the wealthy and benevolent. But was it nothing to find out how the fountains of the heart were to be unsealed? or, would even his unmatched skill and marvellous faculty of administration have availed, had he not set the example by a personal munificence which, viewed in relation to his moderate means, was seldom outvied by the wonderful amount of individual liberality which his eloquence, and still more his wisdom, called forth in others? His name will go down to the latest

posterity as The Orphan's Friend; and who could covet a higher eulogy?"

The BRITISH STANDARD contained an article written in the most generous terms, and highly characteristic of the critical ability of its Editor.

"MEMORIAL TO DR. ANDREW REED.

"5, Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.

"DEAR SIR,

"It having been suggested by some of the ex-Boys of the London Orphan Asylum, that the duty of placing a Memorial over the grave of the late Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., the founder of that institution, should be undertaken by them, if the consent of Dr. Reed's family could be obtained, and this consent having been most kindly given, a committee of ex-Boys has been formed as under, to carry out this project,

"It is the intention of the committee to erect an Obelisk of polished red granite in Abney Park Cemetery, the design for which has received the approval of the family. It is expected that about one hundred pounds will be required for the purpose.

"It is proposed to obtain as many small contributions as possible, in order that the memorial to this great and good man may be the evidence of a widespread feeling of gratitude to a public benefactor, rather than the act of a few individuals. With this intention, it is suggested that the subscriptions shall vary from half-a-guinea to half-a-crown. The names of the contributors will probably be printed, but not the amount of each contribution, so that the youngest need not be ashamed to send his mite.

"We earnestly invite you to co-operate with us in this object, to make it known to others, and to communicate with any member of the committee on the subject.

"We are, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM EDWYN SHIPTON, Chairman of Committee.
JOSIAH WALKER, Treasurer.
HENRY WHITE, Hon. Sec., 5, Queen Street, Cheapside."

This plan, with the sanction of the Board of Managers, was afterwards enlarged, and took the form of a Memorial Tablet in the Chapel of the Asylum. The work is executed in marble, by Mr. Felix Miller, the sculptor, who was educated in the Asylum; and the model was exhibited at the Jubilee Festival in the Merchant Taylors' Hall, April 15, 1863.*

* See page 537.

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